

Coming of Ages

THE TRAVELS OF ARNOLD MARSH



Letters I - 1912 to 1922

Weekly letters home during 10 years, of witness,
thoughts and accounts of historic world events as they passed.

Coming of Ages

THE TRAVELS OF ARNOLD MARSH

An Irish Quaker, Educator, and Explorer

Letters I - 1912 to 1922

Alaska - Canada - North America - South America - Britain - France - All Ireland

Arnold Marsh, Irish Quaker Educator 1890-1977

Former principal of Newtown School Waterford
and subsequently Drogheda Grammar School.

FORWARD

When my father died in August 1977 he had only recently finished editing his 'memoirs' and seemed the master of his own passing. People from all over Ireland and beyond remember him for contributions to the advancement of Irish education and human rights concerns, his teachings and discussions on almost every topic relevant to Irish society and human geography worldwide. His accounts, thoughts and experiences during his travels and the people and places he encountered, are a feast of knowledge and reflection on human existence.

I remember him telling me, as a child, about Alaska and America, and ever since I have explored his big travel trunk on many occasions to find inspiration and helpful guidance after his death. Of special interest were a large bundle of handwritten letters, bound up with string, each one dated and addressed to his mother and his sister Silvia, weekly reports and accounts of world war, the birth of cinema, and a global pandemic, across 10 years and three continents between 1912 and 1922. His sense of humour and reportage in these letters sent home to his Quaker family in Belfast, kept them well informed of his exceptional encounters and experiences.

His determined interest in world culture, and how the world 'ticked' was astounding, he questioned everything and was so excited at times that he would write numerous pages on his perceptions, thoughts and observations.

He was only 21 when he set out for the 'New World' in 1912, the same year the Belfast built RMC Titanic sank. He went first to Canada to find work with his brother Victor and then on to Alaska to help carve new trade routes up and over the Pacific Ocean to Asia.

He witnessed both humanity and inhumanity under remarkable circumstances between Alaska, Canada, the Americas and Europe.

These 'memories' and the 10 years of letters back to family in Belfast are an historic record of a 'rite of passage' both for one Irish Quaker, and a rapidly changing and developing world.

by Eithne Clarke (nee Marsh) - *Arnold Marsh's daughter*

The Marsh Siblings from eldest to youngest

Cecil stayed in Belfast and managed the family businesses, properties and became an expert in local Quaker trusts. He and his wife Laura lived a happy life but had no children.

Oswald became a dealer in rare stamps, and lived most of his life in Norwood, London, with his wife Katie and they had three children.

Maria stayed and helped run the family home until 1919, when she went to Washington and then on to Ceylon and on to Bangalor where she set up a guesthouse for missionaries. She returned to Bath in 1952 and married a widowed cousin Dr. Charles Marsh.

Victor travelled to New York and became an accountant and then to the Dome (gold) Mines in South Porcupine, Ontario, Canada and later moved to Washington where he died during the 'flu pandemic of 1918

Sylvia became one of Ireland's first women Doctors after resisting her mother's wishes to 'stay at home'. She studied medicine at Queen's University, Belfast.

Arnold struggled early on with a bad stammer and seemed an educational failure, but after a wayward journey across Canada, Alsaka, the U.S., South America and around the U.K. and Europe during the WW1, and experiences during the Irish War of Independence, became Headmaster of Newtown School in Waterford, in the Republic of Ireland

Kenneth the youngest, was educated at Lisburn in Ireland and Sidcot in the UK. He spent most of WW1 in the Friend's Ambulance Unit in France and then followed chemistry at Queen's University to a doctorate, and spent most of his life studying rare earths, and becoming an authority on them. He married Emma May Hudson and settled near Oxford.



Sylvia, Cecil, Victor, Kenneth, Maria, Oswald and Arnold

Summary of Arnold Marsh's travels 1912 to 1922

1912 - Left Belfast for Quebec, and on to the Dome Mines in South Porcupine, Ontario. returning after six months to witness his father's demise.

1913 - September set out for Montreal again by Anchor Line *via* Glasgow.

1914 - Having settled in Prince Rupert A.M. spends the next few years working on the Grand Trunk Pacific railway and various jobs up and down the line between Hazelton and back up to Juneau, building his own homes and experiencing every aspect, situation and circumstance that he encounters along the way.

1917 - In April of 1917 War is declared in America but A.M. remains at Juneau until October and then heads south to Seattle and on to Los Angeles and stays in Hollywood.

1918 - After about 6 months in Hollywood, Cal. A.M. heads back to Seattle and works in ship-building yards for a few months before being 'inducted' into the army at Camp Lewis, Washington. He is then sent south again to Camp Kearney, California and then on to Camp Mills in New York before detachment to France via England.

1919 - End of WWI, in June A.M. returns to N.Y. and on to 'Frisco' for discharge. Then back up north to Alaska

1920 - Begins with A.M. as a stowaway on the S.S. East Wind bound for Philadelphia on his way 'home' to Ireland via England

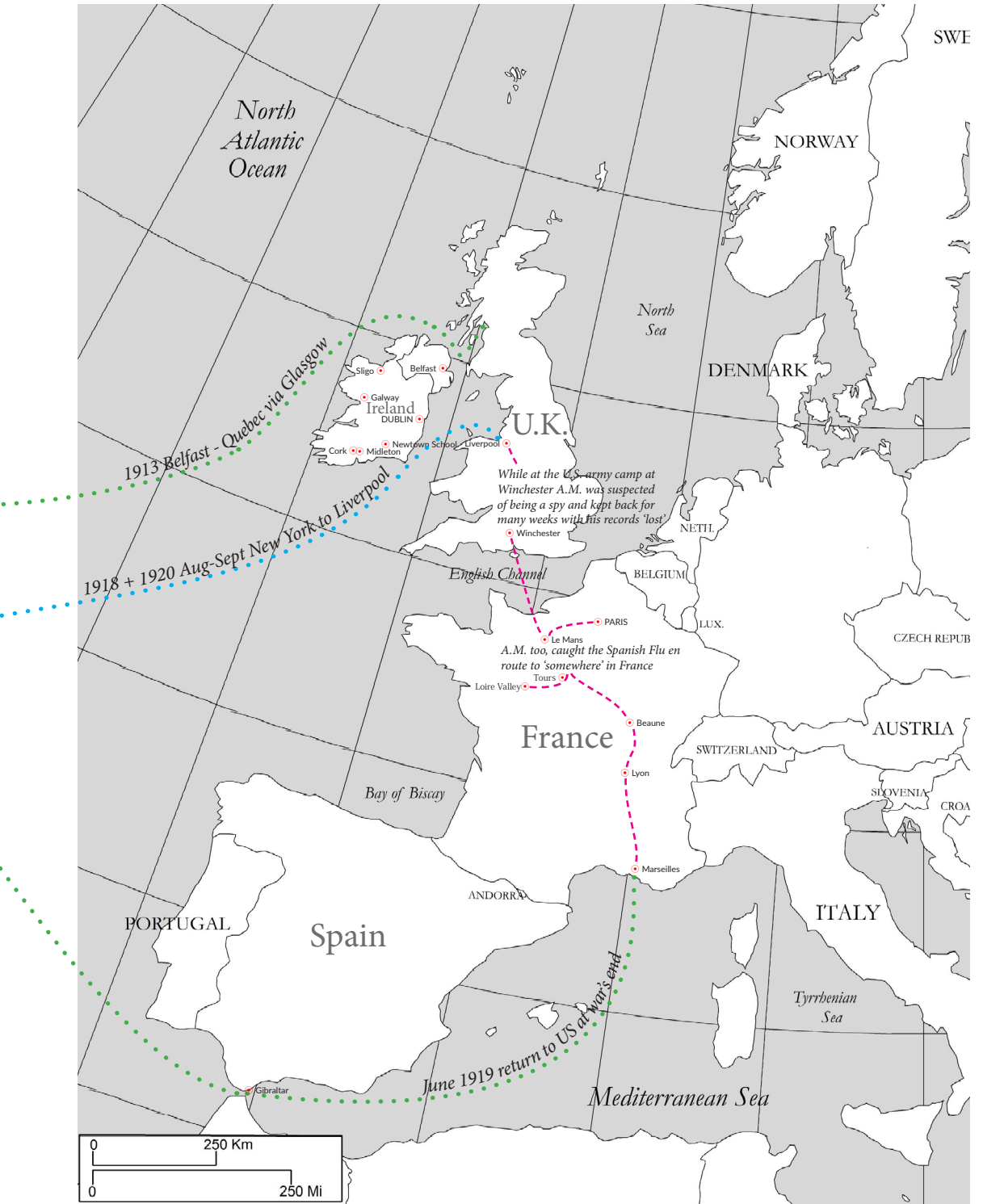
1921 - After a cycle tour of England and Ireland during the Irish Revolution AM settles in at Midleton College Cork beginning his career in teaching and educational development.



Travels in Alaska - Canada - North America - South America



Travels in Ireland - UK - France



LETTERS I

1912

Age 21 years

Arnold Marsh left Belfast for the first time in August 1912, he travelled by the 'Anchor Line', from Glasgow to Quebec and Montreal, Canada, calling at Derry. After the ship encountered icebergs at the Estuary of Saint Lawrence, he arrived at Montreal and headed northwest to Ontario and the Dome Mines of South Porcupine.

He met with his brother Victor who was working at the International Nickel Company, which controlled the gold mines. Victor had been asked to go quickly from the New York offices to South Porcupine to help, in the aftermath of a huge fire that had almost annihilated the mine works, its miners, and the small town that was growing around them.

After nearly six months in South Porcupine, Arnold returned to Belfast early in 1913 due to his father's failing health. Another six months pasted at home in Belfast, and at Bedford in England, where he was being treated by psychologist Alfred Appelt for nervous stammering.

Arnold left for the 'New World' again in August 1913 on the SS Athena bound for Quebec.

c/o Dome Mines
South Porcupine
Ontario
Oct. 6th 1912

My dear Mother

This is the most extraordinary country. You are probably expecting me to tell you about the fearful cold we are having and the way we are all slipping about on ice and getting lost in snowstorms, but the way the ink is running out of this pen should be enough to show that I'm pretty warm. I'm thankful to say the hot pipes are all turned off and the windows open, so that by keeping still and wiping my face and hands every now and then I can get along fairly comfortably. The temperature indoors is over 80, and there is a great wind blowing hard in from the South West. It is certainly the strongest wind there has been for a month, but the trouble of getting through it only makes you hotter. Instead of blowing into you and cooling you it only brings more heat, and pulls your hair and tries to shove you off the planks that are arranged for people to walk on. Next week maybe we will be wading in slush. At this season you get the worst and the best weather of the year all mixed up. If it is like this at all in the West the farmers should be rejoicing, for there have been many complaints about the wet weather for harvesting, and they were afraid that if it cleared it would only become frosty. We had sharp frosts at the beginning of the week, but each of the last few days has been warmer than the one before, and the nights are warm too.

I have had a good many letters this week, and questions in all of them, so I had better begin replying at once. (i) I am feeling very well indeed. (ii) The work is not what I would have chosen for myself, but is as good an alternative as I'm likely to get. (iii) The club is an ordinary looking brick building with a corrugated iron roof. It has a dining room and common room separated by curtains downstairs, and upstairs a lot of little bedrooms on each side of a corridor. There are about twenty in it, and some have separate bedrooms and some don't, and all feed together on things already mentioned. In the eating house a day or two ago we

got boiled drawing-room ornaments to eat, in the form of Indian corn. The method was to pick them up in both hands after every mouthful or so of other food, and bite them. We also get corn cakes fried sometimes with our meat at dinner. They taste pretty well, and are tempting, but you can't easily get through two. (iv) My pictures have not been of any use yet, for I have not yet got into my permanent bedroom. I don't feel strange at all, only interested. (v) I did write to Aunt Antoinette. (vi) There are a lot of little ferns in the bush, but Maria misjudges me if she expects me to go out looking for curious kinds about Christmastime. I expect there will be some snow before then. (vii) I don't know exactly how many people there are in S. Porcupine, but I daresay the number is not far from a couple of thousand. There are a lot more of course in the immediate neighbourhood, living at the mines, or at Golden City across the lake, but the Dome and the Hollinger are the only mines that have produced anything yet. There is a good deal of diamond drilling going on, and I believe about a dozen mines have sunk shafts, and some are preparing to erect mills. A good many could do well if they had more money, but money is not forthcoming just at present. You can get local \$100 mining shares for less than 30c, and some rubbish for one or two cents.

However, with the reports of prosperity at the Dome and Hollinger the market is now rising a little. It may be that the Dome keeps exceptionally secret about its doings, but the reports given as sober facts in the most reputable papers are often utter bosh, and make you distrust all you see about the other speculations. (viii) Victor's intentions about going home at Christmas are not at all fixed, but his hopes are the same as they were six months ago. (ix) There is one church in S. Porcupine. (x) This is not exactly a drunken place, but people do get drunk sometimes. Beer is the only thing allowed to be sold, and 'blind piggers', i.e. people who sell other things such as whiskey, are very severely punished when they are caught. There was a raid on them at Cobalt just after I got here, and 13 were imprisoned or heavily fined, or both. There is some blind pigging in S. Porcupine too, and some of the men here take advantage of it, but I think I have seen only two people drunk since I came.

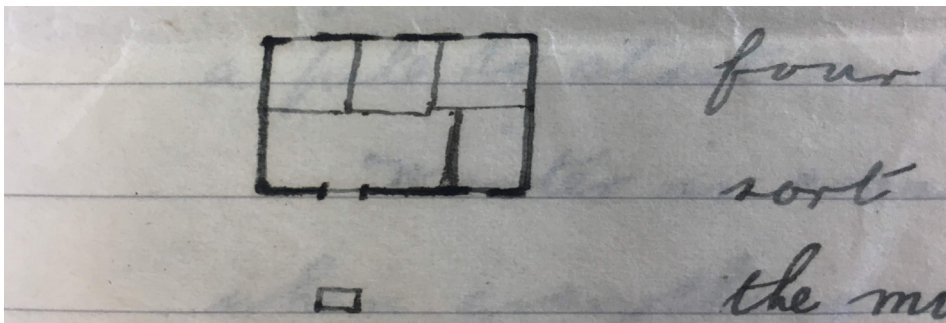
There is something peculiarly high about the grapes to be bought in town. I was walking in one evening when I met old Harry, our teamster,

driving out. He had a basketful of grapes with him and pulled up to give me some. They were small, very dark, and very red inside, and instead of being watery the juicy part was tough. The flavour was strong and had something fermented about it. Going past the little Italian fruit shops the smell of the grapes is quite strong, and rather nice, nicer than the flavour. I suppose it is grapes of that sort that wine is made out of. They come from near the American border.

It is four or five hours since I wrote the last paragraph, and in the meantime I have discovered that there are two other churches in town, attended one, and visited a part of the property I had only seen from a distance before. The two churches are Methodist and Church. It is the Methodist that I have been to, and I am going again unless I have nothing better to do. It is held in the evenings in the same building as the Presbyterian one, and is attended by much the same people. The choir is the same.

The part of the property I have visited is on the high ground behind the mill, and is where most of the shacks are built. In case you haven't much idea of the neighbourhood here is a sort of plan of it: -

I have it upside down because that is the way I am used to thinking of it. The shacks I am talking about are in the S.W. corner, which is a bare hilltop. The mill is up high too and the club is also raised a little. On the highest point where the rock is all bare was where the Meek family (Gen. Supt.) had their lives saved in the fire. They stood up there with a bucket of water and damped themselves while the blaze went on all round. Others stood in the pond near the power house where the water that has been used gets sprayed up into the air in order to cool itself. The shack I went into was like this:



Four little bedrooms with a big general sort of room which has a stove in the middle of it. The rooms are about twice as big as the beds. The view from the top there is quite fine. There are two lakes over to the West, Dome Lake and I think Simpson Lake, both of which have mines called after them. Beyond them it is all bush, looking very rough and jagged against the sunset. It is nearly all spiky half burnt pine trees.

I was much interested in everybody's letters. I hope Norway did Maria a lot of good besides the harm, for she seems to have got giddy and frivolous, and has left me wondering what is going to happen next.

Both you and she seem a bit confused about me and my pay, and the way I look at it. Comparing it with Victor's \$6 is hardly fair, for that was weekly and mine is monthly. On the other hand I am not grumbling about it as you seem to think, and am only surprised at the thought of my being worth as much. A rise in 'a week or two' is not to be expected, I am much more likely to be fired. For one thing there is usually hardly enough work to keep me going all the time, but some days it comes with a rush. It did yesterday, and I have a pile to start on to-morrow morning.

Winter is considered quite the best season here, when everything is hard and clean and there are no flies to tickle your head.

With love from
Arnold

P.S. Oct. 7th. Very cold snowy day with a bitter North wind.

c/o Dome Mines
South Porcupine
Ontario
November 24th 1912

*(South Porcupine is two miles away from the Dome,
and the Dome people almost all live on the Dome)*

My dear Mother

Things are getting more settled now, but the strike is still on and may get fiercer before it comes to an end. A great many police and detectives, including the provincial chief, have been sent here, and have been hanging about the offices for some days. Consequently most of the mine employees are able to get back to their usual work, and I have returned from the mine office to the general.

The draughting office is still shut down, and the draughtsmen are stoking in the power house, while a nice little boy who worked in the dr. office as apprentice engineer has come to the general office to make himself useful with the extra work that we have had. He has been helping me the last day or two, for I lost a good deal of time with being at the mine office. There was very little there that I could do, even less than usual because so little was going on in the mine, but I had to be there at seven in the morning, and instead of finishing at five I had to be back again at seven, when the night shift started to work. Both shifts work from seven to five, and have an hour for eating and rest from twelve to one. In the general office we work from eight to five, but someone generally has to go back in the evenings to finish up.

This week, as you may already know, most of the office men have gone in to the mine in the evenings to help keep things going. I have worked getting on for thirty hours there at 25c an hour, which comes to be about eight dollars. When I went to the mine office first, Bill Gowans, the mine superintendent, told me to keep careful note of all the work done, for we were to be paid the same as anyone else; but later on he told me not to bother about entering up rates, as we were not going to be paid that way,

but were to get bonuses. That may mean something more, and indeed I think we deserve it, for we have had to put up with a good deal.

At the beginning of the week all but one of the cooks went on strike, and we had to do without bread and a good many other luxuries. We were all moved into the big dining room, where the plates and dishes and all were made of enamelled ware, and were therefore easier to wash up. But the enamel was chipped off the edges of tea cups etc. so that dirt stuck all the easier (another nasty feature was the way the forks were often pulled out of shape. The dagos bend the prongs out sideways in order to be able to pick their teeth better). The washers up had also struck so a couple of little French boys whose father works at the mine came in to help, but notwithstanding their efforts everything we used was covered with dirty black slime, and there wasn't even any bread for us to clean up with, when we did get bread it was mainly used for that purpose instead of for eating. The potatoes were liable to be dirty outside and bad inside, the meat was so tough and grizzly and badly cooked as to be not worth the trouble of picking bits out of, and for a week I have been pretty nearly a vegetarian.

Eggs were to be had all the time, and the pepper and salt did not give out. Nobody took the trouble to bring drinking water over from the drill hole by the office, so we had no water to drink, but only the worst and ugliest looking tea that ever was set in front of me. I therefore drank nothing and ate no meat, only potatoes and butter and maybe eggs and buns, and of course tinned fruit, which was always very good, and if that was not enough I got some chocolate at the store afterwards and went to the drill hole for a drink.

Things were at their least pleasant for only a couple of days, and porridge and bread started up again fairly soon when new cooks etc. were smuggled in. The first attempt to import them was a complete failure. When they landed off the train at South Porcupine the Union pickets got hold of them and took them to the Union Hall (Western Federation of Miner, and I.W.W.), and held them there till it was time to put them on the next train and send them out. However the cooks came back next day and reached the mine somehow. I never heard how. Today we are back in the side-room for meals, and feeling more comfortable.

Coffee has come back, and water. Yesterday at about five o'clock a

special train brought right to the mine a carload of police and another carload of strike breakers, about thirty five in each. They had a pretty warm reception from the Union men at South Porcupine station, and if the police had not been there things might have happened. I can't imagine why the strikers didn't tear up the line for a few yards between here and town. I don't think it's being watched very closely, and a stick of dynamite could be fired up in a minute or two. It may be that the union officials don't want to run many risks, for as it is they are said to be a lot of blind piggers who haven't done a stroke of work for years.

The road between here and town is picketed pretty thoroughly by the unionists, but there has hardly been a case yet when the pickets have attempted to stop anybody. If they became troublesome you could go through the bush but the town itself is the place where trouble is most likely. I have not been in since the strike started, but some who have been have had to run. Nearly everyone who goes out goes armed, but there has been no shooting yet. The Dome is much more peaceful than some other mines, but there is continual talk of a big demonstration coming out to call us scabs and invite us to join them. On the second day of the strike several hundreds did come out and shout at us to come on but they went away without much success. Hanson, the mill superintendent, got fired up with them, but he talked Danish and Swedish to them and they thought he was one of themselves. The man in the crusher house when he saw them coming, went and changed into his good clothes, and then they thought he was on strike, and shook his hand and called him Comrade.

The men who came last night will probably be enough to keep the mine going without our help. Last night I worked up till twelve hooking cans together and on to the cable that pulls them up the incline to the crusher. I did that one other night, and when once I had got into the knack of working the hooks the job was pretty easy. The chutes at the bottom of the glory holes however got blocked a great deal last night, and it was cold work when there was nothing to do, and an icy wind was blowing down into the mine. A bucket of drinking water is supplied down there for people when they get thirsty, and other nights a drink would have been very welcome, but the water gets cold and gritty with ice. When I went down first I worked at the chutes, lifting a board to let the ore

run down into the cars, or hoking about with a crowbar inside when the lumps got stuck. When they are stuck too firmly to be moved they have to be blasted, and then the mine is filled with smoke and fumes maybe for half an hour. Once we had to blast three times to move one piece of rock. At other times it comes down with a terrific rush and you have to drop the board and to jump, especially when there are little spaces left up above through which little stones can come raining on to your head. At first sight the work looks dangerous, but with a reasonable amount of care there need be no danger at all, and accidents are remarkably few. 28c an hour seems to me to be very good pay, for much simpler work, especially as the 28c man has only to lift the board, while a 30c man hokes with the crowbar, and the boss does the blasting. 25c an hour is the lowest pay on the whole mine, except for people such as myself and a couple of apprentices.

The most serious effect of the strike will be in the labour shortage afterwards and in holding up the work on a new pipe line from here to Porcupine Lake, nearly three miles. A little lake nearby is nearly pumped out, and the mill can't get on without water, as the work on the pipe line was being hurried forward in order to have it finished before the ground was all frozen hard as it very nearly is now.

With love from
Arnold

From Arnold Marsh
c/o Dome Mines
South Porcupine, Ontario
December 29th 1912

My dear Sylvia

I was very interested in your long letter, but never say my writing is bad or I'll cut you some piece out of what you wrote to me. Still, I don't want you to write more slowly i.e. better if it will mean writing less.

The only piece of news that you and Ella too, may be interested to hear, is that I sent my notion about the origin of the Countess Cathleen to Yeats, and he replied thanking me and saying he would mention it in some future edition. By the way Ella never sent me the plot of that novel I was to write.

Don't call my nose a "haughty little" one. It is bigger than it is becoming, and very democratic.

You need never imagine that you miss me any more than I miss you, for you couldn't. You have any number of friends and all kinds of interesting work to do, and I have nobody. I haven't had an S to ST (as Jack Hoyland calls a soul to soul talk when he is writing on a postcard) since that great walk over Cavehill the evening before I came away.

Lots of the boys here are interesting and intelligent in a way, and there is plenty of romance about some of them, but it is all, or nearly all, of a hard unthinking kind. Nobody seems to want to do anything for anyone else. They're not *bad*. Anything cruel or unfair is enough to madden them, but "getting on" seems to be the only thing they live for, unless it is the joy of life at present. Everything ideal in South Porcupine seems to be a material one, and the real things as we see them are hardly thought of.

Next summer I may be in a railway station in some little mountain or foothill town in British Columbia (there's that gramophone singing the Old Folks at Home). I rather hope I'll be there, where at least the scenery can't help being beautiful, but it may be even more lonely than here. Many a time I wonder why ever I left home, and indeed it was with pretty wild ideas evolved out of a good many sleepless hours up in the top bedroom

that I finally made up my mind to do it. I tell you Sibby I made up my mind years ago that I would live my life for Ireland. At one time it was China, as you know, and then I felt Ireland pulling at me all over, and I still feel it, maybe stronger than ever because it's so far away. Well when I left home it was with the idea fiercely and simply, of making money. I wanted if possible to be able to make enough after living here a few years to go back to Ireland and there live quietly somehow for the country, with enough money to keep me going without having to rely on my earnings, if there were any. Maybe you think I'm a silly fool not to live there all the time. Maybe I sometimes think the same myself, but I'm here now and I believe the best thing for me to do now is to stay and listen to all I hear and learn all I can. Then when the time comes to go back I'll be better off in every way. Perhaps then I'll take some unimportant position in a Friends' school, and although I would be paid less than the higher people with all their book wisdom I believe I could be just as good a teacher really as far as the little people themselves were concerned.

I have many other schemes too, but if I told you them all you'd think I was cracked, although they are intensely real to me. (What's the good of saying a thing like that?) I know very well that you look on me as a failure who will never be much good anywhere, but I rather think you are mistaken, and please, if Kenneth doesn't prosper and is feeling despondent, never tell him he will finish up by watching oranges grow in California, for it hurts if I don't do as well as I think I should be doing. I'll go home and live there, and in one sense I will be a failure, and that is what people will think of me, but if I earn enough for my needs and live a fine life. I don't see how it can be a real failure in the end.

When I heard of Father's illness and that he was not likely to be able to do as much in the office as he used to, I wondered whether I should offer to go home and learn the work there and live in Belfast. If I did I would have to take an interest in things connected with the Meeting, and I couldn't do that with sincerity, for my ideas on religion are as unsettled as they ever were.

Why is it, I wonder, that I hardly ever even feel inclined to read the Bible now, and that, although I want often and often to pray I very seldom can do it without ridiculing myself. Once or twice I have prayed lately. I

have prayed desperately for Ulster and I have prayed for Victor, but that is about all. But apart from that I wish you would write and say what you think of the idea of going to the U.T.C.¹, which would mean being in business indefinitely and giving up all hope of being a teacher.

If, when Helen Waddell's Quaker yarn is finished, she gets it printed, I wish you would if possible let me see it. It should be mighty interesting.

With love from
Arnold

Readers Note - At this point Arnold returns home having got news of father's illness

¹ U.T.C.. = Ulster Tin Company

Carrying the dead after South Porcupine fire



LETTERS I

1913

Age 22 years

c/o Alfred Appelt
Goldington Grange
Bedford
May 8th 1913

You needn't mention this letter at home.

My dear Sylvia

The enclosed key opens the cupboard in the back parlour on the top shelf. I think, you will find a roll of papers, written on, like this paper, and if you would not mind sending them you would confer an inestimable favour on deadle dote. They are his dreams and his analyst, while generally using the latest ones, also likes to have earlier one for reference.

Now for another thing. You may remember that four years ago I wrote a wicked scandalous letter asking my mother for outrageous information. She was unable to supply it, but feared that the devil had got me. I do not want to ask for any more such information, and I am afraid of writing to her, but could you, do you think, find out when it was I changed from being a healthy child to a delicate one, and also what it was that happened to arrest development? Appelt thinks an explanation of that may help to clear up some of the mysteries. I am still a very hard case he finds, but his psychoanalysis methods have been....

Readers note; Original letter ends abruptly but this found 'fragment' seems connected and so continues

One or two of Freud's ideas have been more or less thrown over, and a certain Dr Adler now is leader, and edits the psychoanalytical journal. The modified methods are supposed to be simpler as well as more effective.

I am particularly anxious to get quite finished this time, for I feel that if I don't I may not get any other chance. You may think there is not much wrong with me, but it really is a far greater trouble than appears on the surface. It means worry and agitation all the time, and often prevents me

from speaking when I want to, and also makes me say things in a round about way to avoid miserable breakdowns. I'll not be satisfied till I can speak easily at any time, in private or in public. Appelt's lease runs out here in the autumn of 1915, and then he is going to London to finish out his medical degree after that he will probably not confine himself to stammerers, but will treat nervous cases of all kinds. Look out for an article by him on "Dreams and their Relation to Character" in the "Fortnightly Review". I don't just know what number it will be in. I expect as his English improves and his experience grows he will go in for writing more and more.

With love from
Arnold

c/o Alfred Appelt
Goldington Grange
Bedford
June 3rd 1913

My dear Sib, [Sylvia Marsh]

As Appelt said to me the other day, if it hadn't been for that sister of mine I'd have been in a pretty bad way. It is only during the last few weeks that I have come to realise all you really have meant to me. During my whole life you've been my chum, and when I hated Kenneth and hated Maria, and was despised by mother, snubbed by Victor ignored by Cecil and Oswald, it was always you who stuck up for me in public and in private. I could always go to you no matter what was wrong, and it is the same still. You are the one person at home from whom I have concealed nothing, or practically nothing.

There is of course one thing that I have never told you, but you have suspected it since a certain Sunday evening two or three years ago. I doubt whether it will ever come to anything. But that is by the way. What I want to say is that home wouldn't be home to me if it wasn't for you. I don't know whether your feelings towards me are in any way like mine towards you. Sometimes I have been afraid they are, and when I was away I used often to wonder whether you were wanting my company at home as much as I was wanting yours. Now that I am going home to the Ulster Tin Co. I often think of home with dread and I hate the idea of all the narrowness and the squabbling and bad feeling that I'll have to live in the middle of, but whenever I think of that I think of you too and feel infinitely grateful for the thought that there will be at least one who can be a real sister and friend. There will be Kenneth too, and won't you be glad of him? Maybe he's a little young yet to be quite as close a friend as one could wish, but at any rate I feel sure that he won't be a squabbler; and with three of us it will be far easier to live happily than it would be if we were each alone.

How I do sympathise with you. Often at South Porcupine I used to feel that I was a beast for not writing, but when I wanted to write to you I wanted to tell you all that was in my soul instead of just the superficial



Sylvia Marsh - in 1900 aged nine

piffle that I wrote in the general letters. I used to think of long letters that I might write but generally they got no farther than thoughts, and if I did begin writing, the letter got torn up or put away. I didn't know how you would take it. I was afraid you might smile. Maybe the one that I have fished out of my box now and am sending with this letter, will give you some idea of what I mean.

I hope it will not be very long now before I am able to go home. I mean to finish the thing out no matter what it costs. Appelt says he can see most of it pretty plainly now, but it would not be wise for him to say much until I can see a little more of it myself. He certainly knows best, as I can but live in hope. I think I told you about the article that he was hoping would appear in the "Fortnightly". He has heard nothing further from them since, so they must be giving very weighty consideration to the subject. He is publishing a scientific work on stammering also. It is in

German however, and will appear first of all in Munich. It should be out in about a week.

Talking of writing books reminds me of the things he says to me on the subject. Last time I was here he told me, as he advised me to give up teaching and be a journalist, that he was sure I would have a very brilliant future, and when I laughed and said it didn't look like it, he said "Yes, yes. I am sure. You will. No doubt at all. Indeed I envy you." His saying that made me feel all the smaller at having to leave Dalton Hall the next year. Then a few weeks ago he said, after a series of rather unusual dreams, that he was quite sure I had it in me to be an author, and again this morning he told me he was sure I would find it quite easy to write novels. I knew something about psychology, and all I needed was to get the plots and fill them in. It may be soft soaping and nothing else, but that sort of talk is very elating to a fellow like me. I wrote a story thirty seven of these pages long and sent it to Ella on Saturday. I am awaiting her reply very eagerly. I can't think what she will say about it. Of course you understand that not a word must be breathed about this sort of thing at home. Ella is the only one that knows, and if the story is accepted anywhere it will appear under another name, and nobody will be any the wiser.

Best wishes for exam.

With dear love
from Arnold.

S.S. Athenia

August 16th 1913

My dear Mother

I have not much to tell you, for I expect Sylvia has already told you nearly everything. It really is a great thing to have an attractive damsel with you on a voyage. She acts as a ticket to all the best society on board, and I have got to know quite a lot of people. There are three at any rate going to Vancouver, but of course they may not be in the same train if I have to wait in Montreal.

I don't very much care for my cabin mates. Two are Scotch and the other is Belfast. His name is Rooney, and he comes from Duncairn Gardens. Somebody asked me whether Duncairn Gdns was a very wealthy part of the city, because this man seemed to drink such a lot of money. He accosted me very pleasantly this morning and asked me whether I came from Belfast, and when I said I did, "Man" he said, "That's very remarkable, for I never knew. But I was just wearing your hat for a bit last night, and I seen the same in it, and that's what made me ask you".

There is a concert very soon.

With love from
Arnold





POSTCARD - addressed to Mme Marsh, Belfast
- A.M.



Chapleau, Ontario - addressed to Mme Marsh, Belfast
- A.M.



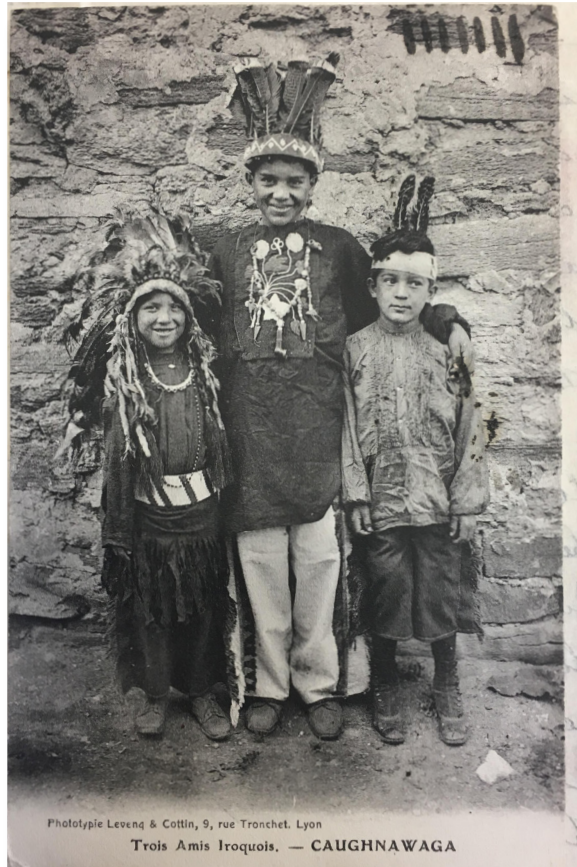
Montreal - ¼ hour for supper and postcard.
Got away from Montreal last night all right. I'm in good form.
- A.M.

August 19th 1913
- addressed to
Mme Marsh, Belfast

Montreal

We arrived last night, after
a ripping voyage up the
river. The weather was hot
yesterday, and in a good
many places the smoke of
bush fires was rather thick.
There has been another big
one in N. Ontario. I had a
letter from Victor last night.
This is a fine city.

- A.M.





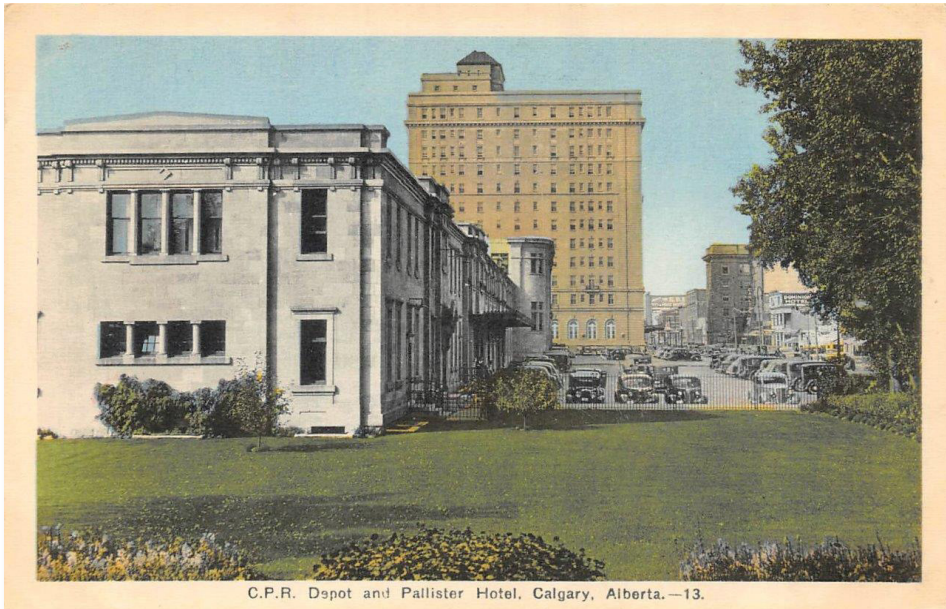
August 21st 1913

- addressed to Mrs Marsh, Belfast

Winnipeg

I am writing this in the train. We should be in Winnipeg in another hour or two, and the bush seems to be thinning out considerably now as though the prairies were getting near. We have had bush & lakes and rocks with occasional towns and clearings for two days. We stopped for breakfast at Fort William this morning. There air to-day has been fairly clear. Yesterday we were in the smoke of bush fires at least half the time. We passed an Indian encampment at about two this afternoon. I didn't know what it was but the other passengers seemed to.

A.M.



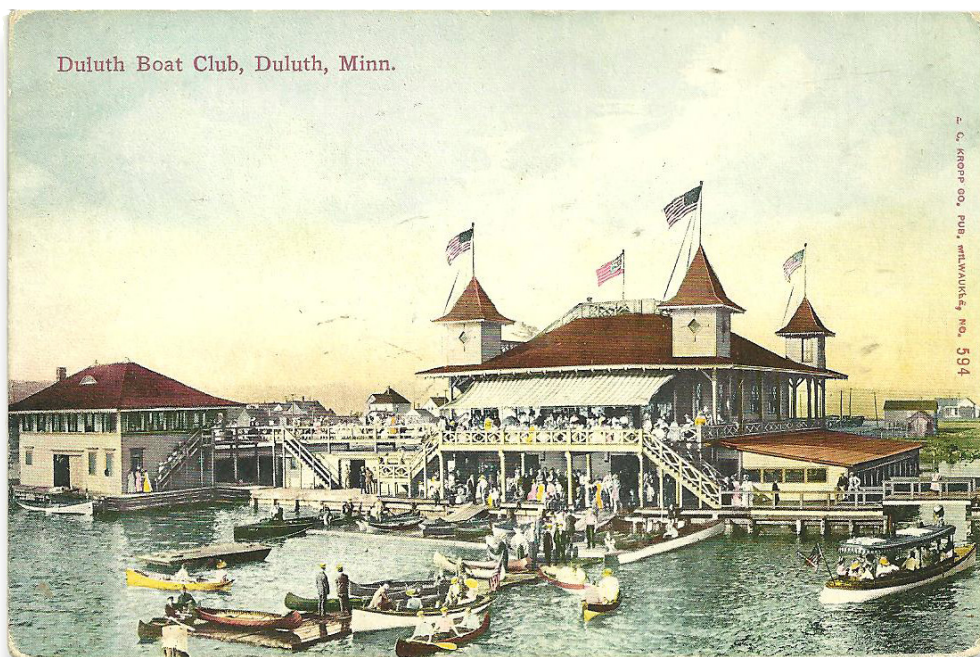
August 22nd 1913
- addressed to Mrs Marsh, Belfast

Calgary

I am not sure where this will be posted. If I had written a bit earlier it might have gone from Medicine Flat. We had an hour in Winnipeg last night and I went for a walk. It's a dazzling place, full of banks and restaurants and real estate agents and picture palaces. Today has been prairie all the time. The train is stopping. I'll post this now.

A.M.

Steam the stamps off.



Aug 24th 1913

- addressed to Mrs Marsh, Belfast

Minnesota

It looked very delightful. My apologies to Maria. This is a beautiful evening. The country about the Lake of the Woods was quite attractive. It is a holiday resort for Winnepeg, and strange people were to be seen. Two other Athenia passengers are in another carriage bound for Vancouver but I hardly know them at all.

A. Marsh



August 25th 1913

- addressed to Mrs Marsh, Belfast

Vancouver

I arrived here safely yesterday (Sunday), and have washed my head. I have not seen Mr Crothers yet but am going there now with the suit. This is the most beautifully placed city I ever saw. The weather is very fine, but not unbearable hot. There are an extraordinary number of Chinese and Hindoos all about the place. I am stopping at a cheap hotel till Wednesday, when the steamer goes.

A.M.



August 27th 1913
- addressed to Mrs Marsh, Belfast

Vancouver

I am just about to leave Vancouver. The steamer sails at 11pm. I have had a fine time here, finding new beauties everyday. I have just come back from the Capilano Canon in North Vancouver. I only heard of it this afternoon, or I would have gone sooner. It's the best thing I have seen yet. This morning I went round by Point Grey. The B.C. Electric is very good, and only costs five cents anywhere on the urban lines.

A.M

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Sept 1st 1913

My dear Mother

By the time you get this letter it will be a week since my last card I suppose. It took me just three weeks to come here, but if I had not spent that day in Montreal I would have arrived on the Monday of last week instead of the Friday. I came by a slow steamer and went to Glasgow first, so I daresay it would be possible to do the journey in a fortnight. I don't regret the delay at all however. I enjoyed the day in Montreal very much, and Vancouver was far beyond all expectations. The weather there was perfect. I saw it at its best. The finest thing of all was the Capilano Canon in North Vancouver. You take a 5c ferry across the Inlet and a 5c car ride at the other side and then you walk about a mile to the first suspension bridge. Then you pay 10c for admission. The canon is owned by a certain Mr Mahon, who owns also a great deal of North Vancouver, and has the principal street named after him. Very little snow can be seen from Vancouver itself. The mountains across the Inlet are quite bare on the South side, but if you want snow there is any amount of it to be had on the North side, and it can easily be reached by a good road that runs up to the Vancouver Waterworks. There was talk of a strike on the B.C. Electric. by last week, but they seem to have arbitrated and settled the dispute satisfactorily.

I left Vancouver Wednesday night at 11pm. The man in Geo. C. Pim's office is an ignorant fellow and ought to be cautioned against misleading people. He gave me a second class ticket on the steamer to Prince Rupert, saying that the accommodation was in the usual second cabin style, like the ocean liners, and that there was a third class below it. Now as a matter of fact the only difference between 2nd and 3rd class was that 3rd class passengers paid a quarter for each meal, and 2nd class paid nothing. There was practically no deck accommodation, for almost all the space that we might have had was occupied by cargo, and where we might have got a seat they had laid a corpse. Lavatory accommodation was very filthy

and for two days I did not wash for fear of getting dirty. We slept together in a big bunk-room on lousy straw and sacking, and without bed clothes or pillows. If you kept your eyes shut it was all right, but anyone who happened to be at all squeamish might have got quite annoyed at the sight of all the playful little creatures in the walls. Bugs and beetles of all kinds. Of course I could have changed to first class if I had wanted to, but for two days I didn't think it was worth while spending another ten dollars. Besides I rather enjoyed it, and my fellow passengers were all right. One of them I imagine was a half-breed, and the rest were all Indians.

There were not many. The ship was very small. It was a C.P.R.¹ boat and very much inferior to the Grand Trunk ones. The latter however are express steamers, going all the way without a stop, while we stopped four or five times at delightful little villages in the fiords. The whole trip was delightful except just for the few hours of open sea, and there the big waves and little ship taken together made havoc of our stomachs.

There is no use in me trying to describe the scenery, for it was just one lovely thing after another. We could not see the high mountains all the time, but often those that rose sheer out of the water on each side were high enough to have patches of snow on the top. I don't think I'll ever forget the beauty of that sea-sick Thursday evening. There were no clouds in the sky, and yet there was a wild red sunset lighting up the waves on one side, while on the other, a long way off, we could see the line of white peaks floating above the mist on the horizon.

On Thursday afternoon we stopped at Alert Bay, an Indian village with a sawmill. It was a charming place of course, like all the other villages, and I saw crowds of Indians for the first time. They were squat ugly people on the whole, but they were picturesque too, especially the gaudy little children. But that is not what I'll remember Alert Bay for. There was something else so barbaric and heathenish that for some time I could hardly take it in. It wasn't like Canada at all, and I hadn't expected it, it was a row of totem poles in front of the Indians' shacks. They stood up there painted and carved into all kinds of beautifully hideous shapes, human bodies and birds' beaks and dear knows what. I wasn't near enough to study them as I should have liked, but it was thrilling to drop on them that way without any warning, and in a Christian country too.

When we were out of sight of them again I went inside and sat down, but instead of reading a book as I had intended I found myself talking to a jovial Indian boy who was sitting there rubbing his hands and smiling with all the innocence in the world.

He couldn't keep the news in at all but started at once to tell me that he was running away from school and had got on board without being noticed. He was going to Port Simpson, where his mudder lived, and he had left his sister at Alert Bay, and she wouldn't know where he was. It was a huge joke, and he talked and talked, telling me all he had already done and all he was going to do. It was a bad school at Alert Bay, no good, too much work. He hadn't been to school at all that morning because of the work. He had been chopping trees instead, which was pretty hard but was easier than school. Then in the afternoon he had wanted to give a message to his sister, and he had written a note and taken it to the school and given it to her, but the teacher had seen him and asked him what he was doing, and he said he was giving a message to his sister, but she didn't believe him, and said it was a 'heart-letter'. And he said it wasn't a heart-letter, but she said it was, and she wasn't going to have him sending heart-letters to the girls; and then she hit him, yes, she took a strap and hit him on the hand with it, and he said, "Thank you", just like that, nothing more, and she hit him again, and then he went home very angry and when he got home he saw the steamer coming round the corner, so he rushed and put his things in his grip and came on board, and now he was going to Port Simpson where the school was far better and he wouldn't have to work so hard.

Then he told me all kinds of things about the rainy weather and the 'suck-eyes' (by which he meant salmon) and the music that he could play. The piano and the fiddle were very easy, but he couldn't get the 'eenskeen' (it sounded like that, I don't know what it was) so this Christmas he was going to a place, the name of which I forget, up in Alaska, where there were no white men and there he was going to learn to play the eenskeen properly. I don't know how long that boy went on talking but it was a long time. I got him round again to the question of his sister however, and gave him a postcard and said he ought to write and tell her where he was. In the end he did it, and put the card in the letter box, but his spirits

were damped, and he plainly considered that I had spoilt the joke on him. He was an amusing fellow, although he was hard to understand with his broken English mixed up with Indian words.

The only other man I had much talk with was a tipsy gentleman who came staggering out of the first class and flopped down beside me to tell me that he had made a hundred and fifty thousand dollars out of real estate in the last year in Vancouver. He had borrowed money at 6% and had made a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Then he slapped me on the knee and said again, very earnestly, that he had made a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and would I believe it. He talked quite a lot too, but his tipsyness was against him, and he could do very little more than hiccough and gasp at his wealth.

On Friday morning we stopped at another Indian village. This time



they had a salmon cannery and no totem poles. While the ship was alongside, some of us went ashore and walked through the cannery, which stank but was interesting. The bosses of course are white men, but all the other employees are Indian, mostly women and children. The men go out and catch the fish, getting a cent apiece for them. The rubbish out of the salmon's inside is thrown into the sea, where it feeds an amazing multitude of cod-fish. I never saw anything like the shoals that swam all about the ship. One of the passengers started to catch them, and got three in two or three minutes. Of course they weren't very hungry. There was plenty of refuse floating about all the time.

At another place where we stopped we saw monstrous starfish and sea-anemones.

The worst of it is that Prince Rupert, although very great and wonderful, seems just a little bit tame. The people here take things tamely too. Yesterday afternoon I was sitting in the hotel window when a man walked down the street carrying a wild eagle with him. It was screaming and flapping its wings, and it ought to have made a stir. Well, one or two people turned their heads to look at it, and pass remarks, others took no notice, and that was all. I am still in a hotel at 50c a night, but as soon as I get started to work I'll get something cheaper. I have looked at a comfortable room in a boarding house sort of place at \$10.00 a month, or \$9.00 a week including meals. There are also 'cabins' to be had in blocks. Single room ones cost \$4.00 a month and two roomed cost \$6.00 (both furnished). There is plenty of work to be had, and I hope to get fixed tomorrow or the day after. Pay is very good on the whole. I came at an awkward time – late on Friday evening. Saturday was Saturday, Sunday was Sunday, and today is Labor Day, a bank holiday.

With love from
Arnold

¹ G.T.P. = Grand Trunk Pacific

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Sept 8th 1913

My dear Mother

Your letter, posted on the 23rd reached me on Saturday the 6th, so it took just exactly a fortnight to do the journey, and that is not far different from the time your letters used to take going to South Porcupine.

I have now settled down comfortably in a home of my own, and my time is occupied with work which ought to last as long as is necessary.

On Tuesday morning I started out on my search for something to do, and found nearly everybody friendly but helpless. Some of them spent quite a long time in trying to think of some place where somebody was wanted, but they couldn't. I was told that if I went to the offices of the G.T.P. Railway they would almost certainly be able to fire me up with something or other, but that it would probably be away up the line somewhere. So I went there, and found that they wanted a chainman. I had no idea what that was, and they said it would be up the line somewhere, travelling from place to place with a bunk in a railway car. The pay was \$35.00 a month clear of everything. I said I wanted something in Prince Rupert, but that if I couldn't get anything I would take what they offered and go out on the train next morning (there are two trains a week). Then I gadded about a lot more, and finally went into the Reading Room to ruminate and decide whether I should get a labourer's job in town with very heavy work or take the lower paid but easier position going up and down the line as chainman.

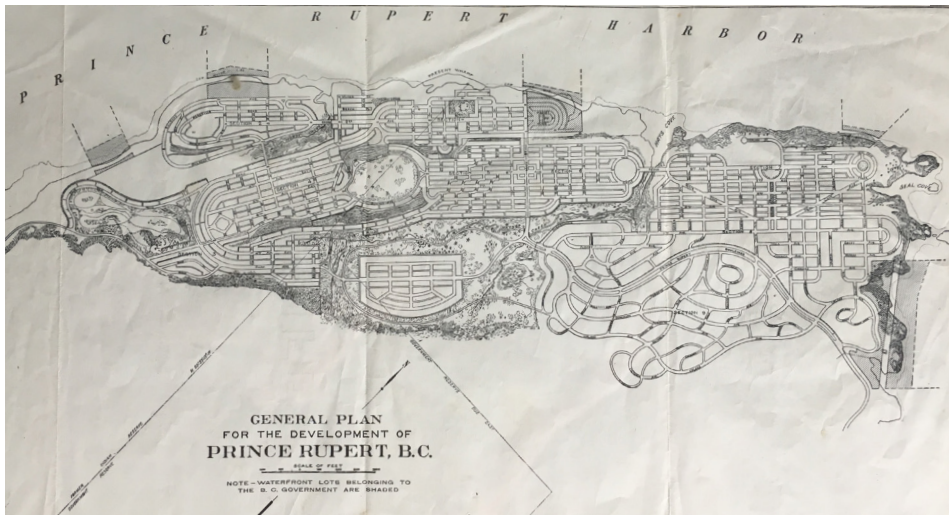
While meditating I noticed that there was nobody looking after the place, and all the time I waited nobody appeared. There were notices up on the walls, and one of them was signed by all the members of the Reading Rooms Committee. So I took down the chairman's name, and went to the Post Office to find out his address in the directory. He was a clergy, the Rev F. W. Kerr and I thought I would just chase after him and see if he was looking for anyone. I had a good deal of trouble in finding

him, for not only was the number of his house not given, but the directory gave the wrong street as well. Anyway I found him, and he seemed a decent friendly sort of fellow, - came to the door without a collar or tie, and didn't put on any clerical airs, after all he was only a Presbyterian.

He was busy talking to some other visitor in the hall when I butted in on him, so he showed me into his study and told me to wait. He had a most excellent selection of books, and I liked him better than ever. His wife seemed a good sort too, for she was puddling about with hens and ashpits and things in the back yard. In a few minutes his reverence came in and we got to business but he soon explained that the town, or city rather, couldn't afford anybody in its reading room, and all he could do would be to take my name and be hopeful about the future.

When the city does manage to raise some money it will spend it in the first place on sewers, which are even more important than librarians or such like to the general health of the community. But the Rev Kerr after some further conversation said that the Daily News was wanting a reporter and maybe I'd like to try that, so I said I couldn't do shorthand, but he explained that that wouldn't matter, and he rang up the owner of the paper and talked to him about me and arranged that I should go and pay him a visit. Then he asked me to stop for dinner if I had nothing else to do, so I stopped. He explained that they lived pretty simply on washing-day, and hoped that I would not mind. I had fried bacon, a boiled egg, chipped potatoes, green peas, and a bun.

After dinner I went down to see the newspaper owner. He may be an M.P., for his name is William Manson and that is the name of one of the Northern B.C. M.P.s, or M.P.P.s. I suppose he talked for about half an hour, and finally advised me not to go any further into the matter, as I had not been long enough in the country to know the peculiarities of its very peculiar politics. It would be all very well to get on to a big newspaper somewhere, but in a little town like this the newspaper staff consisted of an editor and a reporter, and the reporter had to do a good deal of the editing. Prince Rupert (pop. 5000) has 3 daily papers, it was therefore dangerous to have anybody as a reporter who did not know the country pretty thoroughly, for the paper pretty much depended on him, and if he made a mistake the whole town got busy gossiping about it. The Daily



Development plan for Prince Rupert 1913

News had the biggest circulation of any paper in the North, but a few mistakes might put an end to it, and it was in danger of going broke any time even now. Next year things might be different. He was counting on that anyway, and perhaps next year he might be able to find something for me. So instead of firing me out of the office he persuaded me to agree that it would be better for me not to take the job, which was a gentlemanly thing to do. I spent the rest of the afternoon in going about again, and nearly everywhere I went the people had a pleasant friendly way with them. They didn't snap at me, but they shook their heads, and talked about next year, and the great things that were going to happen then.

Here in Prince Rupert one talks about the financial stringency and about next year. If one is a newcomer one talks about the rain. I, for instance, feel bound to tell you that yesterday we had an inch and a half, but older residents put on their macs as a matter of course, and only talk about the weather when the sun comes out, and then they say it's fine and dandy weather. Towards evening I went back to the G.T.P. office and the man there fixed up with me that I was to start out the next day to live in a railway car and join a gang and be a chainman. So I went and had tea and then when I had finished and was strolling about the street I met this same man out of the office, and he said he had been looking for me for a long time and was glad to find me, for he had made a mistake. Somebody

else had decided to be a chainman before I had made up my mind, but if I called on Mr Lucas, the civil engineer for the G.T.P. here in town, he might be able to employ me, for he was looking for a chainman too. So next morning I went and saw Mr Lucas, and became a chainman. My duties began in the afternoon, and I spent the morning in arranging my affairs. I took a cabin, no 22 in 533 Eighth Avenue. On the map I left at home you will see it at about the middle of eighth avenue in section 5. I make my own breakfast and tea, and have dinner in town. The pay is \$35.00 a month, and \$25.00 allowance for board, but I have come to the conclusion that I can live on four and a half dollars a week, so I may be able to save \$40.00 a month if I'm very penurious. It's high time I was in bed.

With love from
Arnold



General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Sept 14th 1913

My dear Mother

My address is still "General Delivery", and may continue to be so. It costs \$5.00 a year to have a box at the Post Office. \$1.25 is payable quarterly, and the quarter begins at the 1st of October. I shall not have much loose money just then, so if I get a box at all it will not be till January 1st I expect. All wages on the G.T.P. are paid from Winnipeg. A statement is sent there at the end of each month, and then it is generally about the 20th of the near month before the money arrives. So although I started work on September 2nd I should not get anything till about October 20th. Yesterday however I explained the fix I was in, and I was given an advance of \$10.00, which will keep me going till the end of the month unless anything unforeseen happens. I have opened a savings account at the Bank of British North America. It gives 3%. There are places where I could get 4%, but they do not seem quite reliable enough.

What is the object of keeping my boots at home, it seems an extraordinary idea unless somebody is going to wear them. If they fit Kenneth or anybody I am quite willing to sell them, for as a matter of fact I don't need them here, but if nobody wants them, they may as well come along to me, and you can get the postage from the Ulster Tin Co. which has a whole lot of my money on deposit. The boots cost 21/- I believe, and if anybody buys them you can decide what they are worth now. I got them about Easter.

The job that I am working at shows me a good deal of what is going on in the town, for not only do I have to go all over the water-front excavations and wharfs, but I can also see in the office all the plans for the future development of the harbour. The whole place is very hilly, and at first there was no room anywhere for wharfs, but the hills all along the waterside are being blasted away, and the material is going into the sea where it is being piled up to a uniform level. Even now there is quite a

good deal of shipping. We have been busy this week measuring a big piece of land between the quay and the town, for a hotel that the G.T.P. is going to erect. It seems a joke at this early stage to say such things, but this hotel is to be fifteen stories high, and is to be one of the finest on the whole Pacific coast. The present buildings are almost all wooden, and the very highest are not more than four stories. There is however a ferro concrete one going up now. Part of the framework is up. There is another building five stories high at the back but only two in front.

This would certainly be a bad place for you to live in, for it is all humps and hollows, and muskeg where it has not been drained. The roads are mostly plank. Sometimes they go through cuttings in the rock. At other times they are away up in the air and in some places they show tendencies to tilt over. In the part of the town below the big precipice, below grade as it is called, the streets are in most places solid, or meant to be, but in reality half liquid. In a few years of course, if not in the great next year, we shall have changed all this, and the whole town site will be levelled down into pleasing undulations, except just here and



there. According to our own calculations we ought to be of much greater importance than you think.

The greatest by far of the trans-Pacific trades is in silk, and there is great competition to get that trade. The great thing is speed (so as to save the very high insurance rates). The C.P.R. have just built two fine Empress steamers in order to capture the trade from Japan, and now a Japanese Co. is building two still bigger and finer steamers to capture it back again.

But Prince Rupert is nearer to Asia by 500 miles than any other American port, and so in a year or two all the biggest and fastest liners will be racing one another to see which can get to Prince Rupert first. We shall have a fine waterfront two miles long, a big dry dock is being built at present, the foundations are being prepared for ship-building yards, and there will soon be piers sticking out by the dozen. The railway is to be finished next May and it is getting on at a tremendous rate, and has now passed the 300th mile. They are building at the rate of three miles a day. One day they built four, and if next year doesn't come it'll be an awful disappointment for this town.

As for my work, it is not bad at all, although at first chopping stakes blistered my hands. Working here on the hills and cliffs and docks is better than it would be in most places, and nothing could be much better. It is thrilling work tramping over a hill and measuring it when you know that it will soon be cast into the sea. What is more, I'm at ease in my own mind in a way that is new to me. That stay at Bedford certainly did marvels. I feel as fresh as a kid nowadays, and it is most amazing to think that it is six years almost since I left school. Now I must make my tea.

With love from
Arnold

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Sept 21st 1913

My dear Mother

A letter from you dated August 11th and two re-addressed by Cecil at the same time arrived this week. They had gone astray and come back again, and explained what had rather surprised me before, namely, the fact that I did not hear from you till about a fortnight after I was due to arrive here.

Not much out of the common has happened this week. I have been busy on the hotel site, where we have been correcting some awkward mistakes made by previous surveyors. For three days the weather was gloriously fine. In one whole twenty-four hour period there was not a drop of rain, although, taking the days as they came, we have had at least a little rain every day. On some occasions at least two thirds of the sky have been free from clouds, and the mountains have been beautifully clear.

The way the lights and shadows play over these mountains is a continual marvel. They hardly ever seem twice alike. There are generally big mists on them, or little mists drifting about among the trees after extra heavy rain; and there is a waterfall just opposite where I live, always changing in size. Today from instance, after the drenching rain of yesterday afternoon and last night, it is huge and roaring, but only yesterday morning it was hardly to be seen at all. Yesterday morning while the weather was still fine there were queer dappled little clouds all over the sky so that the whole country was in a dark shadow, except just in one little spot, and that one spot was where the highest of the mountains showed the top of its peak all glistening with snow and sunlight. There are only two snow-capped mountains to be seen from the town itself. This was one, and the other, which has a good deal less snow on it, is away up the sound, or the inlet, or whatever it's called. I think you can see it in the postcard I sent Sylvia. It is a pity that from the town itself we have no sight of the open sea, for the harbour, although it is picturesque enough, and

had strong tides, is as still as a lake, and the biggest waves it ever seems to have are those made by steamers. It is so still that very often the opposite side is seen reflected in it.

I met the Rev. Kerr last Sunday evening at the Empress Theatre, which is the Presbyterian Church on Sundays. He came to the door to shake hands with folks as they went out, and he told me to stop a minute when he saw me. Then when the rest had gone out we had a little talk. In manner he is rather like Frank Squire. He asked me to go up to his house some day during the week, so on Thursday evening I went, but unfortunately he was out, being busy over Sunday School work with his friend Manson of the Daily Pew, and others. On Friday and Saturday he is always busy preparing for Sunday, so I couldn't go then, but Mrs. Kerr told me to come up again some day this week, for he had been talking about me and was wanting to know how I was getting on. So I seem to have struck up a sort of an acquaintance pretty soon. He is away this week and preaching at Granby, a mining camp. He's a fine preacher, and, being a Presp, is the leading minister in the town; for the Presps are more numerous than any other sect in Canada. Methodists come next, and then Baptists, and the majority of all three sects are strongly in favour of uniting into an enormous one. There was a ballot on the question after the service last Sunday evening, and the voting was ninety-three in favour and seventeen against.

I have become very clever at making porridge, and I can also fry bacon and eggs, and brew the most perfect cocoa. I make a big saucepan full of porridge at once, enough to last about a week, and then I heat up a little every morning for breakfast. The bacon and eggs is a Sunday repast, and combines breakfast and dinner. Half of a quarter of a pound of bacon and a quarter of a dozen eggs fried up with a few slices of bread make a most magnificent plateful of food, and the smell and the sizzling are superb. The man next door fries bacon for himself at about half past nine every morning, and then I wake up with the noise he makes shuffling things about on the range, and I smell the smell as it comes through the cracks in the wall. But although on a cold morning the smell and the crackling of the fire is most aggravating as I lie in bed, my own beautiful Sunday smell makes up for it all.

Another Sunday item is a milk pudding. I save up all the bread crumbs during the week, and on Sunday I mix them with currants and 'condemned hall'* (*Dalton Hall name for condensed milk) and water, and cook them. Nobody would know that they were bread crumbs even then, but seeing I have no company I don't suppose that really matters much.

It's a great thing living by yourself, for then you need never wash your dishes until they get caked beyond all decency; and you know that they are always perfectly clean for nobody uses them but yourself. My landlord and lady supplied me with pans and crockery and things, but I found it a great nuisance having to light a fire morning and evening, especially in mild weather when the room was warm enough. The range or stove too is in bad shape, and unless you have a big fire you can't get anything to boil, so I brought a little spirit lamp. I don't know that it comes any cheaper than coal, but it is far more convenient. Of course if I am really wet in the evening I light a fire so as to be dry in the morning; and when I make porridge or wash handkerchiefs I have a great fire too. Porridge evenings are great occasions. I sit in a state of innocence, like Adam and drip and drip, while I keep stirring the saucepan with a stick about a yard long. I used an apron first, but that was quite too trying for a fellow with a lot of perspiration. The temperature at the other end of the room gets up to between 80 and 90.

I am seriously thinking of making some marmalade. I don't know how to do it, but what I make should at any rate be eatable. I must confess that I indulged in a pot of it and a pot of strawberry jam, but I was reckless that time, and such a thing must not happen again until the financial stringency is over. When that will be I don't know. I am hoping that the Canadian Western Lumber Co. will send its neat dividend here direct, but in any case I'll have to get another advance from the G.T.P. in about a week's time, and they don't like giving these advances.

The marmalade and jam pots were only 1lb ones and cost 25c each. I must have been feeling despondent I think at seeing the last of my cake. By the way that cake was really very good indeed. Never in all my long life did I enjoy a cake anything like as much. The icing especially was a thing to linger over and dream about; and so on. Did I ever thank anyone for

the chocolate that was concealed in my box? I don't believe I ever did. It also was as perfect as chocolate can ever hope to be, and whoever put it there is asked to accept my thanks.

It's rare fun planning out the things that I'll do when my ship comes home. For one thing, maybe first of all, I'll get a waterproof hat with a flap at the back to keep the rain from running down my neck. Then I'll want a coat. A Burberry is all very well in Belfast, where it hardly ever rains, but it's hardly good enough here. I can't imagine why I didn't think of that before I left home.

Then I think I might get a pair of sheets to lie between. With my rug, and coats pinned on to it, I don't need blankets, but sheets are beautiful things to look forward to when though by now I have grown quite accustomed to the feel of the mattress. Finally, I believe I'll get a pillow cover to put my folded coat into. I fold up the coat nowadays, and spread a towel on it for the sake of cheeriness, but that's not a perfect system, for when I go to put my arm underneath it the poor pillow comes all to pieces, or may do so if I'm not careful. But indeed I don't see why I shouldn't take two towels and pin them all round. I never thought of that before, but I believe I'll do it.

It's most extraordinary all the things one thinks of when one starts to write a letter. Here I'm at my seventh page and I wondered whether I'd get to the end of my second. That letter that I got this week was the one containing the letter you sent on from Katie. I shouldn't wonder if it was meant to catch me before I left home. It has caught me now, and I thank her for it, if I had anything to write to them about beyond what I write home, I would write, but I don't believe I have.

With love from
Arnold

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Sept 30th 1913

My dear Mother,

I am late in writing this week. I was lazy on Sunday and then on Monday I was invited to meet an extraordinary man, Moses B. Cotsworth F.G.S., at the Premier Hotel. It was John Pim that put him on to me.

He arrived here on Saturday evening or Sunday morning, but it was on Sunday morning that he started to look for me. He accosted a stranger in the street and asked him if he happened to know of a young fellow by the name of Marsh, and that stranger was my boss in the G.T.P. Engineering Office. Hugh Tooker is his name. Some people are lucky, he says. It may be so, but from what I saw of Moses Cotsworth he seemed to be a man who might get intuitions. Yesterday morning he came to the office and asked if he might see me. He was podgy, and had a round black beard. I couldn't imagine who he was. I seemed to have heard the name but I couldn't just locate it in my mind. He gave me his card and asked me go and see him at the Premier Hotel that evening. Then he presented me with a paper of his reprinted from the British Columbia Magazine on "The Glacial Cause of Changing Climates", and went away.

A little later Tooker came in and told me that a man was looking for me, and had been enquiring after me on the streets. I was queerly mystified, but in about an hour's time I remembered that John Pim had given me his address, and I found it in my pocket-book. He comes from New Westminster. It was something to know that, and when I had toggled myself up in the evening and gone down to the Premier, I was expecting to find that he was simply a quiet little Quaker geologist, with a fact or two. I knew he had fads because the back of his visiting card was headed "International Almanac Reform League", and then came a letter to Dear Mr. Cotsworth from Sir Somebody or Other who had just been to see the Premier at Ottawa. But Moses B. was greater than I thought, and unless he is a great humbug, which is not probable, he will be responsible for a

hubbub in a year or two.

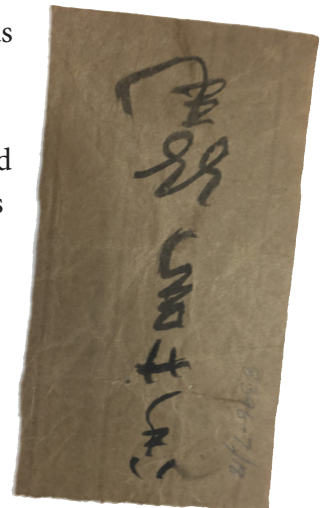
He never showed the slightest animation while he was talking and telling me startling things about this province and its government. He didn't smile or frown or raise his voice, but while he murmured quietly about himself and his work he impressed me with the fact that if he happened to die suddenly it would be a shockingly bad thing for British Columbia. He was official auditor in certain high places and he had been chairman of a Commission on Civil Service Reform, and he had done other things, and so he was able to get at the facts of the political graft and blackguardism that everybody talks and jokes about and takes for granted, and hardly anybody understands.

He told me this he said, so as to warn me against dangerous things that were corrupting the whole province, and that he was going to stop. If Sir Richard McBride and Sir William Mackenzie had heard that conversation yesterday evening they would have had a bad night, unless of course Moses B. Cotsworth is an absolute humbug, which he isn't.

But besides talking in this strain he showed me a lot of interesting maps of the province, partly made by himself, and a handbook, fully illustrated, that he had prepared for the visit of the British Association. These he promised to give me when he had shown them to somebody else in town. He also advised me to learn shorthand thoroughly, and explained in a few seconds a method by which he had been able to learn it in about a third of the ordinary time. He asked me what I had been doing and whether I had got to know anyone, and then he informed me that Alec Manson the lawyer and newspaper man was a much better man than Manson the M.P. (It was Alec, not William Manson that I was sent to see.) He did not know the Rev. Kerr, but said he had a fine reputation, and he intended to call on him. On Friday, when his business is finished, he is going back to New Westminster.

With love from
Arnold

P.S. I enclose a laundry bill.



General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Oct 6th 1913

My dear Mother,

I told you some of this week's news last week, so this week I'll tell you some of the news of the week before. It was a great week, and we made even more history than usual, for we held our first Annual Exhibition. I suppose it was really a poor affair compared with other exhibitions of the kind, but it attracted a lot of attention all over the North country, and the town was crowded all the week. It started on Wednesday and ended on Friday. The schools were closed on all three days, and the children had high holidays. You never saw such nice wild little creatures as these Prince Rupert children are. You could hardly grow tired of looking at the newspaper boys, especially when the weather is wet and their oilskins and sou'wester hats are all running with water. One of them offered me a newspaper free one day because he couldn't sell any more, but I hadn't the heart to take it, and I couldn't afford the five cents, so he had to wander away with it again. But this has nothing to do with the Exhibition, although indeed one of its great attractions was the fact that it was swarming with these crazy little creatures from all over the town.

On Monday morning the Indians began to come. They came down the coast and in from the islands in their sailing boats and gasoline launches, and they stayed in town all the week. Without them the exhibition would have been a failure. The great thing they brought was music. Every village has its band and they play the finest music that ever was made. Nothing is too great for them, and all week they marched about the town showing off their gorgeous uniforms (every band has a uniform) and stirring the place up with their music, while the white men could think of nothing better to do than stand still and spit. Many a time I wish I could spit as cleverly and easily as these other boys do, but I'd rather be able to play like an Indian all the same. There was an Indian band competition on the Wednesday, and that was what brought them all. On Tuesday afternoon I was sent off

to a little hill (which we intend to blow up with 5000 kegs of powder next week) to cut stakes. The sun was shining and the mountains were all clear and warm and the inlet was at its best. There was just a little breeze off the sea and the Metlakatla band was practising across the water.

Oh it was fine. It was a great week altogether. I saw my friend of the heart letters in town on Friday, but he was busy talking and laughing somewhat modified in the direction of simplicity with another Indian, so I didn't get a chance of speaking to him. Friday was declared a civic holiday, so we took the day off, and I spent a good part of it at the exhibition. Apart from the Indian bands the great thing was the vegetables. The mineral exhibit was great too, but I didn't understand it. The vegetables were remarkably fine, and the farmers who had grown them stood by and talked about the marvellous richness of the country, and abused the people who had been sceptical. They considered that Northern B.C. was going to be the leading place in the world for vegetable growing, and they had also proved that apples and pears and the small fruits could be very successfully grown too. One of the happiest old farmers that I talked to was from the Queen Charlotte Islands, and besides wanting to take orders for crates of vegetables he was very anxious to sell me lots in a city that he had been preparing a future for. It was this way, he knew that the Queen Charlotte Islands had great wealth waiting for the capitalists in coal, copper, gold and probably oil. Then he went and proved that the land was fertile, and of course the climate was beautiful and the sea full of fish as well. So he decided that the large islands like them would need towns, which at present they haven't got, and he set out to look for a good harbour. He found a fine one and he took the land, and he and his chum prepared plans and are now selling lots, or trying to. Just before the exhibition the local M.P. had declared that he wouldn't be surprised if Delkatlah (the name of the new city) turned out to be second only to Prince Rupert in the Northern half of the province. So now you see if you buy lots (prices from \$100.00 to \$250.00) you may be millionaires in a year or two. He (i.e. the farmer) gave me a blue-print of his city and promised me that if I would buy a lot he would locate me on a good pre-emption within four miles of it. If I had somebody to go with me I'd like to do something of that sort, but Porridge and Dick persist in

passing their exams, and it will take Kenneth two or three years yet to fail, and George is not old enough, although of course I wouldn't deny that he is a very manly baby.

On all three evenings of the exhibition we had fireworks, on the Acropolis hill, the highest part of Prince Rupert.

On the Wednesday evening I visited the Rev Kerr again, and although I told him all about myself he was anxious for me to take one of his Sunday School classes. If I did he promised me (as a sort of reward) that he would give me the hardest one of the lot. It isn't in existence now because nobody could work it but he wants to start it up again. It consists of boys and girls fifteen or sixteen years old. That's the sort of man he is.

With love from
Arnold

P.S. The weather during the Ex. was perfect. We have had quite a lot of that sort the last week or two.

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
October 13th 1913

My dear Mother,

Yesterday when the time came to write a letter I found I had nothing to say, and as it was considerably more than a week since I had heard from you I decided to wait till today and see if anything turned up. Your letter duly arrived and was postmarked September 22nd, so I'll forgive you and throw the blame on to the Hon. M. Pelletier, who is postmaster general, and head of a pretty poor system.

I would like to blame him too for keeping you without news of me until September 22nd or after, when I was under the impression that I was being quite a good boy in the way of informing you where I had got to. However, a lot of mud slid down on to the C.P.R. main line not long after my arrival, and held up all transcontinental traffic for two or three days, so it may be that he is not entirely to blame. But there is no doubt that it was he who sent your first letter to me away up to a little Indian village in the Pass Valley, and so I was annoyed with you as I suppose you were with me, and neither of us was to blame and that's all there is to it, as they say. M. Pelletier, I believe, is a villain, and a great hand at graft, and he is reported to have dismissed all kinds of little postmasters because they happened to be Liberals. It may be that they had got their jobs before because they happened to be Liberals, but I have not heard that end of the story. "All kinds", by the way, means "any number" in this country. Thus, you may say to a fellow, "Got a match on you?" and he will reply "Sure thing, all kinds of 'em," when as a matter of fact he has nothing but bad ones, which are the only kinds to be had.

Besides this to do about getting a letter, I also got another piece of news after I had decided not to write. I went to Kerr's affair in the evening, and when I came out a brawny young man caught me by the hand and asked me if my name was Marsh, and then he said he had seen me a few days ago down at the Grand Trunk and had wondered whether I could be,

and had made up his mind to speak to me if he saw me again. His name was Barrett, and he was a day-scholar at Lisburn. I never had much to do with him and it must be more than eight years since I saw him last. I'm sure I could never have spied him out. A brother of his is living here, and he himself travels for a Vancouver dry-goods firm all up this coast to the Alaska boundary, and also inland to the head of the line (mile 301). There are quite a number of Lisburn boys in Vancouver, Davy Hollywood for instance, and Tom Osborne of the gramophones, and I forget the rest.

And now I don't know that I have anything more to talk about except the weather, which is a nuisance, and the scenery. I could nearly say something new about the scenery every week if only I could think of new words; for I never did know a place that so often changed its aspect. Every morning when I go out the first thing I do is look around to see what has happened, what new mountain has a touch of snow on it, where the mists are and where the sun is shining. You never saw such a place. If this was at home people would travel hundreds of miles to see it. Many a time when I'm out working I want to stop and admire things, and indeed it's fairly hard to concentrate your mind on sticking crowbars into mud when the whole heavens are moving and changing about you and the mountains are never two minutes alike.

This April-like weather does marvels at Prince Rupert. Sometimes I can't help exclaiming, and then Bob Hunt, the chap I generally work with, asks me what I'm looking at, and when I point the place out to him he gets like me and goes off into a run of admiration marks, "Or gee! Ain't that fine! By golly! Did you ever!" and so on, and spends far more time in gazing at the sight that I ever intended. By the way that remark of mine about sticking crowbars into mud was no joke. It's what we have been doing for some days now. We have a hill to take off, but before doing anything to it we must know how much there is of it and what it is made of. So we have cross-sectioned it all over and taken elevations every few feet and now at every point where we have taken an elevation we have to sound for rock. So Bob Hunt and I take a great one inch iron bar, maybe 25 feet long and stick it in the ground, and then ramming it up and down through the muskeg and the clay and the shale till it rings out on the bedrock at the bottom. The greatest depth we have got yet is 17.9 feet, but

I expect we'll go deeper still, and I can assure you that it is very hard work, but I suppose it is healthy, and there is no need for us to hurry over it.

Before stopping I must congratulate you on living in Belfast. The Weekly Times for Sept. 28th arrived in the Reading Room to-day, and this evening I noticed in looking through it that some of Sir Hugh Lane's pictures were actually going to the Art Gallery in Belfast. That ought to bring pilgrims. Another thing I noticed was that the Times that I got last 17th of March for tuppence was now being issued as a book for 10/6.

I see a few old country papers regularly every week, and there is also a Canadian weekly composed chiefly of the best stuff reprinted from the best British papers, including of course the Manchester Guardian and the Daily News. Our local papers here too have been finding good sensations in the old country, but I'm afraid they won't be permanent. Larkin will fail and Carson's mind will break down, and then those poor little papers will languish till something else happens. We nearly had a high class murder to get excited over a few days ago for the police found some brains in a match-box and took them to the police station. Nothing more has been heard since, and I daresay someone was just having a joke with a fish.

With love from
Arnold

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
October 20th 1913

My dear Mother,

The most important piece of history made this week was in connection with hill 4A, which was blown up on Saturday. Three "coyote holes" were made in it, each about a hundred feet long and each having several crosscuts. Then these holes were filled with gunpowder, about fifty tons of it, and eight sticks of dynamite were placed in each hole to start the powder, and a cap was also put in each hole to start the dynamite, and electric sparks started the caps. 4A was a lusty young mountain, where I have often worked at cutting stakes and measuring. In fact we took the final measurement on Saturday morning. The big shot was timed for 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The town turned out to see it, and the police came out to regulate the crowds. I looked down from 4th Avenue, and had a fine view. Without a sound almost the hill rose up to twice its height, then bulged out sideways and collapsed. At the same time an enormous cloud of smoke came out of it and covered its remains, while in front, where the coyotes had been bored the rock shot out with tremendous force, churning up the harbour for about half a mile. Then the smoke drifted away across the water, and nothing was left but heaps of broken stones. There was a great long rattle of course while it was all coming to earth, but there was no explosion, and the most astonishing thing about the whole performance was the slow silent way in which it rose and bulged and fell.

With the ordinary little blasts of course there is a great noise, and then a long series of echoes from the mountains behind the town, and later on from those across the harbour. When a steamer comes in and gives a long blast on its horn it makes the place hum all round, and as for the sirens, why you can hardly describe the way all the hills start yowling together.

Coming up from Vancouver the steamers use the echo to find out where they are. We were in a narrow place one morning and there was

thick fog, but every few seconds our horn gave a little bunt, and then a little bunt came back from one side and another from the other, but once the first bunt came back very quickly and then we came almost to a dead stop and just moved very slowly away from that part, giving little bunts all the time till we were safe again.

Really, you know I'm sorry for you. Your letter announcing that you got my first ones from here, arrived on Wednesday, and you sympathised with me about that voyage up from Vancouver. Well I thank you for the sympathy, and I admit that I had little bedfellows I would just as soon had not been there, although in justice to them I must say that they scuttled about and did no harm, and that there were only a few, but that trip up from Vancouver was the finest trip, by sea or land, that I've ever had anywhere, and on the whole I thoroughly enjoyed it. Maybe I didn't make that plain enough. It may be that I was doleful over some silly thing or other when I wrote, and didn't tell you enough about the grandeur of it, and the Indians and the totem poles and the salmon canneries and the shoals of fish and the whales that lay spouting here and there, and all the billion other things that delighted me.

Except for that blow-up, there is nothing to be told about this week. To-day is Thanksgiving day, and I am taking a rest from labour. This week there has been only a little outdoor work, and the authorities are discovering my immense capabilities in the office, so that they are setting me to do arithmetic and painting and such like which I can do better than certain persons in a higher position.

With love from
Arnold

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
October 26th 1913

My dear Mother,

You never expected this. I didn't either, but much to my surprise I received a cheque on Tuesday last for the balance of my September salary. It was only a few days before that the salaries for July and August had been sent down, and I was expecting to have to wait a couple of months longer before I got anything for September. It was very nice to get it,



and I at once began to indulge in luxuries. For instance I got a cheap little looking glass so that I shouldn't have to open my watch every time I wanted to do my hair. I also got some luxuries to eat, and tomorrow I intend to go to a cheap sale and get one or two things in the clothing line. I have already bought a good oilskin coat. It is a bit too long for me to work in comfortably but I can turn it up two or three inches and then it should be all right.

I have hired this typewriter from Alderman Dybhavn, or rather from the firm of Dybhavn and Hanson, real estate, insurance and general brokers. It is an Empire machine. It works easily and has a good many advantages in comparison with the one belonging to the Ulster Tin Co. or Marsh Properties or whatever it does belong to. But even this one has faults, as you can see. Its chief need at present is a new ribbon, but that will be put right as soon as a fresh supply of them have come up from Vancouver. Prince Rupert has run out of them, or so Mr. Dybhavn says. At the end of the month if I want to buy this machine I can count the hire money already paid as part of the purchase price. He wants 20 dollars for it.

Typewriters are slow contraptions with me still, and I don't want to spend all day over this. We have been doing more hard work this week, sounding for rock again. The job should be just about finished in another week's time, and then we may expect to ease off for a while

Last Tuesday night we had quite a storm, both of wind and rain. The rain here was nothing very exceptional. 1.61 inches was the amount that fell, but up the line they seem to have had a tremendous downpour. The wind was very high. I don't think any houses were actually blown down, but Tooker and Blain both left their houses in the middle of the night for fear things might happen. I was pretty well shaken too, but this house always shakes in the wind and I wouldn't have paid much attention to it if it had not been for the way it creaked at the same time. Several times I woke up during the night with the jerks and creakings, and the roar of the rain and wind, and I was most uneasy about my books and pictures, and would have packed them up in safety if it hadn't been for the size of the job. If this house blew down now I'd be very vexed, for I have pulled a great chunk of wood out of my table, and with the help of my

penknife and a boot and some nails and string I have put up another good shelf. The wood was only being wasted in the table and I wanted the shelf.

I'm not so very much alone as you seem to think. This room is number 22, and that shows that there are a lot of others in the building. I am at the back corner, and am three stories up from the ground behind and on the ground floor in front. On one side of me I have a woman and on the other a man, and both of them are all too fond of singing hymns. The woman is the worst offender. She does it oftener and much worse, and she seems to choose the times when I particularly want to be at peace. Last Monday for instance I was taking a great holiday, and was lying in bed reading Verlaine's poems. I don't know any too much French but I was getting along quite nicely when she began to flounder about with dishes and mops, and then in the middle of it all she cried out that Jordan's waves were round her rolling, and she went on and on squawking and splashing till she had me half crazy with annoyance. It would sometimes be an advantage to be even more of a hermit than I am. There is not much danger of anyone robbing me of all I've got. My landlady would see the furniture vans and would make an enquiry.

I should have said before that the storm on Tuesday night did great damage up the line. There were great floods, and quantities of debris were carried down so that the temporary bridges were put out of order. Wednesday morning's train was postponed. Nobody knew exactly what damage had been done because all the telegraph wires were down, and for two days we were practically cut off from the rest of the world. This was all the more unfortunate because it meant blocking Lloyd George's speeches at an important time. Saturday's train was also taken off, but this morning a special train was put on, and the damage has been repaired.

With love from
Arnold

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Nov 2nd 1913

My dear Mother,

I hope my last letter has now reached you. I found it last night, all sealed up and ready to go, and I don't know how I managed to mislay it.

Yours of Oct 15th reached me yesterday. Thank you very much for the parcel that you say is coming. Sheets and a pillow will make me feel more at home than ever, and the sheets will be particularly useful in keeping my feet from scraping the chaff out of the mattress on to the floor. The last person here can't have had either sheets or nail scissors, as a matter of fact I was thinking of moving into some other place, but with these fresh supplies coming there will be no need to, and I'll be glad to be saved the trouble. I am very comfortable where I am. If I was at home I expect I'd be whining all the time unless I was supplied with armchairs, and mantelpieces to rest my feet on, but here with a bed and a few things folded under my head, and a lamp on the chair beside me, I can make myself as comfortable as I can wish. Besides the chest and the chair I am provided with a good sized grocer's more definite shape.

The mayor of Vancouver has announced that the city will set up a motor bus system to fight the trams, and he says the franchises permit this. There is talk of the same thing in Victoria. It is claimed that the recent rise in fares will mean an increase of \$53,000 per month in the company's income, whereas the rise in wages for beginners will amount to only \$800 a month. The people are particularly sore about this because trade in the south is so bad, and they claim that a company with any decency in it would not have raised fares at any rate till the depression was over. Another thing that one hears said is that Horne-Payne's attacks on Canadian Municipals were intended to make it hard for cities to set up any municipal enterprises of their own. In fact in British Columbia you hear all kinds of things that you don't hear in Belfast.

This has been a humdrum week except for two sunny mornings when

I have taken Mr. Lucas for a row in the harbour, in order to get some soundings. One of the mornings was absolutely cloudless, but I have told you that this a beautiful place often enough, so I need hardly say any more.

The 'Santa Rosalia' of London arrived here from round the Horn last Sunday, and has been unloading rails all week. Yesterday there were six big steamers lined up at the wharf. Bubonic plague has been found on the rats in Seattle, so anti-rat regulations are being put into force with every ship that comes to port.

With love from
Arnold

P.S. Cecil may be interested to know, if he has not heard it already, that several oil wells have been discovered among the gas fields of Alberta during the last few weeks.

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Nov 9th 1913

My dear Mother,

This has been an anxious week, for every night as I have got into bed I have wondered whether there would be another night without sheets and pillow; and the wonder has not ceased yet, for so far nothing has come in that line. The cake turned up quite safely and is very good indeed. I don't quite know whether it is from you or Maria or housekeeping, but thank you whoever it was. Is there any particular trick to be played in making Forster Green's tea? I have tried to make it in the same way as I used to make tea at Dalton Hall, but I have no success. I have not tasted good tea since I came here. It may be that the water spoils it, although there is nothing the matter with either coffee or cocoa. The water is of course very acid, coming as it does from boggy places back in the mountains. I have known (this is a fact now) a tin can to fizz when the water has been poured into it from the tap. I go to a tap for my water here, and at first when it gets into the can it is all clear, but then as I carry it along to my room it begins to fizz and looks like Eno. In a minute or two all is clear again, at first when I saw this happening I was very much annoyed, for I thought someone must be poisoning me, and I tried for some time to wash the can out, but no good came of that, and at last it dawned on me what was happening.

I have answered most of your questions already I think, so I needn't answer them all now. I have one room. I don't know its size exactly, but I don't think I'd be far wrong if I said it was $8\frac{1}{2} \times 12 \times 14$. Pots and pans are included in the furniture, and there is no extra charge for using them. Instead of a coal house I have a sack of coal beside the stove. Instead of a pantry I have a shelf and a window sill and part of a table and places here and there on the floor. Instead of a bath I have a tin basin about seven or eight inches in diameter, but I can get a proper bath in town for 50c. No, I've no conveniences at all, but next year we may get drains. The 'Friend'

arrives regularly every week, and I am very glad to be able to see it. We have had no snow yet, but sometimes we get hail. There were more than fifteen inches of rain in October, and thirteen in September. This has been an exceptionally wet year.

Do you know that you worry me every time you write by mistering me on the envelope, as if I was a stranger?

The coal scarcity is now over for the time being. All the merchants managed to get shiploads about the same time, and I couldn't tell you how many tons have come in during the week. Anyway the streets are lighted again, and the fire has been lit in the reading room. The Single Pot Mine of Nanaimo has decided to send up all its coal to Prince Rupert during the winter. It was the mine that settled with the strikers at the beginning of the trouble, and has been working all the time. It has been on bad terms with certain interests in the South however, so it is not going to supply the South with any more coal for the present. One of the ships that brought coal was the old G.T.P. S.S. Henrietta. It used to carry mails to the Queen Charlotte Islands, but it has been superseded and made into a freighter. It has its own ways for carrying freight too. With a favourable wind it goes straight ahead, but when the wind blows against it the little thing has to turn round and run forward backwards.

Stewart, of Foley, Welch and Stewart, the contractors for the railway, was here last Monday to see how we were getting on, and he announced that he expected the line to be open before June 1st next year. In September also the Pacific Great Eastern from Vancouver to Prince George (old Fort George) is expected to be finished, and then we shall have rail communication with Vancouver. After that I don't know whether this place will be worth stopping in. I may have to move on to the Queen Charlottes or Alaska, and I don't know what I'll do when they get commonplace.

With love from
Arnold

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Nov 16th 1913

My dear Mother,

Everything arrived ok last Monday, and there was no duty. I have therefore had a most luxurious week. Bedclothes are a greater blessing than I imagined, and they make the place look better too. I can now say honestly that I have a bed, and thank you again for sending them.

Please tell Kenneth in reply to his letter that he can buy the things he wants at whatever price he thinks fit, and not more, and that he can hand the money over to my bankers, who are, I believe, not the U.T. Co. but the M.P. Co.

Sylvia's letter had one or two questions that might interest you. The things I bought for my cabin were food, coal and a spirit lamp, besides spirits and oil to burn. The rent was \$4.00 a month when I came, but my landlady wants five now, and I think it's worth it. A removal would be a great nuisance and anyway I'm very comfortable. I had no £20 to do anything with. When I left Montreal I had rather more than \$50.00. I had to feed myself for five and a half days in the train, and also to keep myself four days in Vancouver and four days in Prince Rupert before settling anywhere, and prices in hotels and elsewhere in the West are much higher than they were in Montreal. Then rent of course had to be paid in advance, and I had to have a good high pair of boots, and no money was due for seven weeks after starting work. No vote goes along with the place I am in but after I have been here a few months longer I'll be able to get on the register for \$2.00. The people that I work with are very decent, just like any other people in this part of the country. There is nothing extraordinary about them. I'm quite happy when I'm with them, and glad that I haven't got to be with them all the time. I am free every day after six o'clock, and also on Sunday. As for recreation I prefer not to have any that is physical. In fact I have come to realise that cruelty of trying to make men turn out in time for 9 o'clock Adult School on Sunday

morning. Other kinds of recreation are to be had in the reading room, my own library, and occasionally in the Westholme Opera House. It is simply a picture show, but it is remarkably good for Prince Rupert. It has a first class orchestra, and sometimes, instead of going out when I have seen the pictures, I loll back and shut my eyes and listen to the music for another hour or more. I don't go very often. I have only been once in the last month, but it is a cheap amusement and very enjoyable. The fact is, when I have got home and fed myself I am not generally anxious to go into town again. For one thing there is quite a steep hill between this section and the central streets of the city.

Excavation for the Provincial Government buildings has been almost finished, and the actual building is to start at once. I forget just what they are to cost but I don't think it is more than about half a million, which is nothing compared with our new hotel. Most of the mud has now been cleared off its site too. In some places it was about twelve feet deep. I don't just know how much levelling is going to be done, but building will have to begin pretty soon if it is to be finished in time for the tourist traffic in 1915. Prince Rupert and the G.T.P. are going to make a good thing if they can out of the San Francisco Exhibition in that year. Excavation for the permanent post-office site is to begin soon. Truck lines and derricks and rock-drills are arriving, and as soon as the present temporary buildings have been cleared off the work will start.

We had a nice little storm on Friday. 1.6 inches of rain fell, but the wind was not nearly so violent as a few weeks ago. However, it burst my door open in the evening, and I was very thankful to be there when it happened. It was the door's fault. I had a good many nails that I had pulled out of the walls in order to make room for my pictures, and with their help and a boot I had not much difficulty in making all secure again.

With love from
Arnold

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Nov 23rd 1913

My dear Mother,

If you were as well off as I am you'd be a lot better than you are. I have a nice house and bed, and dirt doesn't worry me unless I see it, and I have no servant troubles. Probably you have forgotten the letter I am referring to, for you wrote it on November 2nd, but in answer to your question as to whether I am really enjoying myself I can most certainly say that I am. "If I didn't have some troubles I should burst with joy." Having a pretty good education makes me feel all the better. I don't suppose at all that next year will do anything great for me, but I'll have the pleasure of seeing things move. It will be a melancholy pleasure in some ways of course, for it will mean the end of beauty in a good many places. Just last Wednesday or Thursday three of us were working in a little valley at the centre of the waterfront. All the trees and grasses and bushes and mountains were covered with snow, and while we worked a great raven sat on a stump nearby and croaked, while four beautiful blue jay birds flew about near us, and an ermine came out of some old roots and played about for nearly half an hour. In a year's time that whole place will have gone, and we shall have nothing but docks and railway tracks.

Monday was one of those perfect sunny days that we often have here between the rainstorms. The air was very clear and frosty and there was snow on all the mountains. The sun of course rises late because of the big mountain at our back, but when it did rise it first of all shone down through the snowy trees on the top like a blaze of magnesium wire, and then after that it lit us all up gloriously for the rest of the day. We were working just beside the place where the Indians moor their boats, and so we could watch them coming across the harbour from Metlakatla, and talking to each other with immense dignity when they came on shore, and then going away again. They came in sailing boats, but there was no wind, and they had to use their oars. They always row standing up and facing

forwards. The whole family, including the dog, often comes over, but then perhaps only the father and a boy go ashore to do the purchasing. They moored the boats to stakes and got into their canoes, and came up. These canoes are all one piece as a rule. Modern ones sometimes are made of boards, but the ones we saw on Monday were cut out of tree-trunks, and wonderfully well cut too. One of them must we thought have been an old war canoe, for it had the high prow and stern that war canoes used to have, and it was much bigger than the others as well. Most of the children seem to wear bright red stockings, and there is colour and life even about the clothes of the men.

There was frost again on Monday night, and then Tuesday was as bad a day as Monday was good. It was cold still and there was a high wind and great rain. It seemed to grow worse towards the evening. At night there was hail mixed in with the rain. At five in the morning the noise of the hail beating down became so loud that I woke up, and I could see that the ground was white. Then came a fine thunderstorm, a rare thing in this coast at any time, and very rare indeed for the latter half of November. If my bed had not been the only warm place in the room I would have got out of it to watch the lightening flashing over the snow, but I was too lazy and when the time came to wake up the fun was over, and only a few stray snowflakes were still falling. Enormous clouds hung about all day, and there was a lot more snow before the evening. Then Thursday was almost as fine as Monday. On Friday afternoon snow came again, and then changed to rain, and there was a slight thaw till last night, since when it has been freezing all the time. The recorded temperature so far hasn't been below thirty.

With love from
Arnold

P.S. Hours of work are 9 to 1 and 2 to 6.

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Nov 30th 1913

My dear Mother,

Please thank Cecil for his letter, cheque etc. The reason I asked how Marsh Properties Ltd would affect the Ulster Tin Co. was that I thought the new Co. was going to take over the buildings at 107 and 109, and leave the U.T. Co. nothing but the business.

Why are you so anxious about the winter here? I thought I told you a whole lot of times that the Prince Rupert climate was the same as Belfast's except that there was more rain and sun. That being so there is no reason why work should stop at any time because of the snow. There was another thunder clap about nine o'clock this morning, and more hail too at the



same time. The snow is all gone again from the low levels. Up the line where the track is now being laid things are naturally very different, and work will soon have to stop just as it would in any other inland part of the world in the same latitude.

The clearing of the ground for the hotel site has led to a good many other changes. The old Inn has been closed as a hotel and the upstairs rooms are being used for the Grand Trunk offices. Downstairs the dining-room, in which banquets have been given to the Duke of Connaught, Sir Wilfred Laurier, and other haw-haws, has been divided by a partition and made into a public café and lunch room. G.T.P. employees who go there get cut rates. A good table d'hôte brunch costs the public 35c, but we get it for 25. that means a saving for me of 10c a day, for previously I had been paying 35c at a much inferior place up in town. It is far cheaper than any other good meal to be had in Prince Rupert. The ticket that gets me the cut rate here will be good also at any other G.T.P. café and in railway dining cars, and on the steamers too I believe. The old office block is being pulled down, and the old engineering office will come down soon too. It was a nice little bungalow, and was the oldest house in the town. We have been gradually moving our things out of it this week, and getting them fixed up in the old Inn bar, which makes an excellent office with plenty of room for big drafting tables, and everything else we may want.

With love from
Arnold

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Dec 7th 1913

My dear Mother,

We have some more rain this week. It started in the early hours of Monday, changed to snow about noon on Wednesday and stopped on Wednesday afternoon. The rainfall record starts from five o'clock each morning. There was some rain before five on Monday morning, but probably less than half an inch. Up to five on Tuesday 1.89 inches. Total 6.68. I have no doubt that taking the three days Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday together we had a good seven inches.

Anyway the papers say it was a record for Prince Rupert. Tuesday was a wild day altogether. A few shacks got blown down and a few windows burst in but there was no serious damage, and I am growing used to the rhythmical movements of this house. It is pretty safe I think, for it is built on a good foundation of piles driven into deep muskeg and clay. When a house gets blown down here it is usually one that is built on rock. Last winter for instance a Young Men's Gymnasium was blown clean off the rock it was built on, and left in pieces on some neighbouring lots. During the three wet days I was in the office almost all the time, doing nothing in particular. We had to go out on Tuesday morning for a couple of hours to get some elevations on the hotel site where the mud has been dug off. There was a big hole left in one place, so we made a raft and sailed about on it. That will be something to boast of in a few years time.

You ought to see the architect's drawings of the hotel and railway station and surroundings. In fact when Aunt Antoinette takes her little trip out this way you ought to accompany her and see things for yourself. No drawing could ever do justice to Prince Rupert. A society has been formed within the last week or two to prevent Prince Rupert from becoming a blotch on the picture, like most towns. What they have most in view is encouraging all citizens to spread a few seed about their gardens. Flowers flourish amazingly when once the muskeg gets turned

over and aired, and had the sourness taken out of it. I was surprised when I came to see the quantities of nasturtiums and sweet peas growing in some places, and I was still more surprised to see them flowering on and on almost to the end of October. The little lawns round the government buildings were made very gay with flower beds. The government is encouraging flower-growing also by providing a horticulturist to give advice free to all who ask for it.

I sent you a parcel a few days ago. Perhaps you will get it before this letter. The two little elephants are of Eskimo make, and are carved by the Eskimos out of walrus ivory. They are also lucky things to have. The Eskimos carry them about with them all their lives. That is the information given me by the people I got them from, and we will hope that they were not telling fibs. They, a man and his wife, have come down here from Dawson, and they run a store with nothing in it but Indian things, including Eskimo, and usually also a good supply of flowers from Porcher Island. The jam tin was sent because I thought you might be interested as chairman of the board of directors of the UlsterTin Co. in seeing how jam tins are made here.

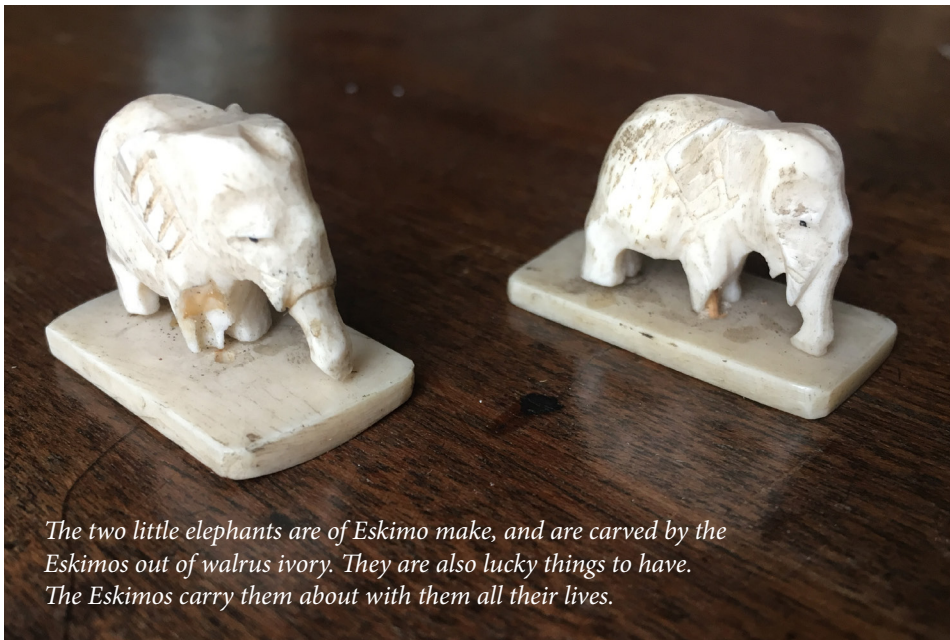
I was lucky to get work at all when I came here. There may, as the papers report, be more work going on here than in any other city on the Pacific coast, but those who are working are not as ready to quit as they have been in years when money has been looser and more development has been going on elsewhere. Consequently there are not many opportunities for finding employment, and lots of fellows have been walking about on their hind legs for months without finding anything to do. A newcomer in a room next to mine is one of them. I can't say that I like him very much. He is quite obviously an English public school boy, and he still has corners left here and there, although knocking about for a good many years may have worn most of them off. It is lack of employment that has made him take a cabin. He has been here three months he says. He got a little work on the wharf, but had to join the Union, so he left it, and having found nothing else to do he has been living the life of a gentleman for some little time. I have seen others like him wandering about town day after day, spending half their time maybe in the Reading Room. This must be a poor place for anyone who has no

work, for the Reading Room is the only place in town where you can go without spending money. Numbers of people go there to sit round the fire and talk as well as read in the evenings. In fact it was there, a few days after November 5th that I heard that Guy Fawkes was a Quaker, and what more natural mistake could be made?

That man that I was talking about who lives next to me has taken the place of the hymn singing woman. She has gone with her husband up the line to Smithers, a great new city that is being built at mile 226. It is called after a G.T.P. director who must have a high opinion of his name. It's a pity of the town, for of course people who don't live there laugh at it, and call the people who do live there Smithereens. Then the said Smithereens lose their tempers and say that they are Smitherrites, and if any man calls them Smithereens they will put him out of town. They seem to hate the name.

I wish you all a merry Christmas.

With love from
Arnold



The two little elephants are of Eskimo make, and are carved by the Eskimos out of walrus ivory. They are also lucky things to have. The Eskimos carry them about with them all their lives.

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Dec 14th 1913

My dear Mother,

If I answered all your questions every time you asked them I am afraid I would be saying much the same thing every week; so I'll just answer a small selection.

My landlady does not keep a shop, but she has coal in one of the rooms, and she sells it to us. You don't generally buy coal in shops anyway, do you? I have no oil stove. If I said I had one I made a mistake. I have an oil lamp, an ordinary cooking stove, and a spirit lamp. I hardly ever use the stove except on Sundays. The spirit lamp costs a little more than coal I expect, but it is much more convenient. Methylated spirits costs \$2.50 per gallon. If I had had my oil skin coat, which I have learnt to call a slicker, shortened in the shop, I should have had to pay extra.

Oh yes, things cost a lot more here than at home.

Catch me shake up my bed! It's thin enough as it is. It has no smell and I have no blanket, and I don't need one.

I have no idea whether you would call Mr. Lucas a gentleman or not. I expect he has a private income, and he speaks good grammar and is polite to ladies. However, Father has all those good points too, and yet Miss Hunsdan often denied very vigorously that Kenneth and I were gentleman's sons because we made fun of her hat, and I believe you agreed with her, so that all my life I have been wondering what a gentleman really is. Over here nobody would think of denying that Lucas was a gentleman, but here the word means something good, and you may feel complimented if anyone says "You're a gentleman". I believe I would be rather annoyed if anyone at home said that to me. Lucas, by the way, is starting off tomorrow for a holiday of about a month. I believe he comes from the Toronto district.

Still more rain has fallen this week. On Wednesday there was slightly over an inch and a half, and on Tuesday slightly under, but Monday

did the thing handsomely with 4.52 inches. Coming back from the first meeting of the Presbyterian Literary Club on Tuesday night the rain was really exciting. It streamed off my hat and blew into my mouth and nose and eyes till I felt as if I was having a bathe. This Literary Club is something like the Institute at home, but it has music and songs as well as the talk. Kerr led off for the season with an account of his life in Germany as a student, and passed on to a consideration of the two-power standard and the harm it was doing. He has asked me to be press-agent for the meetings, but only for one of the papers. Somebody else will take the other evening paper and the morning one will be left out. Mayor Pattullo was in the chai on Tuesday. I didn't like him. The chairman of the finance committee, Alderman Naden, is a regular attendant at these meetings and is a keen politician.

The municipal elections come on in a few weeks now and are likely to be interesting. The editor of the Evening Empire is opposing the present mayor and is quite likely to be elected. Judging from the dirty tone of his paper I should say he was worse than Pattullo. He has been mayor before. The great question for these elections is how to increase the city's supply of power. The Prince Rupert Hydro Electric Co., a Montreal concern, have got waterfalls in the neighbourhood and are trying to get agreements and franchises, but there is strong opposition to franchises being granted for anything, because of the hubbub going on in Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Victoria, and indeed almost everywhere where private capital is running the public services. By the way, I should be much interested in seeing the results of the Dublin municipal elections this year.

Board allowance for September arrived last Wednesday. I am now only about \$110.00 behind, and from now on I expect I'll get about \$60.00 a month.

With love from
Arnold

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Dec 22nd 1913

My dear Mother,

Your letter was a great surprise, for after getting such a cake for my birthday I never expected another at Christmas. Thank you very much. Thank Maria too please for the book, and Kenneth for the 25c bill which tumbled out of the package. Everything came duty free. There have been great quantities of parcels arriving in Prince Rupert lately, and a lot more passing through en route for the islands and the interior, and also Stewart. A lot more still were expected by the Prince George on Wednesday morning, but unfortunately she ran on a rock near Vancouver on Saturday night and is now laid up; so the mails will be delayed. I have had no other Christmas letters yet except your own, but an ordinary one came from Uncle Bev. about ten days ago. He is getting very affectionate in his old age, putting a "My" in front of his "Dear". I feel flattered. I hope Kenneth didn't have too much trouble getting me my book. I believe my directions were pretty clear, but still I know he hates Smithfield as much as I love it. There are one or two second hand shops here, and you can get various oddities in them from all parts of the world. I saw a dish of nuggets from the Klondyke one day, but did not price them. They were no better than Dome nuggets anyway. This town is not quite big enough yet for queer places to be in it. Vancouver was full of them. There was one street I was in where about half the shops seemed to be musty old second-hand curio stores. Most of them were run by Germans as far as I could see. The only things I bought in them were a pair of old magazines (nos. 1 and 2 of the Savoy, 1896) which I got for 75c. In London I believe I saw them last April at about three or four shillings each.

I certainly do not like the idea of money coming here unregistered. As for the means of sending it I daresay a P.O. money order is about as convenient as any. You could get a draft on the Bank of British North America, which has a branch at 5 Gracechurch St. London E.C., or you

might perhaps get a cheque from Cecil, on which I should probably have to pay about 25c commission. That was what I paid on the other one he sent. If you have a coupon to send I could get it cashed without commission if it was payable at the Bank of B.N.A., the Royal, Commerce, Union, or Montreal. They have branches here, and you would be saved income tax. I don't actually need the money here, but still I don't mind having it, and I might happen to want it. Thank you very much for it. My letters seem to contain a great many thank yous, and there is yet another one due to Katie, and to Oswald I expect for the 24 halfpenny stamps, for the plum pudding she sent. It is a peach of a pudding.

Lucas left here last Monday. He got a month off and is going home

Bob Hunt and Arnold Marsh



to Ontario. Most of the engineers working up the line have had leave for some days so that they could come down here or take a trip to Vancouver. I don't expect we will have more than Thursday and Friday, but last year we only had one day. Probably these engineers who are coming down will get their fares free to the South. I'm not just very sure how free passes are arranged, but probably if I had a holiday given to me I could go down, or up the line, free. Our meal tickets of course provide cheap feeding at any railway eating place. I have two meals a day now at the Inn, and pay 25c for each. One is the 35c lunch, and the other the 50c dinner. Having dinner down there means that I feed at a regular time instead of getting up home and then not feeding maybe till nine o'clock. That used to happen when the papers in the reading room were particularly interesting. The Weekly Times is a great boon.

We did have another inch or two of rain early in the week, but since Thursday the weather has been perfection. On Friday and Saturday there was a pretty keen frost all day, but since then the weather has still been clear and sunny and very mild, like spring. The Queen Charlotte Islands papers report the same mild sunny weather while we were having floods of rain. I have a great fancy for the Queen Charlotte. They are going to make a fine country. They are advancing already. In the last few weeks a telegraph line has started work and they also have telephones, and now there is news of a railway to open up the coal and oil interests. It will be six miles long.

With love from
Arnold

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Dec 28th 1913

My dear Mother,

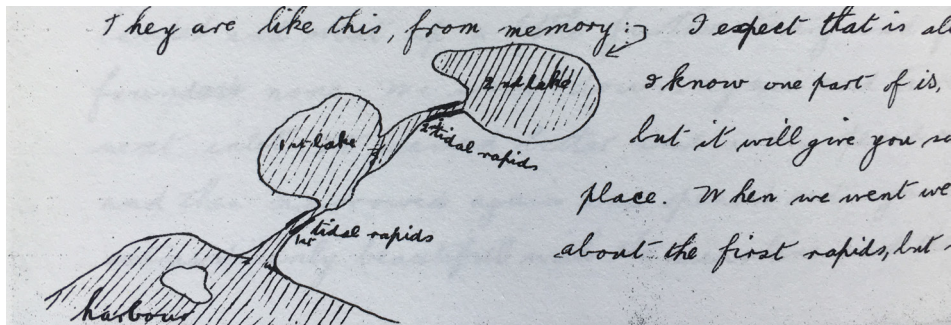
Thanks for the coupon. I got it at lunch hour yesterday, after the banks had closed, so I have not been able to find out anything about cashing it yet.

You still seem to pour out questions that I am sure I have answered long ago. I have no blankets. I have a rug with a top-coat pinned onto the lower part of it, and I have a dressing gown in reserve in case the weather is cold. I am very comfortable and have no wish to change into other lodgings. A Chinaman does my washing. I only see my landlady about once a month when I am paying rent, but she seems to be all right. She is married already so I have never tried to make love to her. All the houses are built of wood. There is a cement plant, and other permanent buildings are likely to start soon. I have an oil lamp. There is no gas, but electricity is laid on in a good many houses.

We had only one day off for Christmas after all, and it was a good thing we did. If we had had two Bob Hunt and I would have put off our picnic till Friday, and then we would have had a poor time with the rain. As it was, the fine weather that started in the middle of the previous week just lasted up till Thursday night. There was a clear sky and a certain amount of frost all the time, except in the sun. On Wednesday word arrived that the salt lakes were frozen and fit to skate on, and Hunt and I decided to go across to them on the Friday if we had a holiday. But when we only had Thursday off we at once decided to go over then and take what chance we could. Neither of us had skates, but Billy Blain said he believed there were good skates selling at a dollar a pair in a second hand shop, so we went there in the evening and supplied ourselves. They cost only fifty cents. Hunt was so surprised at not having to spend the dollar he was counting on that he bought two pair, which was foolish; but he is a natural sort of fellow and apt to do unwise things. The pair I got seem to

be very good, and clip on without any trouble.

On Thursday morning we started out with a boat at about nine o'clock and rowed across the harbour. The salt lakes are lakes only at low tide, at high you can row right up into the first one, and you could get into the second as well if the entrance was not blocked up with tree trunks and rubbish. They are like this, from memory:



I expect that is all wrong. In fact I know one part of it, near the first rapids, but it will give you some idea of the place. When we went we did not know about the first rapids, but thought that that passage was navigable all the time. Neither did we know just where the lakes were, for the other side of the harbour is full of bays and inlets, and if a city was built there it would be like a second Venice. We went across intending to try two or three openings until we came to the right one. Just as we came near land we passed a seal swimming along and looking at us and as Hunt had never seen one before he was charmed. The sun had risen by then. The sky was red as we were coming across, and Prince Rupert was still pretty dark but over there there was bright sunlight, and what was more the air was bitterly cold, and there was a thick white frost over all the trees. We explored one inlet and soon found ourselves running through ice floes and beautiful little icebergs that had been made by sheets of ice getting jammed together. The air was so cold that we almost wished we had woollen caps to keep our ears comfortable. It was amazing to find one side of the harbour, and the sunny side too, so much colder than the other. The tide was coming in and the sea from outside steamed as it flowed up through the chilly passages among the woods. At last the ice was too thick to break through any longer, so we landed and went up a

little further to try and find a lake, but found none. We went down again and turned into the next inlet. It seemed better and soon opened out into a lake, and then narrowed again and opened out again.

The place was extraordinarily beautiful with the sunshine and the frost and the rocky little islands and peninsulas and the dwarf pine trees growing on them. What with this and the sharp outlines and delicate shading we might have been living in a Japanese picture. No wonder the Japs like to come over to live in B.C. It must be like home to them.

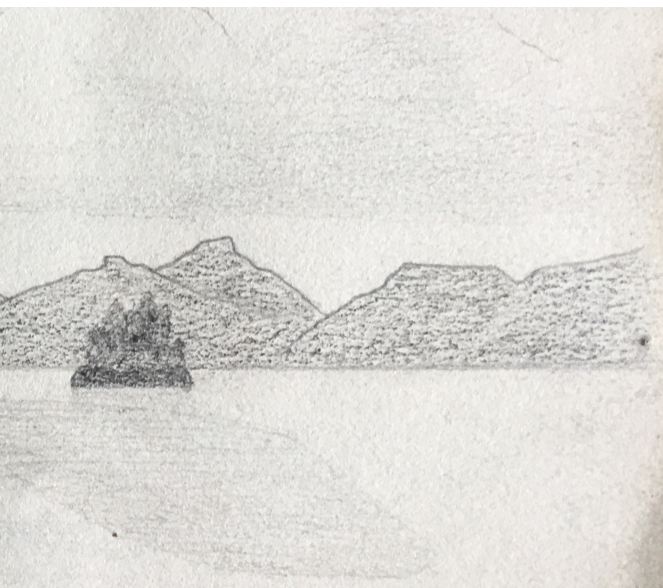
The second of these lakes was pretty full of ice and there were a party of fellows on shore and in a boat duck hunting. There were plenty of ducks flying about to give life to the picture, and in one place there was a raven pecking the life out of a young seagull. That surprised me too, for I thought they only went for dead things.

We went through a good deal of ice but found no further opening, and then one of the men shooting ducks explained where the real salt lakes were, and we backed out through the passage we had made till we came to open water and then rowed on to the next inlet, which was some little distance away. The tide was running through it pretty fast and as far as the first lake there was no ice, and then when we got near the second one we tied our boat up and walked the rest of the way. The water was rushing



through the second rapids with great force, but beyond the first few yards there was about 30 acres of fine smooth ice to skate on. We had to walk out on boards as all round the edge the ice was thin. In the middle it was fine. Later on about a dozen more people came and skated, and played hockey, but of course I couldn't do any more than try to get about without breaking. At lunch time Hunt and I took our boat and made a passage for ourselves round a corner of the first lake till we came to a stream of fresh water. One of us had to stand up in front and smash about with an oar in front and on the sides so that the other could row through. We landed and fed.

We made cocoa on my spirit lamp and we also had a loaf of bread and some potted meat and sandwiches and mince pies and some of Katie's plum pudding. Also some apples and oranges. We gathered brushwood and lit a good fire to keep ourselves warm, and then ate more than we needed as was only right and proper. When we got back to the skating place the rest were coming away. The tide was going out and so as the level of water fell and the ice broke round the edges, the whole sheet every now and then seemed to be cracking, and it would ring and quiver from one end to the other. I expect it was as safe as ever but we hadn't the courage to enjoy it, and we rowed ourselves leisurely away. When we



Pencil drawing by Arnold Marsh, drawn in art classes in Le Mans or Beaune, France in 1919. A view across the estuary at Prince Rupert



came to the first rapids we got rather a shock for he had not expected to find any there. They must have been about seventy or eighty yards long and were like a mountain stream in flood. The only thing to do was to shoot them unless we wanted to wait several hours till the tide rose again. So as I was in front at the time I took an oar to the prow and peered into the water ahead for rocks to steer clear of. We scooted through at a pretty good rate and avoided the rocks except just to rub against them once or twice, until we were three quarters of the way down, and then there was a whole muddle of rocks and I had no chance, and we jammed, and the

boat swung round notwithstanding all our efforts, and Bob Hunt jabbed his oar down at the stern to keep us from being pitched over, and then we tried to get her straight again, but couldn't do a thing, so I took off my nether garments and waded out and heaved her round. Luckily the bottom was pretty rough and I had no trouble in keeping my feet. She started to slide away almost before I had time to jump on, but not quite, and we got through quite safely, and Bob Hunt had a spare handkerchief which was useful for drying purposes. "Shooting rapids aint all it's cracked up to be", said he, but it was huge sport. I never remember a better Christmas.

As we rowed across the harbour the sky was red again with the sunset, and we got in before dark. Then I went up and had dinner with the Hunts. He lives with his sister and brother-in-law, who is an engineer at the Cold Storage. It was a feast before which even the greediest might lose heart. There was turkey and plum pudding of course, and also potatoes and cabbage and sweet potatoes and beans and peas and cranberries and salad and mince pies and chocolate and pineapple and cake and probably several other things that I have forgotten. It beat me. I believe it would have beaten Kenneth. Hunt and I tried to work it off afterwards by going down town and visiting a picture palace and so rounding off the day.

Maybe you wouldn't have sent me such a fine parcel if you had known that all this was going to happen. But you needn't fret. I'm glad you didn't know. The parcel only makes Christmas last all the longer.

With love from
Arnold

LETTERS I

1914

Age 23-24 years

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Jan 5th 1914

My dear Mother,

The enclosed may be useful again seeing that the Post Office let them off being postmarked. That reminds me that it would be just as well to put "Canada" on my address. A certain person forgot to do so, and was content with a mere "Prince Rupert B.C." There is not the slightest need to write "British Columbia" out in full, unless you really long to do so. In fact, the "B.C." even is not absolutely necessary for everybody in Canada knows where Prince Rupert is. I don't believe you realise even yet what an important city this is. It may be small and beyond Vancouver a long way, but in a few months now it will be nearer than Vancouver if all goes well. As far as distance is concerned I don't know exactly how things will work out, but this is the best railway on the continent, and one engine here can do the work of two on the C.P.R., and in better time too.

Morley Donaldson, the managing director of the company, has been here looking around at things for a few days, and has been making announcements of course. Rails he expects will be joined up in May, and a slow local service will then be able to start. Ballasting will go on all summer, and things should all be ship-shape by the winter, but although through trains will then be running the really high class trans-continents will not be put on till 1918, and of course they ought to catch a lot of the San Francisco Exhibition business besides hauling equipment and supplies for Panama in the autumn. It is hardly likely that the big hotel will be ready for the summer of 1918. The mud has all been taken off the site now, and the rock excavation has started. But it can hardly be finished before April, and then the hotel building itself will take a long time. It is to be the biggest and most luxurious on the coast. I forget how many hundred rooms it is to have, but each room will have a private bathroom and all kinds of other luxuries. The idea of course is that Rupert will be a famous tourist centre as well as a port, and people out on holiday

sprees are the ones that like things which are not strictly necessary.

I expect prospectors will use the hotel as much as anybody for they do like a change every now and again. I remember one telling me at Porcupine about how one time he became hungry for a good meal. He had been knocking about in the bush for two or three years and was feeling dirty and discontented. Besides, he hadn't made anything. He just had enough money to take him to Toronto for a few days and then back. What he longed for was a perfect meal served up in luxurious snippets by perfect waiters in perfect clothes, while perfect music was being played. All was to be perfection, so that he could feel as if he was back in the Savoy or the Ritz. So he went to Toronto and passed from one place to another looking for the ideal, but he couldn't find it, and he had to go back to the North again, stony broke and with a grouch against the city that he never managed to get over. Prince Rupert will not need to lose its good name in that way, for the prospectors coming here will find all the style and grandeur they want, and probably also the most marvellous waiters obtainable to bow down to them, and make them feel like aristocrats.

The New Year came in with a great hullabaloo of fireworks and steam whistles, but, as a man who had been here since the population was forty,



said to me today, it's very hard to believe that 1914 has actually come.

New Year's Day was supposed to be another holiday for us, and it would have been one if it had not just come at the beginning of the month, and if Lucas had not been away. As it was most of us went down to the office in the afternoon, and on Friday and Saturday I stayed down there with Tooker (instrument man) till about half past ten, getting off the estimates for December. Blane's (inspector) eyes are troubling him, and Hunt (Bob) isn't much use in the office in any case, so that was why the job fell to me. There are great things going on now down at the drydock, but I don't see why I should tell you about them now. All I feel inclined to say is that I don't want a blanket at all, and I hope you won't send one.

With love from
Arnold

P.S. I meant to ask what sort of a meeting it was that the students broke up and why they did it. Otherwise the outrage is as uninteresting as an ordinary newspaper one.

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Jan 11th 1914

My dear Mother,

I got no letter this week, but I suppose I can blame the mails for that. They are very irregular. No less than three of the four Grand Trunk passenger boats have been laid up lately for overhaul and repair, and the C.P.R. Princess Mary is also in dry dock having a new middle put into her. She will be forty feet longer when the job is finished. The Prince George of course has to have its bottom fired up after its accident just before Christmas. There is going to be trouble about that accident, for it seems that the Prince George ran on a reef where another steamer was wrecked already, and the other steamer was showing a white light that it had no business to show, and that the Prince George mistook for a light-ship that was somewhere near. There was a fog at the time. Vancouver seems to have fogs pretty often, but we scarcely ever have any here. Next year, or rather this year, all these repairs etc. will be able to be done here, for the dry dock will be finished if all goes well. There is not much more filling to do, and construction is in full swing. There are great piles of steel pieces all numbered and made to order so that they have only to be placed in position. The skeleton of the foundry is nearly up, and the power house walls are steadily rising. The big chimney is up a hundred feet. I should think it will soon be put on a picture postcard as one of glories of the north. Of course I have nothing to do with any of these except to give grades for the fills and excavations. There are a great many men employed down there by the dry dock, and even now in the depth of winter there is not much unemployment. One reason for this may be that most men who have no work prefer to live in the more lively cities in the south. We hear great tales about hungry mobs raiding bakers' shops down in Portland and elsewhere. Winter is a bad season for work in a country like this even at the best of times, for there are hundreds and thousands of people who go out prospecting and surveying and railroad building during the

summer and then return to the cities for winter. My landlady could hardly fill this place for \$4.00 a month when I came, but now she is charging five and turning people away all the time. I almost think I'll leave here myself at the end of this month and go to the boarding house I was looking at when I came first. A room there costs \$10.00 a month but I could have a bath free whenever I wanted it, and also the use of a sitting room and a good gramophone, and the company of a cat and a dog, both of them very amiable beasts. I was down there this afternoon and evening with Frank Garrett, brother of Tom, the Lisburn boy. He and I were going out for a walk this afternoon, but the weather was wet so we stayed indoors. There are four other boys down there and I took quite a fancy to them. Two are English, one a Swede, and one a Belfastite. There is also a Scotchman, but I didn't see him. The Belfastite, Jimmy Russel, was a comedy, although startling on first acquaintance. When he heard my name first he said nothing for a minute, and then he came out with, "There was a man called Marsh once made me sick." I hadn't quite got over this disturbing piece of information when he went on with "I eat an overcharge of his biscuits and that was the cause of it." However I grew to like him pretty well in the course of an hour or two. One of the Englishmen was an attractive character too, but he is only in town for the winter. He intends to get on to a Government survey party in the spring. I wonder could I do that.

Kerr is leaving Prince Rupert for New Westminster. He has been asked repeatedly to go, but up to now has refused. Now however he is beginning to feel the strain too much and he has to get easier work. I don't know what greater loss the town could have, and I don't know either how so honest a man will fit in with the comfortable 'lacadazical' congregation that he is going to. New Westminster is a very wealthy church, so that the call is a great honour and all that, but I doubt whether he will care to stay long. He came here straight from college three and a half years ago, and he would have stayed, but, as he says, his health almost compelled him to go. He has been looking very bad for some weeks. He is reckoned one of the best preachers in Canada, and he is good. I don't say he is equal to Puddles or a good many of the other great Quakers at home, but he is a great man as well as a great preacher, and, except in social life, he quite overshadows the Bishop.

The municipal election is growing very hot. The Hydro Electric Co.'s offer to sell power is the main question, and is being used by the opposition candidate for mayor in a very unscrupulous way. His campaign has brought me round altogether in favour of Mayor Pattullo, and I wish I had a vote. Newton, the opposite man, is the fanatical liar who runs the Evening Empire, an independent newspaper. Wm. Manson, the Conservative M.P.P., supports him; but both the Liberal and Conservative newspapers support Pattullo, and both the Liberal and Conservative editors are working prominently in the campaign, making speeches in support of their papers as well as of the Mayor. There is this to be said about municipal politics here, that they are fought on municipal questions, like sewers and electricity. Pattullo wants to buy electricity from the Company, while Newton and Manson want to avoid all companies even at the expense of paying more for the electricity and of not having enough money for sewers and other necessities. Of course Newton's denunciations of companies are quite popular, but really something must be done when the city can't sell its five per cent bonds at ninety.

With love from
Arnold

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Jan 19th 1914

My dear Mother,

I had that tin pretty well tied up I think, so I expect the customs officials must have opened it to see what sort of elephants were inside.

I have not done any exploring under the sea here and all the seaweeds I have seen have been very commonplace. They are mostly like brown palm trees, and the stems sometimes grow wonderfully long. As for shells, I know very little about them either. I picked up a beauty one day but it was broken. Prince Rupert was put here because the water was deep right up to the shore line. There will be no need for dredging anywhere. The biggest ships on the Pacific will be able to steam straight up the wharf at any state of the tide. There are rocky beaches at the other side of the harbour, but I don't know much about them. There is a wonderful sandy beach on the East side of Graham Island. I don't want to say just how long it is for it seems to me that one man told me it was twenty miles long and another told me it was a hundred. I may be mistaken but in any case it is made of remarkably firm sand, and motor cars are able to use it like a race track. It is dark in colour and has millions and millions of dollars worth of gold dust mixed up in it, so that if some very cheap process could be invented for running it all through a mill, somebody would make, oh I don't know that he would make, but he should run it through anyway.

The herring have been shoaling in the harbour lately in their usual winter style. Last Tuesday one of the Cold Storage Co.'s boats hauled up fifty tons of them and of course everybody who wants to can catch them in great quantities. The usual way for private people to do it is to take a line and tie a few hooks on to it; then lower it from the wharf and pull it up again. It is almost bound to catch some and all you have to do is to lower and raise and lower and raise till you are satisfied. At these times you can sometimes buy herring at five cents a pail. I don't know how long the run lasts. The worst of it is that so many are caught that they can't all

be sold. Last year's catch is not finished yet. This year however we have the city of Smithers to supply. It is brand new. I think the lots were sold last June, in all the prairie towns, and even New York and London.

Prince Rupert halibut made their appearance at Grimsby a few weeks ago for the first time, preserved in the Cold Storage Co.'s new way of glazing them with ice and the newspapers reported that they made a sensation, and were very readily bought.

I don't know what our commonest fish is. The cheaper restaurants catch their plaice and cod off the wharf all the year round but high class places like the Inn don't deign to offer us any such offal. We nearly always get either salmon or halibut. The fall salmon season was hardly over more than a few weeks when the spring salmon season began. We had spring salmon before Christmas. It is white in colour, but I am not sure that it isn't even better then the red sockeye breed.

Apples do not flourish in Prince Rupert, for nobody grows them, but up the line they do well. They cost at the cheapest \$2.50 for 3lbs.

Almost the worst thing about Rupert is that it has no suburbs. It is all divided up into lots for building, each lot being 25 feet by a hundred feet. There is no level land in the neighbourhood, except on some of the islands, and as soon as ever you step over the city boundaries you are either on Grand Trunk Reserve or Government Reserve or Indian Reserve. I don't mean to say that we are hedged in by Trespassers Prosecuted notices. We can go where we like but we must behave ourselves and not make gardens and orchards on land that doesn't belong to us. Some people, in order to escape rent and taxes have built log cabins in various hidden spots across the harbour and elsewhere, and nobody molests them. In fact Blane, who appears to know everything, knows of a cabin up the inlet that was built by a man who used to work at the Cold Storage, and he has gone now. So some day we propose to take a look and go over to it and confiscate it, it would be a beautiful place to go and spend summer weekends in, and would make an excellent base for mountain climbs and other follies. Of course Blane may not be here in the summer. He just came for a year last May in order to be able to study, but unfortunately he strained his eyes badly first go off and can hardly look at a book now. He has been getting double his present pay and the firm

he was with want him to go back to them again, and he probably will, but he feels sore at not having passed his examination for B.C.L.S. (B.C. Land Surveyor). It was he who laid out Port Edward. Hunt also has a notion that he won't ever be much use at this work and he wants to get back to the States and drive motor cars again. As for myself I have a hunch that I'd like to get on a Government Survey party, and go out into the woods. I know a man who will probably be making up a party. But then if Hunt goes I'm pretty sure to get his job, and if Blane goes too I might just perhaps happen to manage to get his. I doubt whether I could do it, but I might.

I never intended to tell you all this. What I had in mind was the wonderful weather, cloudless skies and frost all the time and the skating, and how we found the floating islands lake, and how we climbed up the mountain and how three little boys came with us unwanted and added to the fun and then spoilt it, because half way through the afternoon they said they hadn't had their dinners yet and we had to go home. They were bound to get beatings anyway, and if they weren't quick they would get bad ones. So we never reached the top after all. I was going to tell you a whole lot about that, but now I don't see why I should.

With love from
Arnold



*Bob Hunt and the
hungry little boys*

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Jan 26th 1914

My dear Mother,

It is indeed a fact that my socks get thrown away when they get too holey. I started at first to mend them, but then I found that I would have to mend two or three times a week, and that the saving was not worth the trouble. There is great wear on socks and boots, and in the winter, on gloves. I got a very strong pair of leather gloves not much more than a month ago, but they are bad already. I have spent about twenty dollars on boots since I came, but the two pair that I have now are both in poor shape, and should not give any trouble for some months to come.

There are really not many storms here, but of course when they do come the wooden buildings make them seem worse than they really are. So does the rain. Big steel constructed buildings will be far safer than wooden shacks. Don't you remember how in the San Francisco earthquake it was the skyscrapers that suffered least?

Yesterday afternoon I was reading Public Opinion in the Reading Room, and I noticed that Heath was going to be warden of Toynbee Hall, and was also about to marry Ethel Knight. That was interesting news, but what has happened to Ted Harvey?

I have been supplied with a brand new mattress for my bed, and now I doubt very much whether it is worth while moving. I have everything settled in here pretty much as I want it, and every now and then I make an improvement. A few days ago for instance I made an arrangement so that I could hang my tea pot over my lamp every evening, and so always have hot water in case I want it for anything before I go to bed. I very seldom have a fire. The sack of coal I got two or three months ago is not finished yet. Having other cabins underneath and beside me keeps mine warm nearly all the time, for nearly everybody else keeps a fire going in the evenings. That man that I was telling you about who lives next door and had been out of work for so long suddenly took it into his head that

he would go home. He had a few books of mine, but he left them with Mrs Mac Kinnon. He was as I thought an old public school boy. In fact his father is headmaster of Bury St Edmunds, which I believe is about on a level with Bedford. The man who has taken his place is a foreigner, and something of a musician. Nearly every evening he either fiddles or plays his mandolin for an hour or two, and he always does it very softly so that it sounds pleasant without being a disturbance.

Please thank Cecil for remembering to send the coupon. Speaking of that reminds me of the extraordinary condition of the money market here. Money is dribbling out from the old country all the time, but the supply is not nearly big enough, and very high notes of interest have to be paid. The Presbyterians for instance borrowed \$700,000 and had to pay twelve per cent. Twelve per cent, or one per cent per month, or even more seems to be about the regular rate for the very best first mortgages. A man whom I know very well was telling me a few days ago that if he could get \$2000 he would give 10% for it and provide security with a market value of double that amount. But he can't get money so cheaply, and so, as he doesn't care to offer any more, he has to go without.

The cold fine weather is not over yet. Last night was the coldest so far, with twelve degrees of frost, but there have been slight falls of snow, and clouds most of today, so that maybe a break is coming soon. The only skating I have had has been on Morse Creek, the old waterworks, but the ice there is pretty badly cut up now. A party went to Shawathans yesterday, and seem to have had a very fine time. The Salt Lakes of course are in fine condition. Last Wednesday the biggest shot of all was blown off. Ninety five tons of powder were used, and the whole thing was a tremendous success. Archie McDougall likes to be on good terms with the engineers who measure up his work, and so, in commemoration of his achievement he presented us with a hundred 15cent cigars besides several boxes of chocolate and other candies.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Feb 1st 1914

My dear Mother,

My two meals a day at the Inn are still going on, but I have just about given up making my own breakfast. I gave up porridge making long ago, because it was too much trouble, and then I took to having cornflakes with hot milk, but latterly I have dropped that too. In fact I find I have no need of breakfast at all. I don't get hungry till lunchtime, and if I eat a piece of chocolate on the way down to the office I am satisfied. If there's a hard morning's work in front of me I sometimes go into the Inn and get hot buttered toast and coffee ad lib for 15c.

There are plenty of odd old characters in Rupert, and where you get them you are likely to find oddity shops as well. The place is half full of old timers from the Yukon. There are probably more here than anywhere else. Some are still prospecting in the summer, and some have settled on land along the G.T.P. and are making farms. Those that are here in town and are not rich like Pattullo and a good many other real estate men are mostly what we call bums, down and outers, utter wrecks. There is more drinking here than in the slums of Belfast, and it goes on all the time, not only on Saturday nights. Of course the licensing laws are very loose, but given the same laws in a normal population, there would be far fewer drunks. Every now and then they come toppling into our office to talk some bosh or other. Probably they want a piece of information and have come to the wrong place, but they very likely stay and talk and laugh and try their hardest to be agreeable, hoping to get the price of a drink. A few days ago one came in and spent about twenty minutes with us. I don't know why Lucas didn't turn him out long before; perhaps he didn't like to be too hard on so miserable an old wreck. Anyway the old fellow went cadging round from one to the other of us, and talked about the big rush and the queer things that went on, and what a fine surveyor he used to be. Then he got the notion that I was chief and he came and begged me to give him a job. I let him go on because I thought Lucas would be as

glad not to be bothered with him, but Blane pointed to Lucas, and then he went to Lucas and apologised for having spoken to me when I was just employee, *just employee*, and he hoped he would be forgiven. Then he apologised to us all for interrupting, but after all, as he said, we might never see him again. At last he went out and rolled away with some other old wrecks. All the time he was talking you could see that he was once well educated, and as likely as not he had had plenty of money too, as a good many more have had who are now drinking themselves to death in Rupert. It was the Klondyke that did it, they gave themselves up to the madness, and when it was over there was nothing left in them but the beast.

And now the news comes that the U.S. government is going to build a thousand miles of railway in Alaska, and has voted the money for it. Of course that will be a great thing for Alaska, and should help Rupert too, as most of the northern trade is likely to pass through here. There is a good deal of talk about it, and wondering where its port will be, and some of the first comers here are thinking of making a dash as soon as any definite news arrives.

Monday night was the coldest yet, with a temperature of 8°F, and probably zero in some parts. Then Tuesday was very cold with a fierce blizzard in the morning. I found my thick coat and wool cap useful again. The snow turned to rain in the evening, and it rained all night and all next morning, and then the rain turned to snow again, and continued to fall till night. Since then we have had slight frosts and slight thaws, and plenty of slop, and nobody to clean the streets of course. Today has been clear and frosty, and the mountains with all their snow are looking better than ever.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Feb 8th 1914

My dear Mother,

The 'Friend' reaches me each week on the average, and I am glad to see it. I can't just remember what two newspapers you are sending me, that you say I asked for, but I suppose I shall see soon. They have not arrived yet. Papers take a long time to travel. Now that I think of it the papers may be those containing reports of Dublin affairs. I remember wanting to see them, but the said reports appeared in our local press some weeks ago. Canadian newspapers have a far better knack of emphasizing important British news than the British newspapers have. Every bye-election gets reported, together with a series of chippy little comments on it from the Manchester Guardian and the London papers. Then there is also the Public Reading Room, where this week anyone who likes may read a paragraph about Helen Waddell.

This afternoon and evening have been the first really wet times we have had since those floods in December. For the last three weeks we have had snow and frost and a little rain alternately, but I'll be surprised if we don't have a proper break now. Hunt and I had arranged to make another attempt on the mountain, but when the rain came on we just took a walk round by the Cold Storage and the East End. In reply to your question about Hunt, he is not Irish. He comes from Denver, Colorado, and is extraordinarily natural. I think he is pretty certain to go back to the States again soon, but that may not be before our work is finished here.

When that will be of course I can't tell. Except for the routine monthly measurements I know of only two more pieces of work for us to do. One might take a week and the other a fortnight, or maybe more. After that I simply don't know what will happen. Probably we'll get one more piece at least, where three big oil tanks are to be made in the ground. The Imperial Oil Co., working with the G.T.P., will have its headquarters for Northern B.C. there. All the G.T.P. steamers burn oil, and all the locomotives on the Mountain Division are to do the same, in order to keep the scenery

clean. Then there is the laying out of the park round the big hotel, but that will not be very laborious. Most of our work on it has been done already. When I am able to, I'll send you a picture of the Landing Stage, the Station and the Hotel, all running up in a line from the shore in a very striking manner. We have pictures of it in the office, but they are not public yet. Did that Saturday Guardian containing the picture of the Hotel ever turn up?

Frank Garrett was taken by surprise a week ago by being paid off without notice. He got a lawyer to frighten his employers however, and received a week's pay in compensation. He has not found any more work yet, but he has joined the Conservative Association. He advises me to do the same no matter what my politics may be. Probably he is right. To be quite safe perhaps I ought to join both, although I agree with neither.

With love from
Arnold

General Delivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Feb 16th 1914

My dear Mother,

All the papers arrived just a few days after I wrote, and the one containing Ella Fisher's tale came today with your letter. I have not had time to read it yet, and at present Frank Garrett has the whole paper to look through. Thank you very much for them all. Garrett is a great fellow for reading, but I can't see that he is much use at anything else. I know that if I got out of work now I would get into another job mighty quick. There is plenty of work to be had here, and now that I know a lot of people it wouldn't take me a fortnight to begin to think about doing something. He knows more people than I do. He has moved up from the Osborne House to one of these cabins where I am, and the consequence is that my hermitage has been invaded several times during the last few days by some of the boys from the other place. Frank and I were invited down to supper there yesterday, so we went in the afternoon and six of us went out for a walk along the pipe line in the direction of Shawatlans, which is at the other side of the channel that divides the Island from the mainland at the East end. I had never been before. There is a plank walk along the pipe almost down to the water, but when we got into a shady part where the trees had not been cut down and things were beginning to be beautiful, nearly all of them refused to go any further because the snow had not all melted and the planks were slippery in parts.

Hubert Davies and I were the only ones who wanted to go on, and we went, and when we got to the water's edge we struck off through the woods till we came round to the cleared part of the town site again. It was a fine walk, and so when Hubert found someone with tastes like his own he at once wanted to make arrangements to go up the mountain next Sunday. I suppose you will catechise one about this Davies boy unless I tell you all I know about him at once. I know very little. He comes from Cardiff. He is 25 years old. He is about my own height and shape, but has

a more perky face; and his skin is as smooth as his sister's ought to be. He speaks like a girl too. I don't know whether he has a sister or not. He is given to uttering platitudes, for although he is not English he has lived in London for some time. He was at school there, and then in business. He does not like towns. He is spending the winter here, and is getting \$75.00 a month in a clothing store. He does not expect to be able to control himself sufficiently well to stay there when the spring comes, and will probably go up country either surveying or cowboying or working with a pick and shovel. He belongs to the Church. If I think of anything more about him I may tell you, but I believe you know almost as much as I do now.

There was something else I meant to say, but I'm bust if I can remember what it was.

With love from
Arnold



GeneralDelivery
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Feb 24th 1914

My dear Mother,

I am two days late this week, but two days are no worse than one, for I shall still catch the same mail as if I had written yesterday. There was some mail in today from the old country, the first for over a week. Rumours are going about all round to the effect that a C.P.R. mail van containing English mail was burnt last week, but there has been nothing about it in the papers. The C.P.R. is continually having delays with mud-slides and snowstorms, and trains are often held up whole days or more. The G.T.P. will of course have trouble with snow, but after a few years the mud should behave itself pretty well.

All last week we had wonderful weather. The nights were frosty, and in the shade the frost stayed on the ground all day in some parts, but in the sun the warmth was so great that one hardly liked to be without a hat. It was like May, and what with sunshades, and shop doors thrown wide open, and boating excursions on the harbour, and tennis parties and ice-cream, you could hardly believe that you were in the middle of winter. We were hoping greatly that the weather would stay like that at least till Sunday was over, and Hunt and Hubert Davies and I made all our plans on Saturday, for going up the mountain. Hubert has a very neat and powerful little revolver, so of course he was going to take it in the hope of having to use it. There was not much chance of that for although there are deer on the mountain, and wherever there are deer there are wolves, the wolves never have been known to attack anybody, and during the daytime especially they would be certain to skedaddle if anyone came in sight. There are a few bears too, but they don't like the looks of human beings any better than the wolves. Kaien Island is a national park, and anybody who shoots anything at all on it is heavily fined. All the ducks and deer and anything else that is shot have to be shot on the mainland which means across the harbour or up the line at Port Edward.

Blane says he got a great scare one time when he went up the mountain. He and some others were sent up to survey the watershed for the city waterworks. They put up a tent, and towards ten o'clock, when they were just going to sleep, they heard one enormous howl only about fifty yards from the tent. Nobody had been up the mountain at night before, so they didn't know what to expect. The howl was followed almost at once by hundreds of little yaps from all round, and they believed that they were about to be eaten. They had only one gun, but they took it and also got out their knives, and for a long time they sat shivering in their pyjamas. But nothing happened. They used to see plenty of tracks in the snow (we did too when we went up that other day), and the wolves used to come howling after them in the evening often when they were getting home from work a little after sunset.

But Sunday was as wet as it could be in the morning, and of course there were mists on the mountains, so there was no use going up. However Hubert and I went out along the track as far as Port Edward in the afternoon and had quite a good walk. It was not raining all the time. Port Edward, or the part we got to, is at mile 8½, so we went a good deal further than if we had gone up the mountain, and walking on ties is an exasperating business. The ties next to each other are too close, and if you take two at a time they are too far apart, so that if you go at any respectable speed you must either trot or hop. The hop was the easiest, but seventeen miles of hopping shakes a body up quite considerably.

I see no reason to expect any rise in pay. A chainman is paid at a fixed rate, and unless I get another position there could be no change. For a few months yet I am not expecting anyone to leave, unless it might be somebody up the line. After all I have been here only a few months, so I can't see anything to complain about.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
March 1st 1914

My dear Mother

I call for my letters at the Post Office.

Since I mentioned the herring last there has been another big run, bigger than the first, and almost as good as last year's. They seem to have gone again, and the sea gulls are able to fly better. When one bird swallows several fish it often becomes so very weighty that it can hardly even waddle, and then it looks miserable. Enormous flocks of seagulls fly round every shoal that comes in. Some days I could hardly believe my eyes when I watched the fishing. A net would be spread out and a shoal caught, and then a dredging apparatus, made of netting, would dip in and lift out the fish into a barge alongside. Sometimes two barges were needed to take away the catch. The fishermen don't make very much however, for the cold storage and other such places pay only \$2.00 a ton, which works out at about a thousand herring for a shilling I should think. It will mean a very great deal to the fisheries to have the line completed, and market, waiting only a day's journey off.

Stewart, of Foley Welch and Stewart, has been here again, and says he expects rails to be joined in less than two months. Trains are running now as far as Wordsworth, at mile 337. I am told that Smithers has a dry hopeless outlook. Not much is going on there, and there are no Jews in the town. That looks bad. There are a number of Jews in Prince Rupert and Fort Fraser and Fort George, but they don't go to Smithers. As a wise Swede said to me a few weeks ago, "Smithers no good. No Yews, no town". As you will see by the enclosed advertisement card some of them have nice good thoughts even in the middle of their business, but Hoffman is a comical old bird and different from most.

The manager of the restaurant at the Inn was suddenly fired last week, and all the waiters and cooks went with him. Yesterday was their last day. The reason was that Hamilton was negotiating for a restaurant of his own in a block that is just going to be built on Third Avenue. There was a

strong rumour afloat that prices were going to be raised on us, but to-day I paid the same as usual. A bunch of girls have been brought in. It is really most unpleasant.

Tom Garrett explained to me to-day why ravens are so common all about here. They are sacred to the neighbouring Indian tribes. That has something to do with totemism, but I know nothing about it. I expect Sylvia will read Frazer's "Golden Bough" some day, and then she will be able to explain it all. Other tribes have other animals for their totems, such as the eagle or the whale. They are not pagans of course, but they keep up some of their old superstitions the same as any other Christians. Old Father Duncan converted them. He was the man who founded Metlakatla and made it a model Indian village. Then he fell out with Bishop Ridley, the predecessor of our present Bishop (who did the same thing here a few years ago as those other bishops did last summer at Hikuyu), and he moved up the coast and founded New Metlakatla in Alaska. Now the poor man is fighting with the U.S. Government. He is



an old old man and not fit to teach in his school, but he won't move out of it, he says the people are his and he wants to keep them but the U.S. Government has founded another school and the people are all going to it. So a few days ago he took a chopper and went to the pipe that brought fresh water down from the mountain, and he said that he had made the village, and had converted the people and made them happy, and had given them all that they had got, and it was thanks to him that the pipe was there, and if they would not do as he said he would chop it through; so when they were still obstinate he chopped it through, and now they have no water supply. But although they still go to the government school on weekdays they all crowd into the church on Sundays, and for one day in the week they are still his. I believe his life was published a little while ago; if I see it maybe I'll send it to you. When he came sixty years ago the Hudson Bay Co. refused to keep him in any way because they said he was only committing suicide. Calling him "Father" may make you think he was a Catholic but a lot of the Anglican missionaries are called "Father" by the Indians. There was old Father Hogan for instance, who died a few weeks ago. He was a T.C.D. man, and was working over at Masset, in the 2.C.I.s. The flags that had been flying half mast for Stratheona had only just been taken in when they were hung out again for Father Hogan. Government buildings and all put them out, and the government steamer Malaspina carried a party across to the funeral.

Thank you very much for the Annual Monitor. I was glad to get it.

With love from
Arnold

P.S. I can't find Hoffman's advertisement, although I had it only a few minutes ago.

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
March 8th 1914

My dear Mother,

I don't know what my mattress is made of. It may be flock, but I don't know what flock is. All I did when I got it was to feel it, and it felt good and solid. The only advantage in moving into a boarding house would be that I would have to look after myself less, and I'd have an arm chair. I am not anxious for the society of the boys who live there. They seem to be a very decent lot of fellows, but my own company is generally good enough in the evenings. I would as soon buy my own socks here, where I can get the right length. They are a cross between a stocking and a sock, and they do fine.

I suppose Maria has heard that Kathleen Brown and Percy Davies are engaged again. I never knew they were disengaged, but I suppose they must have been. It was Dick who told me.

The first really nasty thing that has happened to me since I came happened last Tuesday. I gave my ankle a twist and could hardly put my foot on the ground for awhile except where it was absolutely level. However, Lucas is a gentleman and he went out and did my work for me till it was better. Of course it's very weak still, and I have to be careful where I walk, but unless I get into rough places or go sideways on it I never feel it at all. I soaked it for two hours in a strong solution of cold water and salt. It was pretty sore, but it took all the swelling out and did a lot of good.

Meals at the Inn seem almost better than ever. They began to give us smaller helpings at first, but the last day or two they have been better. Besides, they allow fish as well as meat, and cocoa if you ask for it. So now we get soup, fish, meat, pudding or pie, and tea, coffee, or cocoa and biscuits, all for two bits (25c). It seems a piffle of a price. I never heard of anything like it anywhere.

You may have heard that there is to be another railway up here in the north. D.A. Thomas is at the back of it, and the main idea is to open

up the Groundhog coal fields. Probably it will also go through the Peace River country and on into Alberta. The charter allows that anyway. An article in to-day's paper explains why D.A. Thomas is anxious to open up these coal-fields. It seems that the Welsh coal owners are afraid of American competition when the Panama Canal is open, so Thomas is coming to compete with them with Canadian mines. The Groundhog coal is the finest anthracite, and there is plenty to be had. The new railway will mean new towns in the north, so maybe I won't stay here much longer. I was too late in getting here anyway, and the place is deteriorating already. Why every day now I see people who not only are clerks, but look like them. I'm in terror of seeing a silk hat. If the Duke came I expect all the rich men would lose their self-respect at once, and think they were worth nothing without a display of clothes. I hope I am not offending anybody. I have always felt that way, as you know.

I was out for a walk this afternoon with Blane. He is a most embarrassing man to walk with, for, having been here since the population was forty, he knows half the people he meets, and you would nearly get a cold in the head with all the hat-lifting that has to be done.

There is just a possibility that D.A. Thomas's railway may curl round the coast and come into Rupert instead of making a new port at the mouth of the Nass River. That is hardly likely, for it would cost too much, but, as the papers say, it would be a good thing in war-time, for Rupert will probably be an important naval base, and then there would be no interference with the coal supplies before they got to the ships. I think very likely there'll be a war, so we'd better have that railway here.

That reminds me that China and Japan are eating more Canadian wheat ever year, and that the Oriental wheat trade is all to come here. Why shouldn't it? We are nearest to the Orient of any port, and the same engines on the G.T.P. can pull four times as much as they can on the C.P.R.

With love from
Arnold

P.S. I am going to write to Sylvia, and I expect I'll do it fairly soon.

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
March 12th 1914

My dear Mother,

Many happy returns of Kenneth's birthday, which was yesterday. I suppose I should have written but I find great difficulty in finding anything special to say to special people. Besides Kenneth doesn't seem to approve of celebrating birthdays.

Work has been very slack indeed all week. Most of the time we have really had nothing to do. We were expecting Kelliher, the chief engineer, from Winnipeg to come and give us further instructions, but I see by the paper that he just came as far this way as the end of steel and then went back, so I don't know what we are going to do. Mehan, the general superintendent for his division, met him up there and may have brought back some instructions. The weather up the line is perfect. The snow is gradually going and there are no floods. Stewart, of Foley, Welch and Stewart, expects to have the ends joined by April 20th, but Mehan thinks the join will be made before then. Track laying is going on at the rate of about three miles per day. The contractors have not quite finished all the grading and the line may perhaps go just a little out of its course in some places so as to get the through connection. We don't expect regular through trains before the autumn in any case. When the track laying started up a week or two ago several hundred men were sent up the line and it was quite a sight to see them getting their tickets for work in front of the Inn. The head of the employment department stood there to hand them out to the crowd of Cohunks. They were all jostling him and knocking him about very disrespectfully, and they were laughing and shouting all the time as if the thing was the greatest joke ever cracked.

He on the other hand appeared vexed, and would sometimes stop giving out the tickets for a while in order to teach them patience, but then they laughed at him all the more, poor man. He had a big man beside him with a heavy club and this other man waved the club about threatening to knock them on the head unless they behaved, but of course he didn't do it.

in fact he was laughing himself, and only made things worse.

There is one good thing about real estate in Prince Rupert, and that is that when you buy it you can always know the worst about it. You see the whole place is divided into lots, and every lot and every road and lane and street is on the map. If you think of buying a lot you can go to the city hall or a real estate agent's office and look out the lie of the land. You can get the exact elevation of the street that is going to be there sometime, and see if your lot is above or below grade, and then you can go and examine the lot and prod it with a sounding rod to see what it's made of. If you have twenty feet depth of muskeg the lot is not good, but if rock is near the surface and not above street grade then things are all right. The view is another consideration.

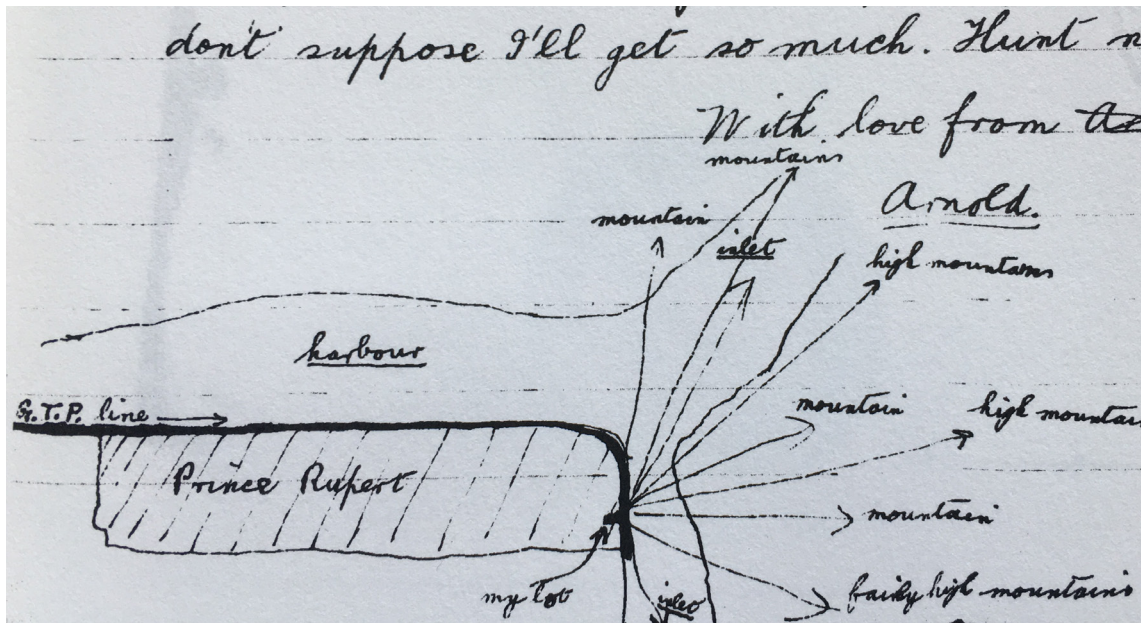
A good view lot will fetch a thousand dollars more than a lot close beside it without the view. All this is a preliminary. The fact is I've bought a lot, and have had an astonishing piece of good luck in buying it. I saw it advertised, or rather I saw a pair advertised, and Hunt took one and I took the other. I examined it. At the bottom it was on the exact street grade, then it sloped gently to the back. (Lots are one hundred feet by twenty five). At the bottom also the mud starts about a couple of feet deep and at the top about four feet. That was excellent. It was comparatively dry mud too, not sloppy muskeg. It was in what I had considered for some time to be the most beautiful part of the whole town, and what was more it was at the extreme east end. There was a 72 foot street in front of it, and then nothing more but the water and a whole panorama of mountains beyond. It was in what I and some others figured would be about the best residential district in Prince Rupert, and it was on a bluff fairly high above the water just at the end of the town where some of us thought developments were likely to take place fairly fast. There is a valley just over the hill on one side of it. The biggest fish and cold storage plant in the world is there already, and as the ground slopes up from the water, and the sides of the valley slope, whereas almost everywhere else the edge of the town is precipitous we thought industries were likely to settle there as soon as anywhere. We know nothing. A section of the ground where the lot was, was like this (see diagram). You couldn't obstruct the view.

Taking everything into consideration and comparing this lot with

others I wouldn't have thought a thousand dollars unreasonable. I got it for \$450, to be paid in instalments of course. That is the regular way of doing things here. I did that last Tuesday. Then yesterday, to my amazement, I came on some plans which had just reached the office, and having nothing to do I looked at them. They were actually plans of a whole array of works that the G.T.P. were preparing on the waterfront right beside that lot. Of course that is all private still, and I don't know when it will be made public, but I know that view from lots up on the cliffs above where the G.T.P. are preparing for big works at the extreme opposite end of the town, are being sold now at \$3,000. Anyway I'm glad I got the thing before I got the private information. I'm quite satisfied. Personally I prefer my lot to the \$3,000 one, although I don't suppose I'll get so much. Hunt nearly went off his head.

With love from
Arnold

Rough sketch showing my lot and the view from it.



Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
March 22nd 1914

Cecil's enclosures arrived safely.

My dear Mother

I'm perfectly certain I never said I was liable to be paid off without notice. It isn't lawful to do such things, and in any case decent people wouldn't do it, or try to. I am liable to be fired, as I said, but if I don't get notice I'll get a month's pay. I am paid by the month and always have been. Sixty dollars a month is what I get. I am usually at least a hundred dollars behindhand, but that is because of the bad system the Grand Trunk works on. Sometimes I am three months behindhand in part of my pay. The January board allowance for instance is not likely to be here before the middle of April, but that isn't because I am paid by the quarter, for I am not paid by the quarter, but because there are goats in Winnipeg.

The whole trouble about my work is that it depends on the amount of money the Grand Trunk can raise to complete their plans here. If Ulstermen and Mexicans would behave themselves we would probably get on better. But even if the Grand Trunk can't get as much as it wants, it is not likely to abolish me before the end of April, for Lucas is going to be away for ten days from the 3rd to the thirteenth, and when he comes back Tooker is going away for a three weeks holiday. I feel fairly safe till the end of May, and of course if more work turns up and certain persons leave, as they may do, I'll be safe after that. But it is well to be on the lookout for developments elsewhere.

What with the Alaska Railway and D.A. Thomas's railway, and our own railway almost linked up, the minds of people here are beginning to bubble. On Friday evening only thirty eight miles more remained to be laid. That means twelve and two thirds days work if all goes well, and that means that the join should be made on April 2nd. But there may be delay at the Nechaco River, where the temporary bridge is not finished, and the supply of rails may give out. A ship from round the Horn is

speeding up here at present with a big cargo, but it may not be in time to prevent delay. The spring has come so early and work has gone ahead so amazingly fast that nobody can really be blamed for a hitch. Just to guard against accidents gangs of men have been put to work here and have torn up about a mile of rails (double) in the yards, and these have been rushed up the line. Maybe by the time this letter reaches you the job will be done, and trains will be running through.

Garrett is still living up here near me. The greater part of the family would appear to be in Vancouver. Tom has his headquarters there, and Lily is there (I was at school with her too) and young Charlie is there. He was just a little fellow when I left Lisburn, and I can't remember much about him except his smiling round face. Kenneth will probably remember him better.

The Malaspina is in harbour again, and her sister ship has arrived on the coast but is to be stationed at Vancouver. Both of them were built in Dublin. I can't tell you why they were built there but the Canadian government is very eccentric. Still, they are a fine little pair of steamers, even though the fishermen say they are no use for protecting the fisheries from poachers. The Malaspina had an experience a few days ago that it won't forget very soon. It was cruising along at night when a meteor shot down from the sky, passed between its masts, fell into the sea about fifty yards off, and there exploded with such violence that the sea gave a jerk and the ship was bobbed about. Only one man was on deck at the time and he was too dazzled and upset generally to understand what had happened, but of course the others rushed up without delay, and they concluded the thing was a meteor. Another meteor did the same thing a few months ago over on the 2.C.I.s. It fell into Masset Harbour and did no harm. Frank Garrett has made the acquaintance of one of the Malaspina crew, a boy from Cork, called Joe O'Leary. I want to meet him myself, but I have had no chance yet.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
March 30th 1914

My dear Mother

You're wrong again. I don't have packing cases for chairs, nor I never did. I have an ordinary common chair. I can buy envelopes here, but thank you all the same for sending those that you did send.

There seem to have been a good many things happening lately, and I forget the order they come in. What affected us most closely was the discovery that the boat bringing up steel rails couldn't be in time at all, and that seven and a half miles more were wanted to finish the job. Everything here was stopped except where very light rails were in used and the tracks were all ripped up and sent up the line. So now hardly anything is being done along the water front, and we poor fellows are left with nothing to do. Work is going along well up country however, and the link up is expected to take place this day week (This is Monday). The reason for rushing the temporary line through was this. It will be far easier to bring in supplies from the East than from the South. The ballast for instance will probably all come from the East, and ballasting can go on in some parts at once, although both to the East and West of those places the track may not have been properly graded. That will save a lot of time. I wish I could go up and see the join but I'm afraid there will be no chance. Mehan will probably be the only one to go, and he will have his special train.

That reminds me that beginning with this week there are to be three trains out of town per week. The steamers that have been laid up for various reasons during the winter are also starting to run again, and in a few weeks time we may be having a mail in nearly every day. The C.P.R. boats that have been coming up for some time now have been such miserable little tubs that very few people cared to travel in them, and of the G.T.P.¹ boats the only good one was the Prince George. It has been bringing up extraordinary crowds. For the last month now it has had from 250 to 300 passengers every time. Every hotel and boarding house

is full, and old timers who have been staying in the hotels at cheap rates have been turned out or made to pay full price. I have had to give up my hot-bath trick. Maybe I didn't tell you about that. The regular rate for a bath is 50c, but I didn't see why, if I was going to pay 50c, I shouldn't get a bed as well. So I used to grand stop at a hotel for a night, and have a bath and get into bed right away without any walk up home. But now that Prince Rupert is swelling so much I'm afraid I'll be forced back to a barber's shop. A Census is being taken to see just how big we are. It is said that certain people in London have a hunch that our population is only about 3000, and so they won't lend us any more money. As a matter of fact it is nearer 6000 now, and has begun to grow again, after a long rest. At the 1911 census it was only 4184. Poor Vancouver on the other hand is down in the dumps because about 40,000 people have left it during the last year, and the business men and employers are miserable, and so are the other people, - the ones that ought to be employed and aren't.

Frank Garrett has got a job at last, and in the post office. All the jobs there of course are gifts from the Conservative Association, and when



the said Association gave it to him he not only had to be a member but he had to go down to the secretary's office and sign secret papers. I wish I could wheedle out of him what those papers were, and see what dirty work is really going on. They may be simply promises to vote for the Conservative candidate, but sometimes you have to do more than that. You may even have to hand over a percentage of your salary or get fired. English Imperialists are far too fond of boasting about how clean their daughters are, I mean to say their colonies. I believe they're a bad lot. Either they pretend to know a lot when they know nothing, or else they tell lies deliberately so as to inspire confidence in their companies.

There's another thing. Moreton Frewen, the ex-Nationalist M.P., and an Englishman have gone and bought 764 acres at the other side of the harbour. They paid \$217,000 for it to the G.T.P., and I wish I knew the next item. The land includes those beautiful little salt lakes, and dear knows what they'll do with them. However, Moreton Frewen used to make speeches I remember about beautifying the Irish countryside, so maybe he'll be kind to us.

With love from
Arnold

¹. G.T.P. = Grand Trunk Pacific

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

April 5th 1914

My dear Mother

We have a hospital here and either Maria or Sylvia can show you a photograph of it.

I expect we are connected up now with the East. The join was to be made today, so that now I should be five hundred miles nearer home than I was last week, and seven or eight hundred miles nearer Victor.

Lucas and a few others went up on a special train yesterday morning to see the sight. We have still no work to do. I don't think I spent more than an hour at necessary work all last week, and it's becoming harder and harder all the time to keep myself going with work that isn't necessary. Lucas's journey to Winnipeg, or wherever it was that he was going, has had to be postponed, and Tooker is still here too, so we others are all getting headaches with trying to think of something to do.

I am very strongly inclined to think that there is going to be another railway having its terminus across the harbour. It may be D.A. Thomas' or it may be that the G.T.P. will go away round the inlet and have some of its terminals right opposite the town. There's something in the wind anyway, and Moreton Frewen and Sir Edgar Vincent had more in their minds when they bought that land than they appeared to have. It may be that they are going to build a railway from D.A. Thomas's terminus to here.

The long drought seemed to break yesterday, and we had rain last night, but to-day is fine again and very close. I keep my window wide open, and yet the temperature indoors is 66°F it must be more than a month now since I had a fire. We had very cold weather the week before last, but the wind blew on to the other side of the house, and I got nothing but the warm air blowing in through the cracks between my room and the next. The cold only lasted a few days. The papers reported a minimum temperature of 22, but that was nonsense. Hay's Creek and Cow Bay (both salt water) froze over the very first night, and I'm sure the cold was as

severe as at any time during the winter. The waterfall up the mountain side was frozen almost solid, and down here where water was trickling out of the muskeg the icicles were blown out into sheets hanging on a slant. The air was very dry, so we had no frost, and no slippery walks. In the frosts in winter water would ooze out of the planks and make a sheet of ice all over them, and then the hoar frost would lie on that, sometimes from one to two inches deep. The days lately have been very warm. You see the young haw-haws coming out in their flannels to play tennis in the evenings. If you don't believe that, please just remember that our evenings are forty minutes longer than yours, for we are at longitude 130, and our time is the time of longitude 120. That also accounts partly for the dark winter mornings. I never found it out till a little while ago. We are nearly as far West of Vancouver as we are North.

For two pages now I've been putting off saying anything about the walk Garrett and Davies and I took last week. I had no room to mention it in my last letter. It was a revelation. I knew the view from the tops of these mountains was good, but indeed if you want to know that truth you'll have to come and see for yourself, for I can't describe it. I was pleased to see the Queen Charlottes on the horizon, and the snow peaks of Alaska to the North West, and about a billion other peaks elsewhere, besides the mouths of the Nass and the Skeena, and a host of inlets and lakes and islands. It was some view. We saw no beasts, but plenty of footprints in the snow, - deer, wolf and one bear. We went up one mountain first and then crossed over along the ridge of the island Mount Oldfield, the highest (not very high, 2320ft.) I can't tell you the name of the first mountain. Some jokers, such as Blane, call it Strawberry mountain, because the crags near the top were subdivided and sold as strawberry ranches to innocent people in Vancouver. It is a good useful old joke in B.C. that people have been known, when they have found the ranches sold to them by real-estate man, to fall off them through sheer astonishment. Blane tells of "farms" that he has surveyed where the rise in half a mile was 1500ft.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

April 12th 1914

My dear Mother

I suppose you will want a letter from me this week although there is really nothing much to say, and I sent you a parcel of papers and so forth a few days ago. When you have finished with them perhaps Oswald might like to take a look at them. I have kept copies of the newspapers myself as souvenirs of the event, and some day perhaps they will be curiosities worth having, so don't throw them away. The papers giving the news of the first through train to Vancouver are on exhibition in the Vancouver Museum, and are probably worth quite a good deal. Very few people think of keeping them when the thing happens, and anyway there are not many published.

The fight at Hazelton made quite a stir, and the news of it was all over town long before the papers were out. It seems a crazy thing to put the bank where it is, - right at the edge of the town, with nothing but the woods behind it. It is the only bank in Hazelton, and is a very important one, for it is the nearest place for cashing the pay checks for construction work on the line. At a previous hold up this winter the robbers got off safely with \$30,000, and the only injury they did was to put a bullet in the head of one of the clerks. It didn't go through, and he is still carrying it about in the bone. The doctors thought it would weaken his skull to take it out. Picture postcards are now on sale in Rupert showing the scene of the fight, with the dead bodies on the ground. They look very gruesome so I won't send you any.

The census returns as given in the paper are very nicely cooked. It was found that the population was a little less than 6,000, and for a while the officials could think of no trick for raising the figures to what they wanted. Then the Prince George came sailing into the harbour, and they went down and counted its crew, and so got the 6,005. That's just a little secret between us. Capitalists in London are not supposed to know.

Lucas forgot about Good Friday, and so we went down and started to

work, but about 11 o'clock he remembered. We thought of course that we simply were not going to have a holiday. We have another holiday to-day, Easter Monday. Yesterday instead of going to the Inn I went to a new restaurant opened by Messrs Pappadopulos and Zervas on 3rd Avenue, and they gave me a hard boiled egg in addition to what I ordered. The Inn has raised prices for us to 35c, so I have my supper at home again. The new manager there, Mr Smeltokoff, has also been fired and is going at the end of the month. The restaurant, dining care and newsagent services on the Q.T.P. are run by the Canada Railway News Co., and their manager for this end of the line is a cantankerous creature who causes a lot of trouble. He is going to put his young brother in to manage the Inn.

The temperature on Friday was 67, but the weather is cooler now, with occasional rain. The muskeg fires are all out.

With love from
Arnold



Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

April 20th 1914

My dear Mother

As usual when I put off writing on Sunday something happens on Monday to keep me from starting when I want to. This evening it was a kid who took the liberty of walking home with me, and proved to be a greater chatterbox than I had expected. He is one of the three who went up the mountain with us the first time we went. I like him, so I don't mind his liberties. It's nice anyway when you are going home in the evening to have a kid running out of his house to say how do you do. Hunt has a girl to do that. She is a little thing of about 10, and she makes a regular point of meeting and walking home with him. This boy of mine is not so regular. He has too much to do with the swarms of other boys in the neighbourhood.

Very little has happened this week. I know of nothing at all important, except a definite announcement that we may expect a regular service of through trains in August. The transcontinental expresses, as I said before, are not to start till next spring. The through train that got here last week will have to spend a while doing nothing at this end of the line. The ice coming down the Fraser at Fort George carried away the trestle bridge there, and nothing heavy can cross. Fortunately the ballasting supplies had nearly all been rushed over before the smash, so work need not be held up much. The permanent bridge is nearly ready in any case.

On Thursday at Blane's invitation Hunt and I went to a daffodil lunch. Such things are not so uncommon as you might think. A few weeks ago the Presbyterians held a violet tea. The name of the flower refers not to the food but to the decorations on the tables and ladies and so on. The whole thing is a money raising trick, intended to provide funds for church work. Now that I have given the hint I can quite imagine Maria organising primula dinners and such like in aid of the M.H.U. This daffodil lunch was a Church affair, and all the fairest damsels in the Church were there, decorated with daffodils. That's saying something too, for Church damsels

take a lot of trouble over themselves, and in many cases the results are admirable. In Rupert too all the Church noses are given an upward twist because this is a Cathedral city. I don't want you to imagine that we have a cathedral, for we haven't, but one is coming. The foundations are in, and we have a bishop. Consequently there are a lot of hoity-toity characters about. Most of the Church members are English and that makes things all the worse. Those Churchmen who are American can't stand the tone of the place. In America they are used to calling bishops plain "Bish", when addressing them, but here they have to toady, and say humbly "My lord". Another thing they dislike very much is having to pray for the King and the Prince of Wales and all the Royal Family. That gets their goat, as they say, and there have very nearly been occurrences up at Church on the head of it. I know you believe in kings, but really I think even you would be amused to hear Americans asking what they're for, anyway. I tried to explain them to one one day, and showed how fine it was to have somebody who could be relied on to lay foundation stones, and to whom we could raise memorials when he was dead, but the poor fellow couldn't see it. "I don't get you", he said, which means that he was still puzzled about it. Mind you if the King visited America I believe he would get a tremendous reception. Everybody would come crowding to see what it was, but they wouldn't treat him properly. They would want to shake hands, the way they did with the poor Duke of Connaught, and the reporters would mob him.

I'm sorry I have no news.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

April 26th 1914

My dear Mother

I am glad you have been enjoying yourself at Rostrevor. It had too much of the Prince Rupert climate to be very good the time I was there. All the same I wouldn't mind going back and going up those mountains again. I have not yet been up Mount Morse here, and it is hard to make arrangements in advance, for the weather, unless it is really set fair with no clouds at all, is very changeable. Morse is not an easy mountain to climb, and there is no trail anywhere that we know of. The best thing is to get on to a slide, that is, a place where rocks have rolled from high up and have cut a straight path down through the woods. There are not many of them and they don't go all the way, so that you have to be prepared to break a new trail and blaze it as you go along. If you don't blaze it you'll lose it coming back, and then when you find yourself down on the shore again you may be dear knows how far away from the boat. There are many other excursions that I want to take, but Mount Morse comes first. The view from it is said to surpass the view from our own mountain here above Prince Rupert, and so it ought to, for it is a good deal higher.

Things have been jogging along much as usual this last week, but the dry weather has left us for the present. It was wonderful while it lasted. The muskeg got like a dry sponge, and in several places where matches had been thrown down it caught fire, and the fire brigade had to come out. That is a condition that is not likely to last very long. The trees have all been cut down on the townsite except in the park reserves, so now, where the ground is neither built on nor dug up and made heavier with manure or clay, it is all left spongy, and when dry weather comes and the water runs out it burns like good peat. It is of course a kind of peat, but is too light in most places to be used as a fuel.

The excavation for the post-office has been getting along very nicely and comfortably, especially for those working at it. It is government work, that is to say it is being done by the Conservative Association, which

knows very well how to look after the interests of its members, and keep them in fat easy jobs. Perhaps I need hardly say that there is no contract. Taking it all round the Cons. Assoc. has made a particularly good thing out of it. The rock from excavation had to be raised up the bluff behind as to enlarge the lot up above. A retaining wall had to be built on the side of the bluff, which is very steep and covered with earth, and the space behind of course was to be filled up with the material from the excavation.

Even an ignoramus like me would have expected the builders to have made a rock foundation for the wall, but they didn't do it. Of course it began to come down the hill again to its old home, and a short time ago there was a great rush to prop it up with steel girders, and they even tried poking mortar into the wall itself, instead of leaving the stones loose one on top of the other, as they were before. But they couldn't save it, and a large piece fell away, and almost broke into the City Hall. Now it is being taken down and re-done, and I believe they have even tried to poke in some foundations under it. It's a fine thing to give public work over to a political association. If Belle Vue gardens had been given over to our local Conservatives you would have had the wall down on the Antrim Road with a run, long ago, instead of just moving gradually. By the way, who was responsible for that? I see by the Weekly Irish Times, which is beginning to appear in the Reading Room here (The only Irish papers to be bought in town are the Freeman's journal and the Belfast Weekly Telegraph) that Belle Vue Gardens are not to be abandoned, but whose were they and who is to pay for them?

Another new paper in the Reading Room is the London Nation. It makes me gloat. They have London Public Opinion too and the Weekly London Times, but they have still kept the Spectator at arm's length, and I hope they always will until it dies of its own conceit.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

May 3rd 1914

My dear Mother

Please thank Cecil for all the documents he has been sending me lately. I don't think I have any comments to make on them, so I need hardly write. Please thank Kenneth also for his letter. It was very welcome and if I had anything special to say to him he would not be neglected as much as he is. We have had another week of rain and sun, but not much has happened. The rainfall on Wednesday was over $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches, much greater than anything since the beginning of December, and now to-day we are having summer again, with the sun almost hot and just a hint of a West wind. The West wind is the finest here. North is fine too, but we very rarely have it. The bad wind is the South and South East, and even East. When the South-Easter starts you may be almost sure of rain.

Work on the Grand Trunk is as slack as ever. Tooker is at last starting off for his three weeks holiday to-morrow morning, but even that will not help much. There will be eight big plans for me to colour up, showing various pieces of land transferred under various terms from the Grand Trunk to the City. If Tooker had been here he might have done the work on them, but out of doors we are about as slack as we could be, and even the plans will take only half a day or so each, at the slowest. Lack of money is the reason for it all. More work ought to be started right away, but the money costs too much, and so we are coming to a standstill, and in a few months all that is going on now will be finished. There will be the hotel of course. The contractor has been pretty slow about finishing off the excavation for it, but in a few weeks now the building should begin. I don't know whether there will be any work for us in connection with it. It is hardly in our line, and we are not having anything to do with the buildings going up at the dry dock. Even in the few months that I have been here that place has changed so much as to be hardly recognisable. Hays creek has been filled up right across, leaving only a culvert for the water to run out by, and big steel structure buildings are going up on dry

land where the sea used to wash about at any state of the tide. There is not very much going on in town, in the main streets at any rate. Stores and boarding houses are being built here and there, but they are all, or nearly all, small one or two story buildings. In the residential parts dozens of houses and shacks are being built, but they too do not look as if they were meant to last very long.

Frank Garrett has moved from the room he was in to the one next to mine, where I have a great variety of people, including the musician who gave me quiet music every evening and the woman who bellowed hymns. I found out when she had gone that she had taken great precautions against the young fellow next door to her. A door led from my room to hers, and she had nailed it up with great hefty nails, and had bunged up the keyhole so that I couldn't peep through. It made me wonder whether she had had many peeps at me.

I have nailed boards on to the balcony outside my door, and made flower boxes, and planted sweet peas in them. I hope they do well. There is not much variety in the things that grow wild here, and if somebody would collect a few pips for me and send them along some time I might do surprising things. There are no wild roses at all, and no hawthorn and no broom, or blackthorn, and if any kind friend would gather up some of the pips from them it would not take a very big parcel to send them out, and I might be able to introduce something new.

With love from
Arnold

A few chestnuts and acorns and bush nuts would not be amiss either. I could put them away in secret places in the woods where nobody would disturb them. There are no trees here except pines and fir.

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

May 8th 1914

My dear Mother

I expect you will be rather pleased to hear that I have moved my quarters. I was quite happy where I was, and probably would have stayed there, but somebody brought company, and it came through the wall and bit us off and on for about a month, so we decided to leave. A very much better place now, and are paying only a few cents a month more for it. It is unfurnished except for a big press with drawers and flour and meal bins underneath and a cupboard with glass doors on top. We have four rooms, all very inoffensively papered. I would much prefer plain paper, but the patterns we have got are not bad at all. Probably they couldn't be improved on. The place costs only \$12.50 a month, and Frank got another boy out of the post office to come in and share so we are only paying four dollars and a bit per month each. We are not spending much on furniture either. Beds cost four and a quarter dollars each. The springs are good, but they are a little narrow. They are wooden of course and the legs fold underneath. Each of us takes one bedroom, and the other room is used for general purposes such as eating and cooking and washing and laundering. We have water laid on inside, and that is a great convenience. The sink drains into a stream that flows nearby. We have a magnificent view from the door (which has a window in it) and the veranda and two of the bedrooms. We tossed for rooms and I got the best of the lot. I got a set of shelves for a dollar and a half at a second hand store, and I am going to get a table and a chair and fix up a curtained off part for hanging clothes in, and then I'll have nothing to complain about.

The place is at the corner of Taylor St. and Seventh Avenue, so that we are nearer town than before, but in a less built up locality, and good bit higher and freer from flies. Judge Caros has a fine big house just across the lane, with a garden that will be very nice someday, and there are several other residences of the upper classes nearby. We have no electric light, but it will cost very little to have it put in and I expect we won't be

long without it. We can't understand why the place is so cheap. Fifteen was asked for it but the real estate man who was agent said he thought if we were willing to pay 12.50 we could get it for that. So we got it, and for fear the owner might raise the rent on us next month when we had everything settled in we took a lease on it for six months. Maybe I should not call it a lease, for I believe that has other meanings. What we did was to take it for six months at that rent.

You may have heard that the G.T.P. has just got a bond guarantee from the Dominion for \$16,000,000.00 to finish off the mountain section, including the terminals here. That may mean more work for us, and I feel safer now than I did a little while ago.

The evenings are wonderfully light now. On a bright evening you can read till after ten o'clock. On Saturday, when we moved in here I wanted to wait till it was fairly dark before I wheeled my baggage up on a wheelbarrow, and I had to wait till about 11 o'clock.

The baseball team came down from Hazelton on Thursday to play three matches with Rupert, and I saw my first baseball. We got Saturday afternoon off to see the match, probably because Tobey, our division engineer was playing for Rupert. It just so happened however that the owners of a silver mine at Hazelton were in a great hurry to get some figures on what was needed for a wharf here, so we went and did measuring up for them for several hours and got paid by them. Probably we'll get more from them from time to time. The more the merrier.

I believe one or two other things have happened, but really these fellows are talking about matters appertaining to me and I want to butt in, and besides I can't remember what the other things are.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

May 11th 1914

My dear Mother

In reply to your question about my lot, I can't tell you why it was so cheap. I am as pleased with it as ever. The very next week after I had bought it a pair next to it (several feet about grade in the lowest part) were sold at a hundred dollars apiece more than I paid. A few weeks ago I found a notice on it put up by a real estate firm offering it for sale, so I went and asked them what they meant by doing a thing like that. They said they thought they might be able to get a good offer for it, and in that case they would have found out who it belongs to and communicated with him. That is a regular trick they have here. It both advertises themselves and brings more business. As for the title, I have that all right. The agreement is registered in the Government Land Office, where Jimmy Leslie is Chief Clerk, and besides, I bought it through a firm that has an



excellent reputation. If this other firm that is advertising it for me now gets a good offer I'll sell, but I would rather wait till the Grand Trunk either makes public its plans for that neighbourhood, or starts to work to carry them out.

We are still without orders, and we are not expecting to get any more until some enquiry into the general position of the Company's finances has been finished. I don't just know what it is, but Lucas says there is something of that sort going on. Blane is leaving on Friday. He was taken on only for some special work at the dry dock, it is finished. He has got work with a surveying firm that is doing government work on the West of the Queen Charlotte Islands. The pay is about twice as good as here, but he will not be able to enter for his exam in the autumn, so he feels rather sore.

Our hours have been changed. We are to work from 8:30 to 5:30. It gives us a longer evening. It is as light now as you have it in midsummer at home. On a fine day I can sit out of doors reading up till well after nine o'clock. Summer came properly just after my last letter, and the temperature has been up to 73° already. I don't much care for that, but the long evenings are a treat. It certainly is a fine thing to have all the clocks wrong.

Several shrubs and small plants that are new to me are coming into flower now. Maybe I'll send you some. And by the way, if you take the hint I gave you last week, you might just put in some blackberry pips as well. Raspberries grow wild and strawberries are cultivated, but blackberries don't grow at all.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

May 18th 1914

My dear Mother

I was much interested to hear of George's friend. It was the first I had heard of him, and maybe soon I'll know his name.

There is no need to be so indignant about my tearing off the first sheet of a certain letter. I was asking you to get some clothes for me and send them out, and then I changed my mind, not knowing how long I was going to stop, and thinking it better for me not to get cluttered up any worse. That's all.

Blane has gone, and is now surveying townships for the government on the Queen Charlottes; and Tooker is still taking his holidays down in Victoria, but even such a clearance as that is very little help. All Lucas can tell us to do is to do something, so we do nothing. No word has come down from Winnipeg either, and even news seems scarce.

Stewart got itself almost destroyed by fire early on Thursday morning. The greater part of the town was burnt out, and as likely as not will never be rebuilt. Stewart has been an awful failure. The neighbourhood was supposed to be very rich in minerals, and an extraordinary number of wildcats got started. One whole mountain was believed to be simply adulterated gold, and then there were enormous quantities of silver and lead and copper as well. The only wonder is that no enormous radium mines were discovered. I think I am right in saying that so far all the mines have been a failure, and that there is not much chance of even the best of them being so much as moderately good. The great copper mine at Granby Bay is outside the Stewart district. Mackenzie and Mann also had a finger in the pie, and practically promised to build a big railway with Stewart as the terminus. That caused a good deal of excitement, and the citizens hired a booster, who wrote up the future history of the town very spiritedly and made a boom. Prices of real estate got up about as high as in Rupert, and mining shares did some wonderful high jumps too, but now the real estate prices have collapsed entirely, and the mining shares

are scarcely ever spoken of except when somebody who didn't buy any finds out somebody who did. The very buildings themselves are now in ashes, and those who did stay there after the boom are steadily drifting down here to Rupert. The booster himself is employed as secretary to the Prince Rupert Board of Trade, and Vaughan Rhys, the mining engineer who was responsible for the wild-cats, goes about the country looking for fresh people to be taken in. There you have the history of Stewart.

Fishing has opened pretty well this season, and all records have been broken in halibut catches. In one day the fishermen brought in 270,000 lbs of them, and in another pair of days they brought in more than half a million lbs. I believe there are between two and three hundred fishing boats centred here. They are all motors, and the making of them and keeping them in order is quite an industry in itself.

On Wednesday and Thursday the whole party of us went over to Digby Island to survey a site for the Dominion government ship repair plant. We had to chop straight lines through the bush to mark the boundaries and work the transit. I never did that sort of work before, but it was very nice for a change. We were accompanied by the government engineers, and a bunch of Conservatives who wanted to get a free picnic. The wife of the local M.P.P. was there, and the editor of the Conservative paper, and several others. They quite enjoyed themselves, and of course the cost all fell on taxes. I wish I was a Conservative.

The newspapers get into a fit every now and then about Ulster's doings, so I am kept well supplied with home news of that kind. The suffragettes too are good friends to journalists. I never dreamed I would ever read anything about the Belle Vue tea-houses in the Prince Rupert papers, but I did. If Chichester Gardens gets burnt down you need hardly tell me about it, except just to mention what you managed to save.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

May 24th 1914

My dear Mother

Hasn't George's brother got a name yet? You said nothing more about him, and now he is a month old and I don't even know what he is called.

I'm glad you liked the pictures I sent. I enclose a few more. The views on the postcards are both taken close by here. Lover's Lane is inside the city (in a park) and only ten minutes walk away, while the waterfall is on the mountain side just opposite where I live, and can easily be reached in half an hour. I see it and hear it whenever the weather is wet.

Tomorrow is a bank holiday, Victoria Day. It should be to-day of course, but this is Sunday. A lot of excursions have been arranged to places out of town. There is a special train to Hazelton, and a steamer to Port Simpson, the old Hudson Bay Co's post, and a launch will also run two or three times to Shawatlans Lake. I should very much like to go there and get up some of the mountains on the mainland, but at present the weather looks threatening. The week has been fine and hot. On Thursday the temperature was 78°, and there was not much of a breeze. The ground caught fire pretty badly in two places at the same time in the afternoon, so both the fire engines were called out. The kinemacolor people were in town at the time, and got some good pictures to illustrate Prince Rupert's dry climate. We are being visited by a regular stream of journalists, and such like nowadays. There should soon be plenty of articles about us in the magazines. From now till the end of the summer people are warned not to make open fires on any lots or vacant property, for fear of the ground catching fire and the good roadways being burnt. We have an excellent fire brigade, and a more complete fire alarm system than Belfast, and there hasn't been a house burnt down since I came. If you are anywhere within a mile from the fire station you can count on the brigade arriving in three minutes at the outside from when the alarm is rung in. The insurance men tried an experiment one time last autumn, they set fire to a shack about six blocks away from the fire station and then sent in the

alarm. In 56 seconds the fire was put out. The insurance companies were very well satisfied, and I believe the rates were reduced in consequence.

W.T. Donnelly, the marine engineer who planned the drydock, and is one of the leading marine engineers in America, has been paying us a visit. He spent some hours in the office one morning, talking to Lucas and other officials about schemes for the future development of this port. It was all highly interesting, and as I had nothing to do I was able to listen to it all. It seems to me that people like that, who know the whole continent, nearly always have a lot more belief in this town than the people who actually live here. It is a fact that there are hundreds of people in town who would think Rupert was doing well if in a generation it had a population of 20,000. The big brainy fellows on the other hand expect it to be a very nasty rival to Vancouver and Seattle.

With love from
Arnold



Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

May 31st 1914

My dear Mother

I am glad that the child Herbert has got that name. It was just exactly the one I was hoping he would get, and I like him all the better for it.

You didn't say how much was paid for my bicycle.

The Calgary madness (I suppose you know what that it) has begun to hit Prince Rupert, and it is even reported that one man has started on his own account to drill for oil in Section Seven. I never heard that there was any likelihood of oil being found here, and from what I know of the formation that is wanted I don't believe it ever will. Graham Island is different. Every geologist who has been there says that oil should be found in large quantities. In some places it has leaked up already, and the ground is thick with it. So at least I have been told by a man who was told by somebody who either had seen it himself or was told by somebody else. Consequently little syndicates are being formed to look into the thing, and I have no doubt that if oil is really found we shall go as crazy as the people in Calgary. I haven't any idea how much the Belfast papers have told about Calgary, but from the accounts we get here the town seems to be in a very flighty mood. Hundreds of good citizens have gone into the stock-broking business, and one day a bunch of a hundred of them was arrested and they were all fined. Poor fellows, it was hardly their fault. They couldn't get offices in the right locality, so they set to work in the street, and the crowds of people who came to throw money at them obstructed the traffic. I should think stockbrokers in the old country will turn green with envy at the thought of such doings.

We are not that mad yet, but there is no knowing what will happen to us if Graham Island turns out well. The only danger is that unless the line is then in good working order the benefit may go to Vancouver instead of coming to us. The places where oil is expected in Graham Island are all close to deep water harbours, and are almost on the direct line of our trade with China and Japan.

Ruination is beginning across the harbour. Two hundred acres are to be cleared at once, and the place chosen is just round one of the salt lakes. It isn't the best, but it's only a beginning. Frewen himself is expected to arrive some time this summer. Probably he will put a townsite on the market there.

Frank Garrett and I were across there this afternoon. He had never been before, and he was as amazed I was last Christmas to find what a beautiful place it was. There is one place in particular that I hope will never be touched. It is where the tide rushes through a crowd of little rocky islands covered with twisted old trees and moss and ferns. This afternoon we thought at first that we wouldn't be able to get through there, for the tide was coming in fast and pouring down into the lakes so furiously that we were afraid the boat might get broken. But after we had waited awhile till the water was deeper we tried it and had no trouble at all. The real fun began when we began to get out again, with the tide against us. However, we managed that too. There are lots of animals over there, both on shore and in the water. We saw nothing on shore but birds that have come for the summer, but there were tracks of deer looking very fresh. In the water we passed great shoals of young herring, and down on the bottom we could see all kinds of crabs crawling about, and, on mud banks, a few plaice. The only trouble was that we were tormented with black flies.

An exploration party has gone North to get the preliminary surveys for D.A. Thomas's railway. If the surveys can be finished this year the line may start next spring.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

June 15th 1914

My dear Mother

I have just been away studying the paper to see if there is any news, and I find several little things.

The Post Office site excavation is finished, but not the wall that was built up behind it. The plans for the Post Office are now in town, and tenders for building it are being sent in. It is to be eighty feet square and six stories high, and no doubt work will start on it pretty soon. The quarantine station for immigrants over on Digby Island is also to be built almost at once. So are two or three more big hotels and boarding houses.

Harry Hanson, a plumber here, has made a most remarkable invention for heating water, and had put it into a lot of the large houses in town. Everybody says it beats anything that ever was heard of before, and he has had to get a stenographer to reply to all the correspondence he is getting. There have been articles about it in the plumbers' journals. He has taken out a patent, and he tells me that he will soon float a company in order to raise capital and then he will build a factory and start making the thing on a big scale. I have no idea how his invention works, but all who have had it installed say it's a marvel.

The postmarks on all the letters sent from here will soon be advertising the Exhibition, which is to be held in September. It is to be a far bigger affair than last year's.

The company that has been drilling for oil on Graham Island has raised enough capital to sink the well as far as they think there will be any need. A man who was in our office a few days ago was telling us that there was absolutely no doubt about the oil being there. The only question is whether it will be found in really large quantities. It is under a good pressure anyway, and ought to squirt well when it gets the chance, for even now the ground is covered with it, and there are big chunks of bitumen and paraffin wax.

We are going to put in a double track down to the Drydock at once,

and probably also a single track as far as Seal Cove. There are eight cars of machinery for the Drydock waiting at the other side of Fort George. As soon as ever the line is opened to traffic they are to be brought through, and fish from the Cold Storage will be sent back in exchange.

The Dominion Government has bought out the premises belonging to Joe Merryfield, Secretary of the Conservative Assoc. He was supposed to be in the wholesale business, but all the business he ever got was from the Government Contractors, and they had to give it to him or there would have been trouble. He was able to charge them such fancy prices that the rake-off provided a very nice income. The Government has not only bought his premises, but has given him a soft job in the Customs Department. I'm sorry to say that he was the man I was so greatly taken with when I came here first. I was told to go and ask him for a job and in my ignorance I went, and found him most obliging. He said he didn't know of any but he thought he might find something, and if I couldn't get anything myself I was to come back to him next day and he would take me round to see some of "the boys". I am just as glad I didn't go that far, for even then I wouldn't have subscribed to keep his crooks in power, much less now.

We have had another week of perfect weather. Twenty five minutes past ten has been the latest time when I have been able to read by daylight.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
June 22nd 1914

My dear Mother

The first freight trains have arrived. Two or three of them came this week bringing machinery for the drydock. There was no stir about them at all. In fact I didn't know they had arrived till I saw some mysterious carloads standing about in the yards. Nobody seemed to know where they had come from, but one of the newspapers got hold of the news. Probably the materials for the hotel will come soon now. The site is hardly ready yet in some parts, but this morning we made the final measurements for all the main floor and gave the contractor his estimate. He is being very slow, and as likely as not will lose money, but the rock formation turned out to be very irregular, so that he had to go carefully in his blasting all the time for fear of throwing big things up on to the streets. People in Prince Rupert get used to dodging stones, but shop windows are a difficulty. Any damage that a contractor does he has to pay for. We spent all Saturday morning nearly crawling about in the dirt under a hotel taking elevations on its foundations because the owner claimed that the blasting near it was making it sink, and wanted compensation.

Last night the car that got damaged up the line a month or so ago arrived back in town, looking very dirty, with mud all over it, windows broken and furniture tossed about. I'm not sure whether I said anything about that accident. A train ran into a mudslide and fell over, and very little damage was done. Almost the only man hurt was C.C. Van Arsdol, the head engineer for the construction work in the mountains. He was standing on the rear platform waving his arms about demonstrating, when suddenly one arm broke almost before he knew that anything had happened. He was brought down to the hospital here, and now he is almost well again, and often comes down to our office to gossip. He has a gigantic nose. There have been no fatal accidents on this end of the railway so far, except in construction.

There was another fake fire on Saturday evening for the benefit of the

movie men. There seems to be a regular stream of them visiting Rupert nowadays, and if you look out you will be pretty sure to see pictures of us in the Picture House in Royal Avenue. The run Pathé's Weekly Gazette I believe. In that case you should see the linking up of the line and the arrival of the first train and other incidents. You might even see me. I have been taken more than once.

Ralph Connor's original Sky Pilot has been chosen by the Presbyterians here to succeed F.W. Kerr. Grant is his name. He will probably arrive in July. He is said to be a very remarkable man. I must read the book again when I have seen him.

Between two and three hundred freemasons arrived here for a couple of days last week to hold the annual convention of British Columbia members. I saw five silk hats. A C.P.R. steamer was chartered specially to bring them i.e. the people up from the South, and to lodge them while here. Some of them got sadly bewildered when they found themselves walking about in broad daylight when they expected to be in the dark.

Either three or four companies are now being formed to get at the oil on the Queen Charlottes, and in a couple of months' time we may know whether it is there in paying quantities or not. By then the line ought to be in good working order, so we may be able to cut out Vancouver after all.



Only one real estate man here has given himself up to selling Calgary oil shares, but then none of our local editors went mad the way they did in Vancouver. Still, it may be too early to boast yet, for probably if Graham Island is any good there will be hundreds of wild-cats and thousands of lunatics here in Rupert, just the same as there are in Calgary now.

We did well to move up here to the new house when we did, for the mosquito season has started, and up here we are far less troubled than we would have been down on eighth avenue. One mosquito generally comes to me when I'm asleep at night, but now I am getting wise and wake when it's a foot or so away, and then I kill it before it bites. I would sooner have a mosquito than a black fly any day, for mosquitoes hum and are obvious, but a black fly makes no noise, and you can hardly see even when you've smushed it.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
June 28th 1914

My dear Mother

Some new work has been put on at last, but we may not have very much to do with it. The Imperial Oil Company has leased about 8 acres from the G.T.P. and is going to level it at once and put in a big storage plant to supply not only the Grand Trunk, but the whole of Northern B.C. as well. There are to be two tanks each holding 55,000 gallons, and a number of smaller ones besides various appliances for bringing the oil up from the docks and so on. I don't know whether we will have to cross section all that and look after the contractors when the dirt is being taken out, or whether the Imperial Oil Co. will provide their own engineers. The head of the Company, next to Rockefeller, was here yesterday and the day before looking things over, and so was Kelliher from Winnipeg, and Collingwood Schriber the old Government Engineer from Ottawa. They came through by rail. Schriber says the official opening of the line will come about August 15th, but he doesn't know who is going to perform. It may be the Duke of Connaught or it may be Borden.

The talk about Graham Island keeps on growing, and the company that has been drilling there before expects to get to the oil in about three weeks. We'll see. People are getting ready for the boom, and are peddling leases about town on lands near the well. I hope they do get some, for Prince Rupert has been badly taken in over nearly everything else in the way of minerals. Stewart was about the biggest disappointment they ever had. At Hazelton, where things really do seem to be turning out well, the mines are very nearly all in the hands of closed corporations.

The weather keeps very fine on the whole. Yesterday was wet, but all the rest of the week was pretty good. We have had very little bad weather all this year, and now that the summer has come we are having only just enough to keep the garbage in order and keep down smells, and prevent typhoid, so we are far better off than people in new towns on the prairies where droughts are liable to last a long time.

The Skeena sockeye (salmon) season has opened very well, and the C.N.P. Fisheries Co. reports good business from Naden Harbour, on Graham Island. Lots of whale are being brought in, and they have caught one very rare kind, worth \$20,000.00. Over a hundred thousand dollars worth of fish was brought into Rupert last month.

You ought just to see the view from this verandah where I am sitting. I've often thought that living in Prince Rupert is like taking a holiday, and up in this new house of ours it's more like a holiday than ever. The view from here isn't a patch on the view from my own lot, which, as I have said before, is the finest in town, but even so it is worth a good many fly bites to sit out here in the evenings and look at it.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

July 5th 1914

My dear Mother

I don't know where you get your accounts about unemployment in Canada from, but they are certainly quite true as far as Vancouver and district is concerned. Prince Rupert is probably better off than any other city, for here the work depended less on private people than it did elsewhere.

Wednesday was Dominion Day, and we had a great celebration. There was a procession in the morning and a baseball match in the afternoon and a football match in the evening. I spent most of the time that I was up in the morning in making a table for my room. A carpenter who lives near and where a small boy is a friend of mine gave me as much lumber as I wanted, so that the table cost me nothing instead of two or three dollars. The baseball match was really very good. I'm not sure that it hasn't converted me away from cricket. Prince Rupert played Hatchikan. Our team has been strengthened a good deal since the Hazelton match, and we scored a home run in the first innings. That was the only run made in the whole match. Hatchikan is the nearest town in Alaska, and is said to have more rain than we do. I heard a man spinning yarns about it once, and he said that one day the sun came out, and the excitement was intense. The mayor lost all control of himself and threw his hat into the air and declared the day a public holiday, and then the people cheered and the rain came on again. Fibs. The football match in the evening was the final for the city cup. The Scotchmen played the shopkeepers, who are mostly English. The shopkeepers however found that among them they had eight Scotchmen, and with the help of these eight they beat the Scotch, and the English were delighted, and so were a good many of the Scotch. Maybe I shouldn't say that most of the shopkeepers are English, for probably most are really American, but Americans don't play football, and so they don't count. The baseball is played on the site of the Provincial Government buildings and the football on a level dump at the Drydock. There are no

recreation grounds yet.

Today I took a boat and rowed over to Metlakatla with Frank Garret. It is six miles from Cow Bay, the place in Prince Rupert where we get boats. (The map name of Cow Bay is Cameron Cove, but some cows were put there to graze one summer.) The scenery between here and Metlakatla is of course all that could be wished for, and a lot better than you would expect. It was like the Salt Lakes on a larger scale. We had a head wind going there, and spent more than three hours on the way, but coming back took only an hour and a half. The wind had dropped. On the way we passed a little island with no trees on it. It looked so wonderfully green that we had to get off and examine it. It was a little thing a couple of hundred yards long, and shaped like a crescent moon, and a flock of ravens lived there and seemed to hate us, for they flew around and shrieked and tried to throw their dirt on us but missed every time. They certainly had found a choice home, far choicer than any I expected to find in this neighbourhood.

You can just imagine my astonishment when I found myself breaking through great thickets of hawthorn and wild rose. Such roses I never did see before. They were double the size of home ones, and far redder too. The hawthorn was over, but its leaves were an extraordinary size. I wish I'd seen the blossoms. There were all kinds of other home flowers and bushes too, and I was all up in the air with bewilderment, and I kept on measuring things to see was I doting. Why you could hardly see over the very grass itself. The tops were seven feet high. I came on what seemed to be a little path, and I followed it a few yards and all of a sudden I came on a tombstone, and then when I stopped trying to see over things and looked down on the ground I found crowds of little tombstones all about, all covered over with long grass and wild flowers. It was Indian I suppose.

When we reached Metlakatla we landed and walked through the town, or village. It has nothing that could be called a street, but there are wide smooth clam shell paths, with their sides all overgrown with vegetation. The houses were as neat and clean as you could wish for, and the gardens were fairly bursting with flowers and fruit. There were roses and honeysuckle and hollyhock and monkshood and crowds of other old home things, and they seemed to be growing nearly wild. All

along the paths the berry bushes were so thick that you would be almost bound to break them if you wanted to get through. They were growing wild everywhere. There were raspberries and red and yellow salmon berries (These are the same shape and size as raspberries but bigger even than loganberries, at least in Metlakatla) and then there were black currants, and a lot of others that I don't know the names of. We ate and ate, and wished we were double the size. Frank is never tired of praising Victoria, but when he saw the luxuriance of Metlakatla he had to admit that Victoria was nowhere. He didn't think such salmon berries grew anywhere. To crown all, there were places, round about gardens where the flowers were specially thick, where there were dozens of humming birds. I thought they were big bees at first, or maybe moths, but Frank said they were humming birds, and when I got nearer I saw that it was so. You could hear the wings humming as they hovered over a flower, but only the bodies could be seen. Two inches would be the outside limit for their length. They were red and green and brown, and the sun was shining all the time we were there. The whole place was like a fairy tale notion, especially when I had always thought that humming birds lived only in the tropics. Frank says there are some in Victoria, but even there they are not so common as up here in Metlakatla. There was a trail leading into the woods, and we walked along it for about a mile. Other things today were surprising, but this last thing is beyond any explanation that I can think of. We were not bitten once by fly or mosquito.

With love from
Arnold

It is now 10:30, and getting cloudy, so I can't see much more.

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

July 13th 1914

My dear Mother

After I have been here a year, if I see fit to stay so long, I shall be entitled to a fortnight's holiday, so possibly I may get one in September if I ask for it. I can't say that I feel any need for one, and I'm not sure that I'll take any. If I take none this year I might get a longer one next year, and go down to the 'Frisco Exhibition, but I am not so very keen on that even.

You can take very nice little excursions from here, going by steamer up the Alaska coast and visiting the old Russian town of Juneau and seeing the Muir Glacier sliding into the sea (It's said to be the biggest glacier in the world), and a number of other interesting things. The trip costs \$32.50 and lasts about a week, and for a little extra you can go up one of the little Alaska railways to the interior, and see some very grand scenery. For \$100 extra you can go right up to Dawson. I'd like to do that as much as anything, but I'm afraid I'll have to wait till I'm getting more than \$60 a month. However, whether I go for any holiday or not, the money may as well come out here, and then I'll have it if I do want it. I believe a Post Office Order is the best way to send money.

The Grand Trunk is getting very mean, and is cutting down pay all round. Labourers are getting \$2.25 now instead of \$3.00 and all the white men up the line have quit. I shouldn't be at all surprised if they tried to cut down our pay too, but as far as I'm concerned they won't get a chance, for as soon as I hear about it I'll give notice..

I do see the Illustrated London News in the Reading Room here, so if there is anyone else that you want to send it to I daresay it might be better. At the same time I am very glad to be able to peruse it away from the smell of tobacco juice, and when I have finished with it I take it to the hospital. Sometimes I keep something out of it too.

We have had rain almost continuously this last week, and all those miserably unpatriotic citizens who say that Vancouver is a finer city than Prince Rupert are doing nothing but gloat and sneer, for Vancouver

has been having good weather, just as we have been having up till now. The fact is Vancouver is getting very jealous. It sees its own population dwindling away, while Prince Rupert's is increasing by leaps by bounds, and here all is prosperity, while there all stagnation. At least so it was till the Calgary affair. Since then people are said to have become less thrifty, and to be spending their earnings more, so that trade has improved for the moment. Well if Vancouver doesn't like Prince Rupert you can just imagine the ferocious hatred that Prince Rupert has for Vancouver. In years to come it will be a very great blessing that 550 miles of desolation will separate the two cities. Manchester and Liverpool may be pretty bad, and Belfast and Dublin don't love each other over much, but this will be the limit. I expect it will end in having the province cut in half. It's far too big and unwieldy for proper administration, and as soon as we get a big population in the North it will be quite the right thing to make Rupert the capital of a new province.



Morley Donaldson has been down here again from Winnipeg, and he brought with him as a guest the general manager of the Pennsylvania R.R. The latter brought his own private car. It looked pretty good to see the Pennsylvania R.R. car in the Rupert yard.

Work on a roundhouse with machine shops in connection with it is to start at once. We haven't heard anything more about who is to look after the Imperial Oil Co's works but we are expecting news any time now. They are certainly planning an enormous plant. No further news has come from the oil fields on Graham Island either, but then they are so far away from any settlement at all (They are right out on the West coast) that we are not likely to get much news until something happens, and other people go there. The company that is drilling had to make its own trail for carrying in supplies, and it was the expense of that that really made it stop working last year. When they had spent so much on preliminaries they couldn't afford a good outfit, and they had to get second hand drills. Then the drill broke in the first two holes they tried, and they had to start all over again.

With love from
Arnold

Please thank Maria for her letter.

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

July 19th 1914

My dear Mother

I thought I made myself pretty clear in telling where I was living. We have taken neither a house nor a set of rooms in a lodging house, but a flat – the upper story of a two story house. You get to it by an outside stairway. We have three bedrooms and the other room does for everything else. We are thinking of getting a folding bath, but I don't know whether we'll do it or not. Frank Garrett is a silly fellow, and has got himself fired from the post-office for abusing his boss. I found afterwards that that was what led to his being fired from his last job, and Tom tells me that the same thing happened before he came up here, and also when he was working for Easons in Dublin. I have no idea what he is going to do next, but he has thrown away his chances for doing anything in Rupert. Even if he gave the Conservative Association a good subscription they might not want to take any trouble over him, for there are plenty of other people hanging on to them for graft.

The pair of cabinet ministers who were up here about a week ago have been giving interviews to southern newspapers about the greatness of the north. They said the tour they had just taken had been a regular eye-opener, and of course the moral they drew was that B.C. was a greater province than anyone in the South had ever imagined. But in the North the people seem to be drawing the moral that cabinet ministers who keep their eyes shut for eleven years are not worth having. All along they have discriminated most unfairly in favour of the South. Last autumn they refused to guarantee Rupert's bonds because if they did it for one place they would have to do it for all, and they said they would not do it for any. A few weeks later they guaranteed some bonds for Vancouver, and Prince Rupert is still unable to get money as it ought to.

The latest work of the Cons. Assoc. is to appoint a policeman who has just been fired for bad conduct from the city police to a position in the police force up the line. The police up there are as bad as the people

who appoint them. They make any amount of money out of graft, and don't take the trouble to deny it. Everybody knows it and the powers approve of it, and refuse to have the North West Mounted Police in the Province. Another trick that is played regularly is to get money voted by the legislature for building roads and cutting trails. Of course it is easy to waste that way. If the road superintendent has a farm or a piece of land he will probably see that he gets a road made to it, but otherwise he does next to nothing. For three years parties were sent out to survey trails from Stewart to Groundhog, and each year they came back saying they had lost themselves and couldn't do anything. But they got the money. This year they actually managed to get through, but they have only decided on a route. The trail is not made yet. I have no news about myself this week.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

July 26th 1914

My dear Mother

I was interested in seeing the oath you sent. It has been denied absolutely by the officials of the A.O.H. several times, but of course if they are liars as the Orangemen suppose you can't take their word for anything. The first part of the oath, about not waylaying or betraying a brother, seems to show a very laudable spirit from the point of view of anyone who is not a Quaker. I believe Orangemen swear to do much the same sort of thing to Catholics rather than betray themselves. Apparently the only evidence for the other parts of the oath is more than forty years old, and the postcard doesn't say whether any proof was forthcoming to show that those are or were the actual oaths administered. I wish I could look up those Westmeath Reports and see just how those oaths came in, as likely as not they were given as hearsay, and it would be just like a thing an unscrupulous Orangeman would do to go and reprint them as proven facts.

Orangemen seem to me to be as bad as Jesuits when it comes to perverting the truth for their own ends. I may be wrong about the Hibernians, but I thought they were a fairly new organisation, and nothing like forty years old, and from all that I have ever heard or read I believed that the Ribbonmen and the Whiteboys were simply secret agrarian leagues to get rid of obnoxious landlords and other kinds of tyranny, whereas the Hibernians were a new association formed as a friendly society and a body to propagate Catholicism, just exactly like the Orangemen here. Alan Davies, who lives with us, is an Orangeman and gets hold of very wild ideas that are obviously wrong whenever he attends a Lodge meeting, but I never heard him or anyone else suggest that Hibernians were doing anything that Orangemen were not doing in the way of propaganda. The most peculiar thing about it all is that Joe Devlin is the head of the Hibernians and the moving spirit in whatever they do, and yet nobody surely would call him a valid Catholic after all the clashes

he has had with the Catholic church.

By the way, I have heard of much the same kind of oaths existing in Quebec, where the Protestants are by far the most prosperous part of the population.

Do Ulster Protestants think that Protestantism is utterly dead, or why do they imagine it can't exist unless it has the law and a majority in Parliament behind it? It used to get on pretty well when it was in a minority of one, and when there weren't one tenth as many chances of spreading the truth as there are today. After all the Reformation never has had a chance in Ireland. When it was going on in England and elsewhere religion was on its last legs in Ireland. The people had pretty well stopped paying any attention to the priests, and nothing had taken their place. In other countries where those conditions existed Protestant missionaries were going about getting converts, but in Ireland the only "Protestants" who made any stir at all were blackguards. England (like the Orangemen today) sent guns and swords instead of missionaries. Just then Loyola was founding the Jesuits to try and stop the Protestant campaign. He sent missionaries all over Europe and in some places that had been showing signs of going Protestant he got the people to turn again, but as a rule he failed except in the countries that had remained Catholic all the time.

When his missionaries got to Ireland he found a country that might have gone just as strongly Protestant as Scotland or Wales or Cornwall, and I think any fair minded person will admit that it was very much to the credit of the Irish that they went back to the old faith when it was brought to them afresh instead of jumping at a new one that would have paid far better that seemed to them to be the emblem of so much cruelty.

Ever since then Protestantism has been the religion of an enemy, that is until a few years ago, when Englishmen seemed to be developing a conscience and to be willing (with the exception of the editor of the Spectator and such like) to give back a little of what they had grabbed before, and to treat everybody fairly. It's all nonsense, at least I think it is, to say that Ireland can never be a Protestant country. Of course it can't if Protestants carry on the way Belfast is carrying on at present, but I do believe it could if Protestantism was preached as a religion, and not as a peculiarity of Ulstermen, or as a system of blasphemy against

the most sacred things in the old Catholic church. I don't want to start arguing about Home Rule, for I'm sick of it, but I do think the Unionists at home are making an awful mistake in opposing it on religious grounds. If there is one thing that would make Irish Catholics ready to swallow Protestantism it would be to see Protestants treat them as friends. Really to a Catholic all this talk about fighting must seem an extraordinary piece of cowardice, or at any rate it must seem to show that Protestants have no faith in the truth of their own beliefs, and are afraid to have them put to the test. I know Ulstermen are mighty sure about what is the exact truth and what isn't, but why don't they try to spread the truth? As I've said before they seem to say that they would rather die in the last ditch than take a chance of victory, and that sort of thing isn't fair to their religion any more than it is to themselves.

Well this is an unusual sort of letter but I'm liable to get worked up in my mind every now and again, and I dislike Catholicism far too much to enjoy seeing it rule the roost in Ireland while the Protestants do nothing but show they are afraid of it.

With love from
Arnold

P.S. I've gone and copied out the last part of this letter & sent it to the Ulster Guardian. I doubt whether they'll print it, but I'm sure no other Belfast paper would and I wanted to try & get it off my chest somehow.

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

August 3rd 1914

My dear Mother

I am wondering what effect all the hubbub of the last few days has had on Belfast. Talk about Jingoism. I have to go to the Yankees to find people who are not gloating, but I suppose if America got mixed up they would start gloating too. Most people seem to think the war will be very good for Canada. The money that is absolutely necessary has been nearly all arranged for, and if prices go up the farmers will make great profits. As for fish, we are expecting to hear that there isn't much going on just at present in the North Sea, and that to keep up the supply at home you will have to get it from Prince Rupert. The regular through service is billed to start on August 23rd. The ballasting is practically done, but one or two bridges are not quite ready yet.

This has been one of the best fishing seasons on record, and even last month, the wettest since I came here (17¼ inches), was not able to stop the fishermen from making fair catches. The curious thing is that last year was very poor in the North and very good in the South. This year is an absolute failure in many parts of the South. The fishermen often can't bring in more than two or three salmon at a time. Reports from the C.N.P. whaling station over at Naden Harbor have been good, and I believe the C.N.P. have also done well at their station on the west of Vancouver Is. One of the big Seattle fishing companies is going to locate here very soon. They are just getting things finally fixed up with the G.T.P. before they start building.

A very important law decision was given in the United States about a week ago, and we are expecting to get some benefit here. It will be another blow for Seattle. Hitherto any American ship that has been repaired in a Canadian port has had to pay duty on the repairs when it has gone back to the States. Now it won't have to. Consequently the fishing boats and coasting steamers from Seattle will be able to drop in here for any little repairs that they may want, and not have to pay anything extra.

Nowadays, or rather up till now, they have either had to postpone the repairs till they got back, or have themselves towed all the way down. The Alaska trade is getting to be so important that the decision should mean a good deal, and anyway in a few months now we'll have the best shipbuilding and repairing plant on the Pacific Coast.

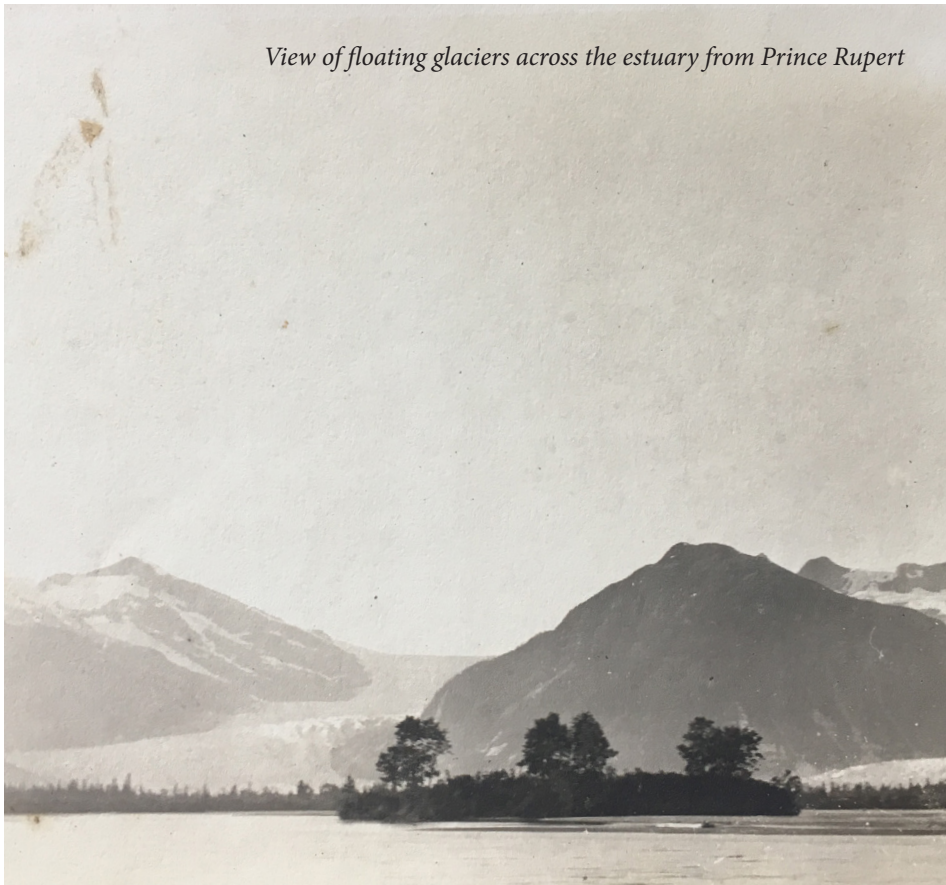
American fishing boats should be having a pretty good time in these waters now, for the *Malaspina* and the *Galiano* were called south suddenly on Wednesday and won't be able to do any more police work for a good while. They have to protect Vancouver and Victoria from the Germans. There are one or two other little skiffs with them, but Prince Rupert is quite undefended, and, as the Vancouver papers have already pointed out, is liable to be completely wiped out. Even such statements as these, in the Vancouver papers, have not caused any panic here. After all the practice we have had while blasting has been going on we ought to be able to dodge any missiles that the German navy happens to send among us.

I spent \$10.00 on having a gold crown put on a tooth. The old stopping came out, and I thought I had better get the thing attended to at once before it began to get sore. The dentist told me that stopping it again would be no use because the hole was too wide. Ellwood said pretty much the same thing when he did it, so I believed him.

On Saturday evening about nine o'clock I started off in the launch *Margot* with five others for an excursion. Bob Hunt was the one who invited me, and one of the others worked at the Rupert Marine Ironworks, the owners of the boat, so that we got it pretty cheap, only \$5.00. We went to Cloyah Bay, right round at the back of the Island, and when we got there two of the party went ashore to see what things looked like, but they looked very wet, so we decided to sleep on board. By the time we had ourselves anchored and fixed up generally it was nearly two o'clock, but we didn't sleep much even then. The only thing that troubled me was the fear that I might be tired next day. If I had known that I wasn't going to be tired I'd have enjoyed it all, for even after two it was a long time before we had ourselves fitted in properly. You see the cabin was only about eight feet long and five feet wide, and the engine was in the centre at one end, so careful packing was needed. Even at the best one pair of legs had to stick outside in the rain.

The morning was beautifully fine, and we started off about seven o'clock up a very rough trail that led to a lake about 3 miles up the valley. We passed a beaver dam near the lake, but the beavers were in hiding. A tree had been cut down close beside it, and it was done as neatly as if I'd taken an axe to it myself. During the day we saw three bald eagles. The scenery was very much like Donegal but of course there were no open spaces anywhere, and no roads, and no dust and no motor cars, and no people but ourselves. We had two fishing rods and the others there managed to get some trout, which we fried for supper. There were plenty of salmon jumping in the streams, but none of the hooks would have been big enough to catch them, and besides they are not so much of a delicacy as trout.

When we reached the first lake the trail ended, and rather than make



one for ourselves through the woods we got into the water and waded along to the end of the lake and then up the stream again to another little lake and then on again to another bigger one. It was rough going certainly, and the water was very swift in places and sometimes got nearly up to our hips, but it was great sport, and much cooler than floundering about in the woods would have been. We did get into the woods now and again at extra bad rapids, and then we would stop and eat blueberries, which were very thick and much bigger than in Rupert. It would be easy to spend a week or a fortnight among those lakes. You could get a good place to camp, and then go exploring up the streams and climbing mountains.

One of the party had already done that, and had had a very good time, but he spent most of his time in fishing. I would rather have a camera and try to get photographs of wild things. We started off home rather early so as to get the launch through the Butze rapids (between Kaien islands and the mainland) when the tide was at the turn, or near it, and the water was running slowly. Even then there were lots of whirlpools and eddies so that the boat was very hard to steer. Below the rapids we landed and made a big fire and had our supper. It was raining again, but we had a good tree over us, and were able even to dry some of the clothes that we had been wading in. We got back about nine o'clock. I believe I'll go on more of those excursions. It's a very genial bunch that goes (all Americans I think), and if I stay in Rupert I'll simply be using my eyes. They are not very good, not so good as they were a year ago by any means, and when I can spend a whole day without reading a line or doing any fine office work, I'm sure it is best to do so.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

August 8th 1914

My dear Mother

I have nothing to do at present so I may as well start a letter home today (Saturday) instead of to-morrow.

In reply to your question about why the house was so cheap, the only reason I can think of is that the owner was impatient to let it. It had been vacant two or three weeks before we took it. I don't think it ought to be unhealthy. It is far better off with a stream running close by than most houses in town. Of course the garbage gets taken away regularly in the city garbage cart, and is then dumped into the city sniff yacht and taken out to sea.

The book I sent home must have been prophesying when it talked about parks. There are plenty of places reserved for parks, but none of them have been laid out yet.

Pruning blackberries is quite simple. You simply have to cut away all the old wood and let the new shoots that are growing up now do the fruit bearing next year. Probably no great harm would be done if you left the old wood on, but the plant is liable to get too big. I left a good deal of old wood on the front garden ones, if I remember right. How are they doing?

The fruit we get here is much the same as at home. Strawberries began to come up from California in April, but they were too expensive to be of much use to me. The best by a long way came from the Kitsumkalum valley, about mile 100 G.T.P., and they were pretty cheap too, only 15c a basket. Of course they seemed better partly because they arrived fresher, but in any case the Southern B.C. strawberries are not as good as the Northern. They are softer and haven't as good a flavour. They get treated too well by the warmer climate.

The war is affecting us in several ways. Foley, Welch and Stewart sent a wire on Wednesday to the contractor here telling him to shut down everything at once, and so now we have made what are likely to be the final measurements for a good while to come, and all that is left for us to

do is to lay out the yards. The plans will have to be altered because of the work being quite finished, and there is no knowing when we'll get started. Lucas is in Seattle, looking after the Grand Trunk docks, which were completely destroyed by a fire last week.

Both the Prince Rupert and the Prince George are being taken off the run from here to the South. They are valuable steamers and it would be a great loss to the Grand Trunk if they were sunk. There is supposed to be a German cruiser on the coast somewhere. The Prince Rupert received orders just before sailing to go at full speed using all three boilers (I think it has never done before) and to make straight for Seattle. It probably went out by the open sea. It had a party of Frenchmen on board, who had been called home. One result of this stoppage of shipping will probably be that the Grand Trunk will get the line opened all the sooner. All the ships have not been taken off, so whether the line is opened or not, we are not likely to starve. Anyway the woods are full of food.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
August 17th 1914

My dear Mother

What questions! Do you take us for bohunks? If you knew Frank Garrett at all you would know that he was most pernickety in his eating, and would think it far beneath him to eat and drink from enamel ware. Why he would hardly like to sit at the table with people who did such low class disgusting bohunkish things. And anyway I wouldn't care for it myself.

Yes our horses, cows, donkeys, sheep, pigs, cats and dogs are all just exactly the same as at home, but why do you say, just after asking me about all those beasts, that it's very hard to picture me? As a matter of fact I have seen no sheep since I got here except at the exhibition last fall. Hens and ducks and rats are also the same as at home, and I expect if there were any mules that they would be the same too. Are you thinking of coming out here to keep pets, or why all this sudden interest in our neighbours beasts?

The only animals that are at all different from those at home are the wild ones, and you wouldn't care to keep them as pets for they would eat an awful lot, including yourself perhaps. Some of them would be all right, such as chipmunks for instance. They are simply small squirrels and there are great numbers in the woods behind the town, about ten minutes walk from where I live.

I think I told you last week that the Rupert and the George had been taken off the run between here and the South. The George has been converted into a hospital ship, but so far I know that Rupert is doing nothing. Our mails are very irregular now. We had none from Monday evening till Friday evening. There is quite a chance that the whole train service may be stopped too. The man who told me that was one who ought to know, but it would be such a disaster that I can hardly believe it possible. The reason of course would be that the Grand Trunk wanted money badly (not in this case that they were afraid of Germans) and this

part of the country is not developed enough yet for the railway to pay. Three trains a week from Winnipeg were to start on August 23rd.

An army of 200 supposed-to-be-soldiers have been shipped up here from Vancouver to guard the railway and the drydock buildings, where there is now a lot of very valuable machinery. Maybe they are also supposed to keep the German cruisers from bombarding us, but I doubt whether they would be much use. The town cries out for artillery, and the government sends up a batch of raw infantry with pop-guns. They got a curious reception when they arrived last night. When they began to land one man cheered in the proper patriotic way, but nobody else did, and for a minute or two the crowd looked on in absolute silence at the things that had been sent up to protect us. The only soldierly thing about them was the uniform, and even it didn't sit very well on round shoulders. Well anyway after a minute or two of silence people began to make uncomplimentary remarks more and more audibly, calling them bums and poor boobs. "See that there fat young guy?" said one, "He's the colonel". "Well he ain't no account", shouted another, and others would shout out, "Watch 'em waddle," and nearly everybody laughed at them as they marched past. It was shocking.

The fact is Prince Rupert is feeling very sore at the way it has been treated over this war, and one day indignation rose to such a pitch that



the police had to break up the crowd or they would have ducked Joe Merryfield, the secretary of the Conservative Association. These soldiers who have been sent up from Vancouver are simply a bunch of raw recruits, most of whom were out of a job down there, and were glad to be able to join the army and get a dollar a day all found, even at the risk of being shot. As it is they will probably have nothing at all to do but stick around and look wise, while the city supports them as long as they are here. But the real trouble was this. As soon as the war broke out a telegram was sent from Ottawa to Fred Stork, a well-known man in this city and an ex-army captain who served in South Africa. He was asked to form a regiment here and send in the names by a certain date. He wired back that he would, and some hundreds of people at once enlisted with him. In a few days he sent another wire telling what he had done. Now Fred Stork is a Liberal, and the Conservative Association began to get rattled when they saw how well he was doing. So when he sent his second telegram he received a reply stating that the one sent to him in the first place had been a mistake (So now this is almost the only town in B.C. that hasn't got a regiment). Well, it doesn't hurt me at all, but considerable fury was around over the affair and if Joe Merryfield isn't careful that ducking is liable to come off yet. He runs a little wholesale business, and supplies government works, so that he will get the business of supplying the Vancouver regiment with food as long as they are here. I see by the papers that in England people have dropped politics for the time being, but that was easy considering that they were working for principles, and could postpone them for a little while. Here they work for graft, and are not likely to let slip any chance of getting it. It may be that in Prince Rupert it works better than in most places in Canada.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
August 23rd 1914

My dear Mother

From all accounts Belfast is quite safe from bombardment, and I daresay you have had a much less exciting week of it than we have had. We are still all safe and probably will remain so, but for all we know the fight may be going on somewhere in the neighbourhood of the harbour now. The Prince George, converted into a hospital ship, has been lying in the harbour for two days, with steam up, waiting for orders. All though the early part of the week there were rumours coming in from one place and another of one of the German cruisers, the Leipsic or the Nurnberg, being seen not far from here. On Thursday afternoon a telegram supposed to be from the Minister of Marine and Fisheries (he denied afterwards having ever sent it, and no one knows where it came from) arrived at the Bank of Montreal, informing them that the cruiser was just outside and would probably come in and demand coal, and that in the interests of the Empire the coal was to be refused even if the town was shelled in consequence. All coal was to be hidden, and also all the gold in the banks.

You can understand that the telegram made quite a sensation. Later on in the evening a rumour got abroad that the cruiser had been sighted six miles from the harbour entrance, and was coming in, it didn't come. On Friday the Canadian cruiser H.M.C.S. Rainbow, steamed into the harbour, and the hospital ship followed, having come straight up at full speed from the South. According to The Hague rules hospital ships are not allowed within twelve miles of an action. It has six nurses on board. We watched them through telescopes from the office yesterday, fooling around with the officers. The latter were waving the nurses arms about, trying to teach them flag signalling, and it looked like a sort of a tango dance.

There was another wild rumor going about last Monday evening, namely, that four Austrians had tried to blow up the big railway bridge over the Zenardi rapids, connecting Kaien Island with the mainland. What really happened appears to have been this. Four men were coming

down the rapids in a boat, and when the soldiers who were guarding the bridge saw them coming they ordered them to stop! They might as well have told the rapids to stop. Of course the men couldn't, and so they were fired on, but none were hit. They landed as soon as they could and tried to explain matters, but it wouldn't do. They hadn't stopped when they were told, and so they were taken prisoner and brought into Rupert and put in pen, where they are still. They are four quite well known men from one of the canneries, and were simply taking a little trip in their motor launch, so as to enjoy a particularly fine evening. A hundred more soldiers are due here from Vancouver to-night.

The Prince Albert ran on a rock off the North Coast of Graham Island last Monday night, and is probably a total loss. One baby was drowned. It was laid down nice and comfy in the bottom of a lifeboat, and the boat leaked. The G.T.P. has now only the little tub Prince John left to continue the service, and mails etc are getting more muddled up than ever. The C.P.R. may put on a few more boats, but we can't expect much while the sea is so unsafe as it is at present. Two British cruisers have come across from the China Sea, and France and Japan are each sending one.

A strange and most unaccountable thing has happened. A Liberal sergeant has been appointed colonel and told to get together a regiment, and a Conservative captain has been appointed major to help him. Probably the Conservatives didn't dare to appoint a Conservative after what had happened, but no one can see why a sergeant should get the job over the heads of seven officers all living in the town. Very few people are enlisted now. They are feeling too sore in their minds over the way the government has botched things.

I'm sorry the photograph that I am sending has been touched up so much.

With love from
Arnold

P.S. You needn't alarm yourself at all. Even if we did get bombarded the woods are close at hand, and once in there anybody would be pretty safe.

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
August 30th 1914

My dear Mother

This has been a quieter week than last, and nothing of much importance has happened. Very little news is allowed to get out about the doings of the navy on this coast. The Rainbow pops in and out of the harbour for no obvious reason, and the Prince George in all its glory of new paint is at anchor not very far from the wharf all the time. Even the European news is liable to be very jerky. The wires have broken down three times since the war started, and anyway our little papers can't afford to print very much. We have to wait for fuller accounts till the Vancouver papers come up, and they're irregular too. But our little papers are doing a fine business all the same, and the boys are making good money. Some of them tell me that they make between two and three dollars every day, and they seem more cheerful than ever.

Well I've lost my job, so that's one anxiety off my mind. Tomorrow is my last day. The day before yesterday was the first anniversary of my coming here, and it makes one feel like an old-timer to be able to talk about what Rupert was like more than a year ago. It has been a fine year, and I wonder how the second is going to behave. I have another job in sight already, and it may be that I'll be able to start in without any interval at all. A certain man likes me to a certain extent, because I have been able to give him one or two quite nice British stamps, including an antiquated one that came on a letter from Oswald. He is a keen stamp collector, but he shut me off as soon as I told him that my brother was a dealer and always open to do a little business. He said he made it a rule never to buy anything, although he was always open to receive gifts or to make exchanges. However, the mention of my brother's profession did no harm, and he has promised to put in a good word for me where it may be pretty useful. I wonder is that graft. It certainly seems a trifle like it.

By the time I leave the Grand Trunk it will owe me a hundred and thirty five dollars, so that although I won't be working for it, its money

should still be dribbling in at the same old rate as ever for a couple of months more. The poor company is said to be broke. Already it has kept some of its contractors nearly a year waiting for their pay, and they in their turn have had to borrow from the bank at an average of eight per cent. Now that the war is making hotch potch of things they are liable to have to wait a while longer unless the G.T.R. cuts its dividends.

B.B. Kelliher and his assistant have been over the line from Winnipeg making a final inspection and firing everybody they could possibly do without. Kelliher is resigning at the end of the month and going back to spend the rest of his days in Old Ireland. Maybe he'll go and buy up his old landlord's estate, like Stewart, of Foley, Welch and Stewart, who has also been here this week. He is going back this fall to live on a hundred thousand acres of deer forest that he has bought from the Duke of Sutherland. I don't know what a crofter is, but that is what he used to be, and he seems none the worse for it. It is rumoured that Pat Welch, his partner, is going back to Ireland too, so you may expect a new aristocracy soon. Mehan, the General Superintendent from Edmonton to Rupert, is another Irishman but, unlike most of them he is a very devout Catholic, so I suppose you won't want him home. He is an ignorant uneducated man, and comes butting into the office to tell Lucas to "git them dumps measured up" as if he was a bohunk from away back. But his head is all there, and he is a good natured creature and well liked.

Lucas is the only one of our bunch who is not being fired, and he has to go to Seattle and see to the rebuilding of the G.T.P. dock after the big fire. He got back from there to see Kelliher on Friday night, and is going away again as soon as he gets things cleaned up here. He doesn't want to leave Rupert, but I expect he's glad to get anything at times such as these. In Vancouver he says the C.P.R. and the C.N.R. and the P.G.E. and the B.C.E. are all laying off as many men as they possibly can. The B.C.E. employees are offering to go back at half their old wages, just so long as they can get on to a pay roll without having to enlist, but there is nothing for them to do, and so the Vancouver regiments are filling up in a marvellously patriotic way, and Canada's loyalty is being demonstrated more strikingly than ever. The men who enlist get a dollar a day. I had a letter from Frank Garrett this week. He is pretty doleful, and says he

is afraid he will have to enlist. The army appears to take the place of the workhouse in the old country. We have no workhouses here, for in theory there are no unemployed, and putting up a workhouse would be like admitting that all was not perfect.

I am getting very bad at remembering birthdays I'm afraid, but just this evening I remembered that Maria and Sylvia would soon be celebrating. I wish them many happy returns of the day, and I'm sorry it's late.

With love from
Arnold

P.S. The New York papers reported that the Leipsic had been in here and taken our coal and done other damage. In case that was reprinted in the home papers please take note of the fact that it was a dream.

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
September 6th 1914

My dear Mother

I was very interested to hear about what had happened in Belfast. Your last week's letter didn't arrive till this week, so that I couldn't refer to it before, and our own local papers and the old country ones that come out seem unable to talk about anything but strategies and glorious slaughters of Germans and what a fine thing it is to have a British Government that is so careful to preserve treaty rights. However it isn't everyone that talks that way. I was very interested in hearing the opinions of one of the leading Swedes in this town a few days ago. As a matter of fact I was hitting him up for a job at the time, but he is a nice man and I knew him before, so we had quite a long conversation.

He showed plainly that he felt very sore about England suddenly getting conscientious over treaty rights after it had steadily allowed Russia to break all the treaties it could in Finland and Persia. And then to think of Asquith using all these noble words about the value of smaller states after he had approved of the Boer War! It isn't much wonder that the Swedes here are bitter against England. They have seen Finland destroyed notwithstanding all the treaties and promises that France and England had made about keeping it safe, and now they are afraid that Russia will begin to be brutal to them. I tried to ease his mind by saying that I thought probably before the war was over he would see Britain and Germany joining together to hit Russia a great slap, but he was very doubtful, and indeed so am I, he seemed as if he couldn't trust England at all after all the bad things it had done and allowed others to do, and he was afraid the Swedes might have to join in and help Germany so as to prevent civilisation from being stopped.

In the meantime Rupert is getting along fairly comfortably, and beyond a few poor Germans being put in pen for having dared to reply to insults, nobody has suffered very much. A good many are out of work, but we are still well off in that respect compared with a good many other

places. The bombardment scare has all died down. One of the German cruisers that was frightening us has gone to Honolulu, but we have no idea where the other is, and three more Japanese cruisers are said to be coming across to protect us.

The G.T.P. is open. Two trains a week are now leaving here for Winnipeg, and vice versa. We have not heard yet the exact times they are to take, but it will probably be just a few hours less than the C.P.R.¹ takes to Vancouver. Trains leave here on Wednesday and Saturday mornings. They arrive in Fort George on Thursday and Sunday mornings, in Edmonton on Friday and Monday mornings, and in Winnipeg on Saturday and Tuesday afternoons. One fast freight a week will also leave here every week, and one slow one, but really the Grand Trunk seems to have been extraordinarily slack in some ways. They are actually opening the through freight service before they have told people what the rates are to be. Olaf Hanson, the Swede I was talking about, is secretary of a fishing company that expects to send fish to the East, and he says that for weeks he has been buttering at the G.T.P. to know how much they are going to charge him for shipping to the Prairie cities. The company has its office set up in Winnipeg and its agents all ready and customers in sight, but there they are all tied up because they can't quote prices. It's like the weary station-master at Ayton when I wanted to send my luggage home by goods train. He puzzled about in big books for ten minutes or so, trying to find out how much he was to charge me, and then he came back shaking his head and looking more mystified than ever, and said "Eh, Ah doan't know".

This fishing company, the Rorvik Fishing Co., will probably be employing several more men as soon as it knows what it is going to do, so that is why I was getting after Hanson. I have not started to work at anything yet. That little job I had in sight didn't come off, although it may do so yet. But I have been around and seen quite a number of people, and some of them told me to call again this week. I didn't go to Joe Merryfield this time. I've got myself wised up, as they say, during the last year. Victor very kindly wrote and offered to find me work at the Dome again if I lost my job on account of the war, but I don't want to leave Rupert if I can help it. If I do go East I'll stop off for a day or two at Winnipeg and get my

eyes attended to. I think perhaps I need stronger glasses, but there is no doctor here that I'd care to trust. I have been promised one job as soon as it is vacant, which may be in a few days, and also may not, but it is only a small affair for the evenings, showing folks to their seats in a picture show. You get a dollar a night for that sort of work, so that it would be quite useful for a while. The picture show in question is the best in town and has by far the best orchestra of any I was ever in. The reason is that it is run by Germans, pretty wise ones too, for they have been putting on plenty of Rule Britannia and God Save the King stuff lately, and so nobody suspects them. Quite a number of people go there for the music more than for the pictures, and every Monday and Tuesday there is a special request programme for which great crowds generally turn out. With such a fine orchestra to lead the way you can understand more easily how a little burg the size of this is able to support three music stores.

I have another job in view for the end of the war, namely being correspondent for no less a paper than the great Manchester Guardian itself. The thing is not certain at all and I'm not building any hopes on it,



but I wrote to them at the beginning of July asking whether they wished to have one for this new district. But the war started, and they replied that at present they were not able to publish any colonial correspondence at all, but that when things became more settled I was to write to them again and remind them of the matter, and they would be glad to hear from me. It seems almost too much to hope that they will give the position to a child like me, but I gave them references to people that knew me, and that they knew, so it's their own fault. At least it isn't mine. Of course I wouldn't have to send them particular news items. They would get them from an agency, and my business would be to keep watching what was going on and then making wise remarks about things in general. Probably they wouldn't want very much of my wisdom, so that I might not get a tremendous lot of money out of it, but what they do take they pay for very well indeed. Five pounds a column is their minimum, I have been told. What put the idea into my head first was the fact that a representative of the Daily Telegraph came up here and wrote some piffle for the local papers. They seemed to think he must be inspired because he was on the staff of an Old County newspaper, but I thought I was as good as himself.

However the thing may not come off, so please don't talk about it.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
September 14th 1914

My dear Mother

Before your advice about getting an outdoor occupation arrived I had already taken it. The office work at the G.T.P. was certainly very bad, for it was nearly all with fine figures and accurate drawing.

I haven't very much time to write to you, although I'm a day late as it is. I have just got back from work and had supper and changed my clothes and now it is nearly time to go to bed, for I want to be up at half past six in the morning.

I have got two jobs and there is another promised, and probably coming very soon. When it comes I'll drop one of the ones I have now of course. Job no.1 is the picture show business that I mentioned last week. It isn't regular at all, or I wouldn't take it, but I put in two evenings at it last week when big crowds were expected and one of the other men was away. For most of the evening there is no work in it at all. The show starts at 7:30 and ends soon after ten. It is given twice, and in the interval between the two halves the orchestra plays an overture. Everybody who goes to the first part stays for the overture and nearly everyone who intends to be in for the second part comes before the overture, so that at one time of the evening the ushers are at their wits' ends to know where to pack the people. The work is made all the harder because all seats cost the same and yet the various classes of society are supposed to be kept separate. Fine ladies would object very much to being deposited beside Indians or dagoes, so everyone who comes upstairs must be well studied before it is decided what to try to do with them. At the most crowded times there simply has to be a lot of mixing, and I must say that at other times the bohunks are very workable, and seem to head naturally for the back seats.

When people are unreasonable it's nice to punish them, although I dare say the manager would be vexed if he knew of the things I did. For instance a couple of silly creatures came in covered with paint and finery, and I put them into a pretty good seat where there was already an Indian,

and asked them to move close up, but not a bit could they do it, they left a gap of two places, and it gave me great pleasure to send a couple of bohunks in past them to sit beside them, and then put a couple more bohunks on this side. I do like being naughty when people get cocky, and they were really very angry. However, I daresay these things don't interest you much, so I'll pass on. But I assure you some very puzzling situations arose, as for instance when a very wealthy old gentleman waddled in and found every respectable seat occupied, and I knew he had gout. Everybody knows it.

Last Wednesday was one of the wettest and wildest days this year, so I thought I would act on some advice that I used to give to Frank Garrett, and make a special effort to get a job because the bad weather would be keeping everybody else indoors. So I went and got one. I asked at the Cold Storage whether there was anything doing, and I was told I could come down next morning and shovel coal if I liked. Pay was 35c an hour, and the day was nine hours. So next morning I did some shovelling. In five hours four of us shovelled sixty tons, besides hauling halibut steamers that had to be loaded up against the coal barge and doing other heavy work. In the afternoon from two till four I rolled barrels of gasoline about and stood them up on their ends, and then I was told to lay off and come back at seven. At seven I started in to squirt water in the middles of halibut that had been gutted but not washed, and that work went on till nearly twelve. I thought it was nearly bedtime, but I found that a few tons of salmon had to be treated in the same way. When that was finished I did think it must be almost stopping time, but it wasn't, for a fishing boat came tooting in from the Skeena and we had to set to work to unload it of a few more tons of salmon, and that was the hardest work of the day.

The fish come in in boxes, and each box holds about 260lbs. and is pretty heavy in itself. Two of these boxes are put on one barrow, so that you have a weight of more than a quarter of a ton. It was all very well for some of the big brawny fishermen. They could just pick up the barrow and trundle it as easily as Maria trundles that toy of hers in the potting shed, but it was a bit strenuous for a little chap like me. I could just pick up the handles, and then when I had raised that great weight I had hardly any push left in me. However I did my share, but I expect the boss must

have thought I looked weary, for he told me I needn't come back till lunch time next day. The Cold Storage is two and a half miles away, and I came home in the afternoon, so that that first day I walked a good ten miles besides doing thirteen hours work. That was a flying start all right after lazing about and doing almost nothing for months and months.

On Friday I did no hard work but I nearly froze. The boss sent me into the cold rooms to measure up all the stacks of halibut in the place and tell him exactly how much there was and how many boxes it would fill and what it weighed. The temperature in the rooms was ten and in the corridors fifteen, and my gloves were wet so that I couldn't wear them.

I did the measurements of Friday afternoon and on Saturday morning I fiddled about with calculations and then he gave me about twenty sheets of figures of his own and told me to work them up in certain ways and give him the answers. It so happened that his figures were all wrong, but I worked at them in a nice warm dry room all Saturday afternoon and then this morning I went over the results with him. Then he set me to make a plan of another part of the building that he intends to alter. This afternoon I shovelled coal again and provisioned a halibut steamer, and accidentally broke 53 eggs in a case that I didn't know contained eggs.

This cold storage plant is supposed to be the biggest thing of its kind in the world. It contains at present nearly a thousand tons of halibut waiting for shipment, and big catches of halibut and salmon are continually coming in. Last week also one steamer from the Behring Sea brought in 250 tons of Grey Alaska Cod, the finest cod that grows. Last Thursday for the first time the cured fish was shipped in refrigerator cars right through to Chicago by G.T.P.

Well I hope now you approve of my getting an outdoor occupation. The other job that is coming is assisting one of the engineers in outdoor work at the Drydock, and that may come almost at once.

With love from
Arnold

C/o W.H. Tobey
G.T.P. Engr. Dept.
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
September 21st 1914

My dear Mother

I am at present stationed in an engineering car on the siding at Quick, mile 271.7 from Prince Rupert. The G.T.P. is believed to have raised a lot of money from somewhere, anyway it is now able to finish ballasting the line, and word went forth suddenly last Friday that a lot of men were wanted for the engineering side of the work. I heard on Friday evening at eight o'clock, so next morning I went down to Foley's office (Tobey is head engineer for the part between Rupert and Fort George) at 8:30, the time it was supposed to open. The assistant there told me all the places had been filled, but when I said I had been working for the G.T.P. on that line for about a year he told me to wait and see Tobey. Tobey didn't turn up till 9:20, and as soon as he saw me he asked if I wanted to go, so of course I said I did, and he told me the train left at 10 o'clock, so I'd have to hurry.

It was a great rush, and most of my things are still in Rupert in good keeping. I couldn't have brought them in any case. This job is not likely to last after the freeze-up, about the end of November, and it is the same as I had before, but I couldn't resist the temptation to come up country. I doubt whether I'll make as much as if I had stayed in Rupert, but at any rate the work is far pleasanter than at the Cold Storage, and when I get back I daresay I'll be able to get on at the picture show occasionally again if I want to. The drydock of course has had to be thrown over entirely for the present, although even there I'll stand a good chance of getting a job. When the engineering staffs up the line were laid off at the end of August quite a number of them were taken on at the drydock at once.

I can't write very much this week, for I haven't much time just now and the train goes through early to-morrow morning, so I'll have to take my letter over to the section foreman at the station to-night. Quick is a station, siding and nothing else. Smithers is 44 miles West, and Fort

Fraser about 60 East. We are in about as uninhabited a part as you could get on any railway line in Canada, and even the absolute necessities of life, such as chewing gum have to be ordered from places a long way off. The land here is very fine, with a light growth of willow, poplar and spruce, but scarcely any settlers are taking it, because of its cost. It has all been sold by the government to speculators who are holding it up for high prices.

We reached Hazelton at about six on Saturday evening, and moved our belongings to the engineering car that we were to live in. We spent Saturday night at Hazelton and most of Sunday we were pretty busy fixing up the car. It had been an ordinary box car for freight, and had to have partitions put up and bunks fixed in. At two o'clock on Sunday afternoon a work train came along with the ballast gang and other things and hitched us on, and we arrived here pretty late on Sunday evening. We haven't got a cook yet, but he is to come on Wednesday, along with other supplies, and we thought that up till Wednesday we should have to eat with the ballast gang, who are fed by a contractor, and not very well. However,



our boss happens to be on friendly terms with the section foreman, who lives here with four labourers at the station, and we have arranged to have meals with him for the time being. His wife is a genius at cooking, and we are certainly treated well. Today for dinner she gave us a roast chicken a-piece, and for supper to-night we had grouse rissoles ad lib. There was also a profusion of the most excellent cakes and fancy work in general, and plenty of solid stuff for the hungriest. The foreman just takes a gun out with him when he goes to work every day, and shoots the chicken and grouse along the line, so that they are not very much of a luxury to him. He gets quantities of trout in the streams and lakes as well. This is an open rolling country, with no high mountains in sight. It reminds me of the Mendips in some ways. We are just about two thousand feet above sea level here. When our cook comes, we'll have meals in the car, and the engineering outfits are always well treated in that respect, so that although I'll get only thirty five dollars a month I expect the living will be worth a good deal more than the twenty five dollar allowance I got in Rupert, and up here I can't spend anything very easily.

As for clothes, you can wear any old thing you like, so they cost next to nothing. Things that would soon be discarded in Rupert would last another year up in the woods where nobody comes to criticise. And to think of it, since Saturday morning I haven't seen a single war entry, nor heard one solitary scrap of news!

With love from
Arnold

C/o W. H. Tobey
G.T.P. Engr. Dept.
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
September 27th 1914

My dear Mother

I think perhaps it would be better for you to go back to my old address after the end of October. If I do get kept on later than the middle of November my mail will be forwarded in any case, and a little delay will be the only difference.

We have been having an easy time this week, for the ballast gang is too small to keep up with us. There are only sixty men in it, while we could easily do with a hundred and twenty. It is quite possible that the gang may be doubled soon. If it isn't the work won't be anywhere near finished before the freeze-up. We are starting at about mile 270, and another gang is starting about mile 330, and the idea is for us to work towards each other and meet in the neighbourhood of Rose Lake, mile 303, the highest point between Tete Jaune Cache and the Pacific, and the point of division between the Skeena and Fraser River basins.

Our work consists of driving grade-stakes in all along the track, about five feet out from the rails. Then a gravel train comes down from the gravel pits at Rose Lake, and as it moves slowly along past the grade stakes a plough starts at one end and is dragged right through all the gravel by a cable attached to the other end. In that way the gravel is all ploughed off the train. Then a gang comes along and jacks up the line to a level with the top of our grade stakes, and another gang follows and digs the gravel well in under the lifted ties. Then more gravel comes and is spread between the rails to a level with the tops of the ties. Then we come again and drive in struts with tacks in their tops to mark what ought to be the exact centre of the track, and finally a gang of track-liners comes and shifts the track with crow-bars until they have it lying exactly where it ought to be. It is never more than an inch out of centre after the lifting, so that the track liners only have to do a little adjusting. But sometimes,

generally on a high embankment running over soft ground the lift is a much as two feet. It usually takes a good many years for a railway to get a perfect road-bed. The G.T.P. for the first hundred miles out of Rupert has as good a one as most of the very oldest railways, but that is because it has a solid rock foundation.

Up here in the Bulkley Valley there is a great depth of river silt and glacial deposits and so on, and the Bulkley River itself runs close alongside most of the way, so that any flood is liable to make the newly disturbed ground very soft and then there is a sinkage. Close by here last spring when the snow was melting the whole embankment for two or three hundred feet went squash while a freight train was passing over, and the water on each side swept away all that was left of it and left the rails hanging in the air. That was what is called a "squash out", but there are likely to be plenty of wash-outs as well, places where the water just carries away a bit of the embankment of its own accord. Of course there are lots of cribs being put in in dangerous places to hold things in place, and there are any number of bridges to let the water run through wherever it is likely to want to, but even as there are sure to be weak places left.

What we are working on is the second lift. The track is laid first of all on the bare dump, and then very soon the ballast gangs come and give it the first lift, raising it everywhere even if it has not sunk at all. The second lift follows in a few months or a year, and then there are third and fourth lifts later on. After that the road-bed is supposed to be finished and the section-gangs look after it by themselves. A section gang consists of three labourers and a foreman.

Our good times feeding on grouse and prairie chicken, cooked by that most excellent woman the section-foreman's wife, are now at an end, and we are having our meals cooked and manufactured for us by a Chink called Dong Suey, who lived with us. Our supplies have all come except the meat. Our only meat is ham, but Suey is a clever cook all right and knows how to concoct tasty dishes. His cakes and pastry are pretty good too, and nobody is discontented even though it seems queer that no meat has come. We have a case (30 dozen) of eggs.

Our instrument-man is an American, our rodman, Eric Paul Kruger, is one of the jolliest Germans imaginable; you know what the chainman

is; the axeman is a Swede, and the cook is a Chinaman. Consequently I and my boss are the only ones who can talk unbroken English. Kruger is very good, but you would know he was a foreigner, and of course the Swede pronounces all his j's like y's, and the Chink talks about breakfast and tlains and Plince Rupert and does nearly everything in his own special way. You never know what's coming out of him next. "You lick aches?" he said to me yesterday evening just before supper, and for the life of me I couldn't think what he was driving at till the instrument man, who has had him as cook before and knows his little ways, and can even talk to him the way he talks, explained to me that Suey wanted to know if I liked eggs.

This morning soon after six we began to jolt and when we looked out we found that an engine was running away with us in the direction of Prince Rupert. Well we couldn't do anything, and the whole train of ballast gangs and meal cars was coming with us, so we just had breakfast



G.T.P. track laying through dense forest near Prince Rupert

and waited. We travelled 23 miles down the line and then we slowed up and stopped, and found that in a deep mud cut a lot of the mud had slid and blocked the way. Another gang had got there ahead of us however, and the line was almost clear already. There was nothing for the engineers to do but stand still and look important. In five minutes all was clear and we went back, but that was a five minutes full of bustle and shouting enough to make anyone think an awful disaster had happened. The reason was just this. The President's Special was blocked, and was waiting on the next siding, and no expense was too great in order to save a moment or two of his highness's valuable time. The President of the company and the head government railway engineer from Ottawa, and quite a crowd of other most important personages have been visiting Prince Rupert during the week, and they were on their way back when the mud decided to slide down in front of them. The trip didn't hurt me at all. I got a joy-ride for nothing, but it seemed to me to be peculiar for a great company that was rather hard up to go and act in that silly manner.

I was going to say a little more about the kind of country this is, but that can wait. I'm not in any hurry, for up here I have all Sunday to do nothing in, but I must write to Cecil.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
October 5th 1914

My dear Mother

I almost think the quickest way to get letters home now is to post them on the Winnipeg train passing through here on Wednesday evening. If I post them before Tuesday they will go down to Rupert by the train that goes through early on Tuesday morning and then they will go away down to Vancouver and such like out of the way places instead of going East direct by the best transcontinental in America. Someday maybe, if the Government happens to wake up, mail will go straight from Rupert to the East. In fact for all I know it may be doing that now, but I don't think it is. It wasn't when I left, and I have heard nothing about it since. A man on a ranch a couple of miles away has the local post-office. I went there for some stamps a few days ago and he gave me two glasses of fresh milk, a rare treat after canned milk almost all the time for more than a year, and also an armful of lettuces, out of which Suey made some excellent salad. He, Suey, certainly is a fine cook. I don't believe even at Dalton Hall I got such fancy food in such variety. I must confess I don't need so many cakes and fancy pies, and maybe plainer stuff would be wholsomer, but I don't think I'll complain to him about it, or tell him to cut out the icing. You would.

We are having very easy times in the matter of work too, for the ballast gang is far too small for us. We are keeping close behind them with the centre line and the grade stakes are in up to the next station, Perow (pronounce like "pierrot"). Until the whole outfit moves ahead I don't suppose we'll give any more grades, so for the present we are doing practically nothing, and have lots of time for washing clothes and fitting the car with new shelves and making draughtsboard and draughts men, and seeing the country. Two days last week we were working so far ahead that it was hardly worth while coming back for lunch, and we took sandwiches etc. with us and picnicked by the river. Both days, like nearly every day here, were beautifully fine and just the right temperature,

after the morning frost. The nights get quite cold; on Friday night we had twelve degrees of frost. As Suey said on Saturday morning, "Fleas-velly bad last night. Fleas allee time soon." But for the present, although I am afraid winter is not far off now, the weather is ideal, and however hard it may freeze at night the days are like summer.

This afternoon, having washed all I wanted to, and taken a good hot bath in a tub down by the river, and having nothing else to do, I took a walk up a hill near by and was more than ever struck with the rich appearance of the country. In some places the ground would be open for a little and then the grasses would grow up like a great jungle all round you. You couldn't see over them in parts. The tops were seven feet high. Probably in summer when they were green they were thicker and taller still, but except on Garden Island between Prince Rupert and Metlakatlah, where the old graveyard is, I never saw such fine grass anywhere. And here it is unmanured. Besides that, both in the grass and in the woods and on open burnt over places high up on the hills there are great quantities of wild strawberries and gooseberries and roses and raspberries. I want to see this valley in summer. It must be an amazing sight. It's such a size too. It's an entirely different kind of country from what you find along the C.P.R. There it's all shut in, with rich valleys running off here and there, but no great wide spaces such as we have up here. And then beyond these hills you come on more country of much the same kind, with big long lakes for waterways, and easy gently sloping roads and trails leading over the low places in the hills to the G.T.P. Looking down from a height you can see that most of the timber is pine, but along the river, and for half a mile or so on each side of it, it is mostly poplar and cottonwood.

Now in the autumn the colour of the valley is a dark green with a wide band of yellow and gold running up the centre. There are other kinds of undergrowth that are all red now, and one hill in particular looks as though it was half covered with heather in full bloom because of the big patches of red on it.

Another good point about this neighbourhood is the scarcity of noxious animals. There are very few bears and wolves. Deer are not uncommon, and as for squirrels, why the woods are nearly as full of their chirrupings as the woods at home are full of the chirrupings of birds.

They have made big piles of pine cones for the winter, and tunnelled the ground underneath so as to get at them easily. The bush rats, big rats with bushy tails, have made great nests too, about a yard square, building them of green fire-weed that will ferment a little in the winter and keep them warm. While we were up at Perow having our picnic, Paul Kruger strolled up the river a little way and found a new beaver dam, which we all took a look at. The beavers are very busy nowadays too. They cut down the poplars and then cut them up into lengths and drag them down to the water. Then, Paul says, they suck the air out of them so as to make them sink and keep below the ice, where they can always be got at. The bark is what the beavers eat. I haven't seen any of the animals themselves yet, for they are very bashful, and will hardly show themselves to anyone; but when we get to Perow I intend to make a great effort to see them by hiding near their dam and then keeping still. There is an old beaver clearing close by here, hardly a hundred yards from the car we live in, but all traces of the dam have gone.

Maybe you had better go back to my old address now. 'Fleeze allee time soon.'

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
October 11th 1914

My dear Mother

I find that mail sent East on the Winnipeg train is taken only as far as Fort George, and is then carried by stage to Ashcroft, then by train to the C.P.R. Main Line, and then East by C.P.R. Mails from Fort George to Edmonton, and vice versa, all have to travel by C.P.R., going away down South to Ashcroft and Calgary, making the journey at least three times as long as it need be. I don't know the reason for such an unbusinesslike arrangement, and I don't suppose there really is any. It is quite possible that the stage drivers between Fort George and Ashcroft are Conservatives, and in that case of course they will be pampered as long as possible. It is very interesting to see the way politics work out here in the Bulkley Valley. Conservative farmers have very nearly all got roads to their farms, but a Liberal farmer might as well ask for the moon as for a road, unless that road happened to lead to a Conservative somewhere. In the Francois Lake district, for instance, where Liberals are pretty thick, and the land is even better and more promising than here, there are no roads at all. Of course there are very few farmers. Not one per cent of the land is occupied, and road making can't possibly pay for a long time to come, for the people who come in here intending to settle very often go away again when they hear what the prices are, but if a Conservative has a farm away back in the hills somewhere the Government will build miles of road to get to it, and Joe Merryfield will send in all the supplies for the road building gang and charge high prices for it all, just as if the stuff he sent was good. Well anyway. I think I'll send my letters via Rupert in future. Probably that is the quickest way after all.

I'm not surprised that you didn't like the photograph I sent, but you may be glad it wasn't the one the photographer wanted me to take. He thought it a much better one, and touched it up to use as a specimen of his art, but he made me look so proud and furious, and gave me such a round fat face that I wouldn't have it at all. I couldn't prevent him putting

it in his window for the benefit of the public however, and one evening when I was in town a bunch met me and told me very excitedly that they had seen a most extraordinary photograph of me, and that it wasn't like myself at all. It was like a real English gentleman doncha know, or like one of these wise guys who has been to college and thinks he knows everything.

We were moved up to Perow on Friday evening, during a thunderstorm. There was more thunder yesterday, Saturday evening. There was none all summer in Rupert. The only thunder and lightening I have known there was last winter when the snow was on the ground. We are still having easy times, but Paul Kruger I'm sorry to say has gone to another car. His place has been taken by Johnny Fizsimmons, of Downpatrick, who has been working around here for six years, and has been with the G.T.P. most of the time.

It is quite evident that the G.T.P. has got a lot of money from somewhere, for it is preparing to spend it all along the line. Station buildings are to be put up at every station, and roundhouses are to be built at Fort George, Smithers and Prince Rupert. The excavation work is to be started at Prince Rupert again pretty soon too, including one good sized new piece that will put the edge of the waterfront all on one tangent for about two miles.

None of us get any Rupert papers, at least none arrive. Johnny has the Daily News ordered all the time, but somebody else seems to get first pickings, and the paper hardly ever turns up. Dan McClellan, our boss, gets his Seattle Sun very irregularly too, and my Cobalt Nugget, a present from Victor, is about as bad. Dan is another Irishman, but he doesn't eat meat on Fridays. The foreman of the ballast gang, Mickey Riordan is another, and he gets invited into our car now and again for meals, and is glad to get something eatable. The ballast gangs, and I think nearly everyone else except the engineers, are fed by contract between the Grand Trunk and some caterers, and the food that gets dished out is a disgrace. Sometimes you can smell the meat the whole length of the train, and nearly everything else is as bad. If work was not so scarce the men wouldn't stand it a day. Sometimes indeed they have just thrown everything on the table out of the windows and gone hungry rather than

make themselves ill. I'd like to see what would happen if this sort of stuff got handed out at the Dome Mines. One time the men got so mad about it that they just turned the tables upside down on the floor. That wasn't this time. It was about a year ago. The pay has been cut to not much more than half what it was a year ago. It's 17½ cents an hour now, so that a man can live himself and save a little, but if he has a family they have to do without anything, unless the kids sell papers and the missis takes in washing. I wonder very much that the engineers have not had their wages cut. That may come too. I'm getting more now than a labourer, and yet I'm not supposed to be on a married man's job at all.

The weather is a good deal milder than it was, and the weather has turned cloudy. There was a fog yesterday, a rare occurrence, and we could do no work all morning.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
October 19th 1914

My dear Mother

I'm sorry I forgot to tell you anything about the Sky Pilot. I don't care for him so much as for Kerr. He is less self-conscious and doesn't try to show off so much, but he has nothing like so much energy or general information. He is quite an old man, and fairly quiet, in fact very quiet. Maybe he was livelier in his younger days when Ralph Connor knew him. As it is nobody can help liking him, he seems such a benevolent old man, and he doesn't give much offence. He makes no enemies. Maybe that will come yet. It will if he does what he ought to do, but I suppose he doesn't want to rush things till he knows more.

We are still at Perow, but the ballast gang has been increased to about a hundred and we now have to work both morning and afternoon generally. Did ever you know such a hardship? Another gang may be put on to the next section, and then we'll go right on to the one after. One reason why we are having such easy times is that there are not many curves near here. There are a great many near Rupert and quite a lot a few miles further up, near the summit. Just around here the tangents are nearly all long. One is four miles long and another three, and there are not many less than a mile. They are easier to work with because along them grade and centre stakes have to be 300ft. apart, while on curves they are 100ft. apart. Extra ones go in wherever there is a change of grade, and vertical curves have to be monkeyed with quite a lot, but most of the grades are even, rising at the maximum rate of 0.4% for miles at a time.

It's strange what a difference a few miles will make. Down at Quick there were grouse everywhere, but here there are hardly any, and yet the country on the whole seems exactly the same.

The weather is still mild. I don't think it's as cold as it was a month ago. We were surprised on Friday to hear that Smithers had had a heavy fall of snow. It is fifty miles nearer the coast and several hundred feet lower.

We are getting fresh milk every day now. We go for it to a ranch about

four and a half miles away, and it is a great treat. Ten cents a pint was the price in Rupert. I don't know what we are paying here. Meals are as good as ever. Suey never gets tired of making delicacies, and yesterday he had the pleasure of telling the boss what to order for next month. I'm sure you'd have laughed well to have heard him say to Dan "You catch um lice, see." He always says "catch" when he means "get". When I brought home the lettuces he asked, "Where you catch um?" Catching lice is therefore the same as getting rice. He wanted to make boiled 'lice' pudding, poor boy, the same as if he was at home in Canton. His chief trouble is the cold, which he seems to dread more than anything. Every night before he gets into bed he says "Fleas to-night", and heaps on a great fire. What's the matter with me I don't know. I tell people it must be my warm heart. These other fellows when they go out wear thick shirts and heavy underclothing, and sometimes coats too, but I just have a thin cotton shirt when I'm working, and then I put my coat on when I stop.

I was sorry to hear of Katie's fly-bite. The fly must have been part of the Canadian Contingent I think. I never heard of quite so bad a bite here, although one woman who came fresh to the country this summer got hard warts where the flies bit her, and had to be operated on to bring



back her beauty. One of the engineers got bitten on each eyelid, and both eyes were stopped up for some days. I got a bite on my wrist about ten days ago. The mark looked just like a prick at first and I'd have thought it was caused by a snake only that there was only one mark. I was told it was just a fly. All my forearm was sore and swollen and a red mark line half an inch wide ran right up from the bite nearly to my shoulder. The flies were said to be at about their worst in September when we got here, but they are not so much trouble now. I got a leathery part of my foot bitten right through the blanket in bed one night at Rupert. It woke me up, and when I wriggled my foot the beast came singing up to my head, and then died. It was only a mosquito, but a fine big one. I've been told that in Alaska the mosquitoes will bite you through the leather of your boot unless you are wearing a good thick one but an awful lot of fibbers come from Alaska, and until I go there I won't know what to believe. I was hoping to get on with the engineers there next year for the Government Railway, but I'm sorry to say I'd have to be an American citizen if I was to be taken on. If D.A. Thomas goes on with his Naas River and Groundhog coalfields scheme I may get work there. I'll have to have something out of doors, and engineering is very interesting. The G.T.P. will want quite a staff for some years yet, but as the line is finished there are not many chances of promotion. Seniority counts for so much that I'm nowhere.

I don't know whether I acknowledged the scrap of paper that you sent last week. If not, I do so now.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

Oct 25th 1914

My dear Mother

I remember Nurse Matthews quite well. She treated me very kindly always and didn't tell fibs. She never said my medicine was brandy like her predecessor did. One afternoon I remember I asked what my medicine was and this other nurse said it was brandy and I told her if it was I wouldn't drink it, so it stayed by my bed all afternoon, and she would come in every now and again and scold me and say I would have to drink it up. I didn't like it and I wouldn't take it. I knew pretty well it wasn't brandy, but as long as she was pig-headed enough to say it was I was pig-headed enough not to take it. That was great sport. It was before I was really ill. I'm laid up now for a few days, but only over a small affair.

A speeder is a three wheeled vehicle worked by hand and used for running along the railway track. You can go at quite a good rate on one. Last Wednesday I was out on one with another boy. He was sitting behind facing forwards and I was in front facing back. We were going fairly fast when it suddenly jumped off the rails for no reason that we could see at the time, although we found afterwards that one wheel had gone a little bit crooked. The fellow who was sitting behind flew over my head and landed quite safely on his tummy. I was jerked off on to my back and then the speeder turned a somersault and fell on top of me. I caught it alright before it hit me and when the other boy came running back to see my mutilated body I told him I was not hurt at all, but then when I began to crawl out from underneath I found that something had happened to the muscles in the calf of my right leg and I couldn't stand on it. Since then I have done nothing but loaf about, either lying in bed or sitting down with my leg up on a chair. It's much better now, and in another week I should be able to get about pretty well, and do some work, and get up an appetite for Suey's productions. When the others go out to work he busies himself with singing Chinese songs. I never heard anything like them. They don't seem to be music at all. There is a Chinese joint in Rupert where you can

always hear music in the evening. It's like rattling a little stone about in a kettle. The only kind of music that seems like music is a reed instrument, and you wouldn't know it from a Scotch bagpipes. There was a shack near where we were living in Rupert where some Chinks used to play on their reed nearly every evening, and for a long time I thought they must have been bagpipes, and wondered at it.

We had a couple of days of frost again this week, and one night the northern lights shone out very brightly, but know it's as warm as ever. When the nights were clear we got a fine view of the comet with the naked eye, and a still better one by looking at it with the transit. I never saw Halley's comet anything like so well. The Grand Trunk has now paid me all my living allowances except for August. I've got nothing yet for this time, but I don't need it. I couldn't very easily spend it if I did get it. There is a possibility that Tobey may keep us on longer than we expected at first. A good deal of work has to be done on the final alignment during the winter and then there is the work starting in the yard at Rupert and Smithers. It is quite likely that two cars will be kept in commission all winter, and in that case I might be able to stay on. There are only three cars working now and several of the people in them are new hands who would come after me.

I am rubbing my leg with an oily liniment that seems to do it good. The time-keeper of the ballast gang keeps a supply of things like that. if I had had to see a doctor I'd have got a pass down to Smithers and seen the company doctor there for free or else he would have come to me. We pay 75c a month and get all our medical attendance free, so you needn't be afraid of getting doctors' bills. At the Cold Storage a dollar was taken off, but they charged nothing for the fifty three eggs I broke. I'm not sure whether Smithers has a hospital or not, but Hazelton has one, and that's only ninety miles away. However I don't need one, thanks to the smart catch I made.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Nov 1st 1914

My dear Mother

I have very little to say this week, for I have been indoors almost the whole time and am not allowed to do any work yet. I can get about quite easily if I keep my right foot on tip-toe, but it is still very painful to try and walk if I put it flat on the ground. I'm afraid it will take some time to get quite well, but I may be thankful the blow came on the soft part at the back of the leg and not on the bone.

Tobey came up on his motor speeder last Monday and gave us news about Rupert. He says I can stay here till the freeze-up and then I can get back to my old job in Rupert. The G.T.P. is taking out another 200,000 cu.



*Hotel Prince Rupert completed mid 1914.
Original plans were for a 10 story
Central Block hotel of over 600 rooms.
(Burnt to the ground in a 1977 fire.)*

yds to give yard space. It will be quite a big area this time, as the part to be excavated is in most places not more than 20 ft. above grade. Somebody else has been taken on temporarily till I get there, and the job should last six months at the very least. It may last a year if I care to stay so long.

Tobey brought up a free scholarship certificate from one of the American Correspondence schools, and gave it to me. He gets them every now and then with a request to pass them on. As a matter of fact it came so late that I doubt whether I'll be able to use it. It entitles me to a course not to take longer than five years in any of their subjects, the only cost being the price of the text books. The Civil Engineering Course has 64 text books and is a very long one, but of course all the text books have not to be bought at once.

Tobey is a very agreeable man, but at night the noise is appalling. Poor Dan could hardly get a wink of sleep while he was here. Such a booming and spluttering in never heard. He beats Kenneth altogether.

On Friday we were moved down to Knockholt, mile 244. There isn't even a station here, only a siding. We are less than twenty miles from Smithers. We have only to do a couple of miles, and then if the weather is still mild we may be sent up again to beyond where we were before.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Nov 8th 1914

My dear Mother

We are at Smithers now, ballasting the tracks in the yards, and we have heard no word yet about when the gang is likely to be laid off. There were some pretty sharp frosts during the week, and on Wednesday, at Knockholt, there was snow all morning, but yesterday and today we have had heavy rain, just like the rain in Rupert, and every trace of frost is gone. It seems as if this is going to be an unusually late winter, the same as last one, and it will be a good thing if it is. There is a good deal of ballasting to be done before the freeze-up if the track is to be in good order in the spring, and work is behind hand on account of everybody being laid off for about seven weeks as soon as the war started. The Government came through with a big loan and saved the situation. If we are able to go on working until we get things fixed up as they should be, the railway ought to be in full working order next year, with trans-Pacific steamers running and a big trade through Prince Rupert. There are fourteen miles of siding planned for here at Smithers, the first passenger and freight divisional point east of Rupert, so that should give some idea of what is expected.

I'm still kept away from work. There is not much to do, and Dan won't let me do any, although I could easily do my share now. I can't put my foot flat on the ground yet when I'm walking but that is no very great inconvenience. When we arrived here I thought I might as well see the doctor, and when I told him what sort of an accident it was he felt my leg and then told me exactly what had happened. He said the heel must have been caught in a tie and jerked so that the muscle connecting it with the knee had been wrenched and possibly pulled away from the knee-bone a little, and then when the excitement was over it had contracted, and drawn the heel up somewhat, so that I couldn't work my foot properly. I daresay that's quite right. I was too busy attending to the other end of my body to know what was going on down there. The doc gave me some

ointment and showed me how to rub it in and roll the muscle about and knead it up well until it was softened and relaxed itself. It's very hard now.

When we got here we found one of the other engineer cars, the one that Bob Hunt was in, here before us, so we had some sociability before they went. They had been attending to drainage I think. This is a very flat piece of ground, and it's hard to plan any drainage system at all. The ground is all muskeg too. I never saw such ditches as there are along the streets. A drunk man might easily drown if he fell into one during his wobbings. But they are not deep enough, or, if they are, something else ought to be done.

The city heaps stones and gravel on to the streets, but it all sinks in and gets mixed up with the muskeg, and the wagons as they go along are sometimes up to their axles in mud. It was about the worst place for putting a town that could have been chosen. Just about seven or eight miles up the line there was an excellent dry firm piece of level land, but the Grand Trunk didn't think it could afford the price that was asked, and so it bought this boy cheap, and now has to drive piles forty feet before it can put up a permanent building. Another thing against Smithers is the heavy snowfall. We are just at the foot of the Hudson Bay Mountain, an enormous mass standing up by itself, and the snow here is three feet deep while up at the other place it is only eighteen inches. Snow ploughs can't be used in a yard because they would only throw the snow from one track on to the others along side, and so all the snow has to be shovelled away by hand. Down at Pacific, mile 112 or thereabouts, where the Grand Trunk has another divisional point and townsite, they have made exactly the same mistake. Five miles further this way the snowfall is about half as heavy. The heaviest snowfall is at a place called Hole in the Wall, where the depth is 26 feet, and the train seems to be passing through a cut all the time, for you have to look up from the windows to see the top of the snow. That is near the coast.

Bob Hunt and I were walking up town one evening when we saw a news bulletin in a newspaper office window, so we stopped to look at it, and the newspaper man called out to us "Come on in boys, there's better light in here," so we went in and had a long and very entertaining craic with him. He owns three of the little papers along the line between

Rupert and Fort George, and he just that day started issuing a daily paper in Smithers, printed on one side and about the size of this paper I'm writing on, price 10c a copy or 50c a week. He said he had quite a lot of subscribers. He was just one of the regular hoboes who can't keep still. He used to be on the New York Tribune, but he got weary and since then has travelled everywhere in the States and Canada, getting most of his rides for nothing, either riding on the rods under the cars or up on the roof, or some other outlandish place, such as in the cow catcher. The time he did that, he said he was very uneasy until the journey was over. He had also been in Cobalt, but had got nothing, and worked up through the bush from there to Hudson Bay, going East of the T.N.O.¹ and seeing nothing of Porcupine. There are a lot of Cobalt and Porcupine prospectors in this neighbourhood.

After that of course we had to go to the inevitable picture show. There were about thirty there and admission was 25c, and it was all very nice and homely. You just strolled in and stood around the stove and conversed until the man who ran the place thought fit to collect the money and to guess he would start the show pretty soon. He was pleased to hear that our gang of a hundred men had come into town the night before, but then, as he said, wages were so low that he couldn't expect the men to spend much money. In fact I saw only one of the gang there. He was a little boy called Macaroni who looks as though he ought to be at school still, but Micky Riordan says he's the best worker of the bunch.

Please thank Cecil for his letter and "Great Britain and the European Crisis". I read it all with very great interest, and so did Dan McClellan, who thinks the present British Cabinet is the best they ever had, almost as good indeed as Woodrow Wilson's.

With love from
Arnold

¹ T.N.O. = Territoires du Nord-Ouest or Northwest Territories

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Nov 16th 1914

My dear Mother

We are still at Smithers with very little to do. We may shut down any day now, or we may go on to Pacific, mile 119, and make some alterations in the lay-out of the yards there. After the rain last week it began to freeze and has gone on doing so ever since. There was a little snow too. Saturday night suddenly became cold and the temperature went to four below, and last night (this is Monday) was about the same, but today is cloudy. Track lifting is almost impossible now. You can get about six jacks under one rail and then as likely as not the rail will pull the spikes out of the ties and leave the ties in the ground. That being so the management thought it was about time to get a hustle on, so they double-crewed the steam shovel and increased the gang, and the result is that so much more gravel is being brought out of the gravel pits than is needed, that there are two or three trains loaded with it now, standing in the yards and freezing solid.

They may as well stay there till next spring. If they had got a hustle on two months ago they would have been all right, but they are so economical that they are continually doing foolish things and losing money. They bought a cheaper grade of coal a few weeks ago, so now the freight trains have to stop every here and there and get up steam before they can do the next little piece. Even the passenger trains can't be kept running on time with the dirt they are trying to use now. Morley Donaldson the general manager was down in Rupert during the week making a final inspection before taking a trip over the American Railways to see how they were working and the train he came back on was two and a quarter hours late and had to be helped along by an auxiliary engine, all because of the bad coal.

It's sad to see a good railway committing suicide that way, but the fish trade is thriving. The fast freight now carries eight carloads of fish and the Saturday passenger train has borrowed some extra fancy freight cars from the Great Northern, and is also carrying fish. The states of Washington

and Oregon went dry at the elections last week, so probably the Seattle fishermen will be all the more anxious to move north. Fishermen booze a lot, and Rupert is a boozy place.

I was forgetting about my leg. I can still feel it of course, but it doesn't inconvenience me and on days when we have had no work I have been able to go on some good walks and spy out the country. Smithers has a peculiar position. It's on a level bog just at the foot of the mountain, then there is a rise, and then the ground falls away about three hundred feet to the river. There is an up grade on the railway both to the East and the West. I have an idea that there used to be a lake here, but anyway drainage is going to be very expensive.

On Thursday I went down to the next station West. There is no station there as a matter of fact, but it is the stopping place for some of the mines on the mountain. Lake Kathlyn is its name. The lake is close to the railway, and the view across it with the Babine Range of mountains behind is very fine. There are three or four ranches along the shore. In fact the land in this neighbourhood is being developed more than any other that I have seen.

Next letter may come from Rupert, or maybe from Pacific. Unless there is some more foolishness brewing it is not like to come from here.

With love from
Arnold

Mail is going direct to the East now.

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Nov 22nd 1914

My dear Mother

The cake arrived safely on Wednesday evening, November 18th, and was highly appreciated. It is not finished yet however, and Tobey is up this week end having his share, so Maria's fame keeps on spreading. Even Suey says it is alight. I was afraid he might think it a reflection on himself when people began to import cakes but he doesn't seem to mind. It makes less work for him.

We are still at Smithers, but we are going on Tuesday morning. We are not to be sent to Pacific at all. We have had nothing to do all week. Tobey came up last night and the other engineering outfits have either come down already or will be coming soon, and only the instrument men will be kept on. They will all be degraded except one, and will go together in one car to spend the winter. Bob Hunt and I of course have got back our old jobs in Rupert. Probably we won't start till the first of the month.

I don't quite know where I'm going to live. The cost of living has come down since the opening of through traffic, and if I could get into lodgings or a boarding house at a reasonable rate I might do that. I hear they have been having fearful weather in Rupert since I came up the line. They have had heavy gales and deluges of rain while here it has been either fine or only damp. This last week here has been very mild, with the temperature above freezing even at night, so the ground has softened again and the frozen gravel has been ploughed off the trains, and all is O.K.

I have been doing some mine inspecting on my own account. On Thursday I went down to Lake Kathryn again, and then got on to a trail leading up and over the mountain. I know there were mines up there somewhere, so I went along about two miles, doing some steep climbing towards the end, and then I came to a brand new house, a house mind, not a shack, a nicely designed little house with verandah and all. It was on a level patch about a hundred feet square and the trees were cut down all round, but it was shut up and there was no sign of life about it, so I went

on up the trail a little further till I heard the noise of an axe down a deep ravine. The trail branched off in that direction, so I went along it down a very steep path till I saw a little cabin on a ledge of rock at the bottom, and a man beside it cutting logs for the fire. So up I goes to him and says "How do you do?" and when he had got over his shock at seeing anyone he treated me as if I was a capitalist come to buy his claim, although I'm sure I didn't look like one, with my tattered old pants (You see I only brought up one pair, and they have gone into liquidation, so to speak). He wanted me to come in and share his meal. He had grouse cooking and everything nearly ready, but I had had a meal just before coming out and was going to have one first thing after I got back, so I declined and got him to talk about other things. He had a silver-lead vein, with traces of copper, and had tunnelled it in one or two places with poor results, but of course was hoping to get something good yet. He was driving a tunnel into the cliff and expecting to cut the vein at between 80 and 90 feet. Just then he was in 80 feet and was running into very irregular rock, so he was expecting results in a few days. He gave me some good pieces of galena with silver in them. There were other claims a couple of miles higher up, he said, but nobody was on them and he thought he had the mountain to himself; even the farmer had gone. It seems that the house I had seen was the home of a Swede who had pre-empted a piece of the mountain side for farming purposes. His presumption included the gully and various other precipitous places. In fact he had just that kind of farm that people joke about, saying the farmers have to keep very sober for fear they might fall off.

This afternoon I went up one of the hills on the side of the mountain and came on a couple more mine workings. I don't know what one was, for I could see no mineral at all, but the other had plenty of copper ore lying about, and I carried away a couple of nice little specimens. This last one was quite close to Smithers, hardly a quarter of a mile from the station.

I don't know that I have done anything else in particular.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Nov 29th 1914

My dear Mother

Here I am at Rupert again. I have not started to work yet, because Lucas is in Seattle and will not be back for a few days. When he comes he will probably fix us up at once, and very likely Blane will be taken on again at his old job of inspector. He was drydock inspector last winter. This time he will be inspecting the Imperial Oil Co.'s works. He got back from the Queen Charlotte Islands a few weeks ago, and says he had a bad time. He was on the West coast. It drizzled very nearly continuously until October, and his baggage had gone astray, so that he had no change of clothes for a month. The war was over a month old before his party heard a word about it.

On Monday afternoon Bob Hunt and I decided to go and explore something, so we started out along a road that seemed to lead up and round the mountain. We were told that it led to some mines. We got a long way up and then the snow came on pretty heavily and there was a lot of old snow on the ground as well so that we were up to our knees in it. We kept on for about four miles, but saw nothing. The road just kept on slightly rising and the trees on both sides shut out the view, and we began to get cold when the snow melted through and trickled down our backs. We neither of us had top-coats, so we turned round and expected to find Smithers dry, as it had been when we started. There was no snow there, but there was lots of sleet and rain, so that we had to change everything we could.

The rain kept on all night, getting heavier all the time, and we wondered whether the train would be held up. Everybody thought that the thaw and rain would cause bad mud slides around mile 250, where Chamberlin's train was stopped a couple of months ago. But it came in exactly on time, and at 8:30 on Tuesday morning we started out for Rupert, where we arrived safely at 10:30 on Thursday morning. Haw, haw! Smithers is at mile 227 roughly. We travelled easily for about thirty miles

till the Bulkeley valley narrowed and we began to go along the edge of the Bulkeley river Canyon. A work train travelled in front of us, and Mickey Riordan and his gang jumped off ever now and then to clear away mud. The upper part of the canyon there is mud, which holds fairly firm when left alone, but when you dig into it and then wet it it turns liquid.

Our train kept close behind the work train so as not to give the mud any chance of sliding down between the two, and so we travelled along bit by bit till we got on to Mud Creek bridge, a big high temporary bridge, built of timber, crossing a ravine that runs down to the canyon. Just ahead of it the slides were very thick, and as soon as we had got on to it a great slide came down behind us, so that we couldn't move either way. The two ends of the train were on firm ground and the rest was on the bridge. Word came down that a bridge we had just crossed an hour or so before had been washed out and then we hear that another bridge beyond Smithers had been washed out, so some passengers, particularly an old Jew, felt most uneasy. Very little water however runs under Mud Creek bridge and it is a big strong erection, and just about as safe as one made of steel and concrete.

At about six o'clock the men who were digging mud struck. They had been wading up to their knees in it nearly all day and were wet to the skin, and bad wages, bad food and bad weather didn't make them at all enthusiastic about getting the train to Rupert. Every train of course carries its telephone apparatus to hitch on to the wires along the track, so they tried to send for help, but the wires were down in a great many places, and no communication could be had with the Rupert office till next day. Most of us slept in the Colonist car that night. There were not many passengers there and it had bunks that you unhooked from the ceiling. There was no voluminous upholstery about them either, just bare clean boards, and I had quite a good night.

It was certainly a wild spot that we were in. There was a straight drop of at least a hundred feet to the bed of Mud Creek, and then a roll of I don't know how many hundred feet more to the bottom of the canyon. The river was roaring through with tremendous force all the time, and the only other noise was when a lot of mud and stones slid down on to the track.

The men turned out to work again at four o'clock in the morning. The rain had stopped and a good frost started, so that there was not much more sliding. Most of us on board the train walked on to New Hazelton, 3¼ miles away, for breakfast. There was no food and no water (and no light next evening) left on the train after some of the passengers had had their breakfast, so those who didn't get out and walk had to starve. There were a good many important persons on board travelling in a private car, and of course they came first. Tobey was there, and Mehan, and the Chief Engineer and the Consulting Engineer and the Railway Commission's Engineer, and the Industrial and Colonisation Commissioner and the head of the Imperial Oil Co. in Canada, not to mention the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Caledonia and myself, who were travelling in the ordinary way. Bob Hunt and I got back to the train in the afternoon, after two good meals at the Northern Hotel, New Hazelton, the home of Black



Sounding for rock. Autumn 1914

Jack MacDonnell, the most famous sinner of the Yukon. He is said to have repented now, which is very wise of him, for if he had not been so famous a sinner and so much revered for his crimes, he would have been hung up long ago, and if he began to be naughty again he might still be hung up. he dodged the police for some time and then when they began to ease off in their search for him he deliberately went to New Hazelton and built a \$50,000 hotel, in the forest in Northern B.C., and then the government saw that he was sorry for his sins and let him alone. He is very much alone. His old cronies sometimes visit him, but his wife committed suicide long ago and so did one son, and the other son will have nothing to do with the old man. We didn't see him. He stays in his own room most of the time, entirely by himself.

When we got back to the train we found that food had been brought out from New Hazelton and free meals were being distributed, so we went and got another feed, which was very greedy of us, and when we had finished it we found that travellers with free passes were being charged 60c apiece, so we were punished.

We began to move again after ten o'clock that evening, and travelled slowly all night with a pilot engine ahead of us. The regular time for the Smithers-Rupert division is 9½ hours. We took exactly 50. Our train was the first transcontinental to be delayed.

With love from
Arnold

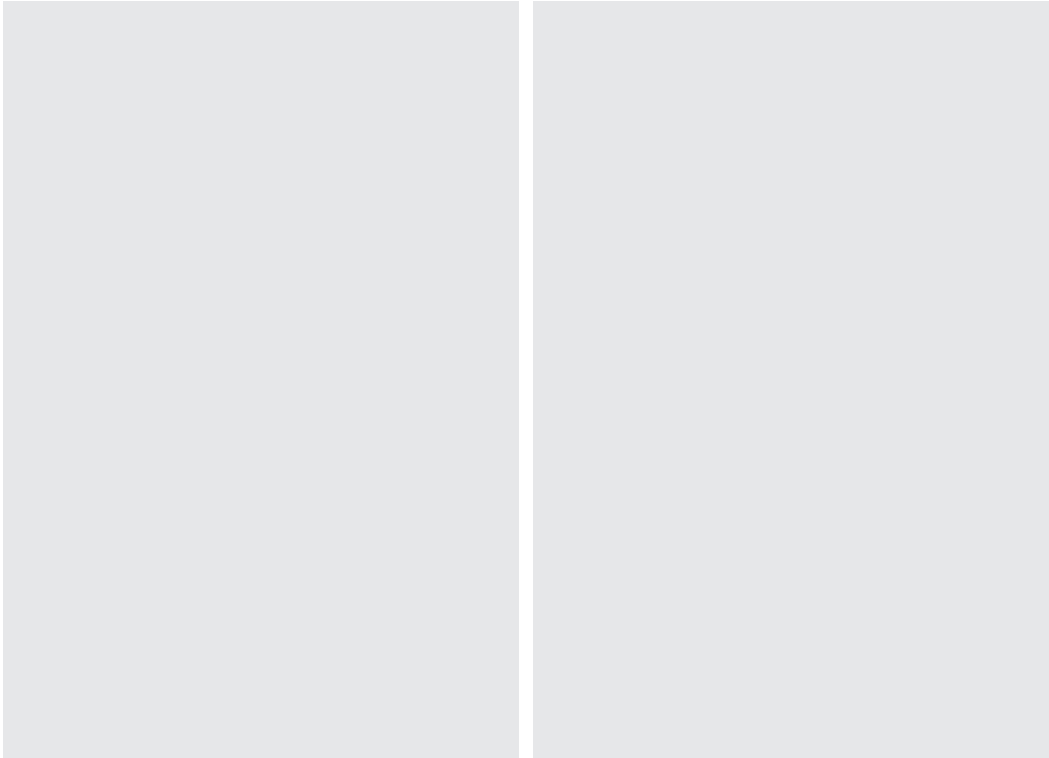
Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Dec 7th 1914

My dear Mother

I forget what I told you last week, but I don't think I said where I was living. I took a room in a private house at ten dollars a month and am having my meals outside. The reason why I was willing to pay so much was that here I have electric light, heat and hot bath all free; and the house, like a certain French hotel we staged at, is "replete with lavatories and all modern conveniences." When that is taken into consideration people tell me that I have got it very cheap, but rents on the whole have fallen I think, and possibly also patriotism made the room cheaper than before the war, for my landlord and landlady are Germans. There is a typical German cleanliness and neatness about the place, and Herr Paul Muldner plays the piano with full German enthusiasm, and appears to be just as pleasant as all the other Germans I have ever met. It's extraordinary how they do run after music. Even the small boy Randolph, six years old, goes and worries the piano in the attempt to play it. I don't think I ever knew a child before who enjoyed taking pieces of music out of his portfolio and practicing them. I thought children always had to be chivvied and tormented. Rupert has changed in quite a number of ways since I went up the line.

For one thing the English have become almost intolerable. They've gone clean cracked about the war. Most of the parsons are about as bad, hard at it preaching the gospel of the churches about how to treat your enemies. If you want to get away from lies and bunkum and unfairness you have to go to Americans, and American papers. It's a great pity you don't see American papers at home more, for their comments on your feelings and readiness to believe all that you hear are very interesting. By the way, is the Audacious being repaired in Belfast? Some say it is, and some say it isn't.

One very good thing that has happened is that the city has started a market, and everybody is pleased about it except the storekeepers. As



most of the produce comes from Kitsumkallum, nearly a hundred miles up the line, the farmers can't very well bring the produce in themselves, so the city has appointed an agent who sells things for a commission. The farmers get about fifty per cent more than they used to get from the storekeepers, and they can always sell whatever they send in, and the buyers pay fifty per cent less than they used to pay at the stores. For instance, farmers used to get ten or eleven cents a pound for pork. Now they get sixteen, less a small commission, while the people buy pork now for sixteen cents instead of from thirty to thirty-five cents. Nearly everything is the same, and both farmers and consumers are entirely satisfied at how things are working out. Until this market opened the farmers were always in a difficulty about how to sell their goods. The stores never treated them fairly, and that, together with the high price of the land, was keeping the rich valleys up the line from being developed. The fishermen are better off too. Fish sells at from 5 to 7½ cents a pound in the market, and now that it is so cheap it is always saleable, which it

wasn't before. The price of vegetables also is about half what it used to be, and we are all looking forward to next year's strawberry season. Up there at Kitsumkallum there are all kinds of fruit experiments going on, and Rupert is hoping for a lot from it. The coal-merchants have been charging nearly twice as much for coal here as in Vancouver so now they are getting into trouble too. Some of the hotels are buying wood from Kitsumkallum, where the settlers are delighted to get rid of it, and are using it in their furnaces instead of coal. They reckon they are saving fifty per cent on heating by doing so, and I notice that a good many private houses are doing the same.

This has been a grand week for weather, frost and sunshine all the time. A few clouds blew up this morning, but they are all away again now, and there is no sign of change yet. We have had as much skating as we want. Morse Creek is getting cut up pretty badly now, but the Salt Lakes are perfection. About an inch of frost has collected also on everything except the ice, and the kids, and a good many grown-ups as well, are having the time of their lives sleigh-riding on the plank-roadways.

Lucas is not back from Seattle yet.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Dec 14th 1914

My dear Mother

Your letter of Nov 22nd and enclosure arrived safely. Thank you very much. I had my eyes tested by a man here in Rupert, and he said the glasses I had already were exactly right, and that my eyes were simply weak. So I daresay the best thing to do is to go on using Vipont Brown's prescription for eye lotion and wear the same glasses as before.

The fine weather is not over yet. Yesterday and today the sky has been cloudy in parts, but it looks as if it would clear again and the glass is still high. Almost half of December has gone now without a drop of rain. Last year if I remember right there were fifteen inches in the first ten days. The temperature has never been very low but it keeps below freezing almost all the time and the ice is getting very thick. There must be six inches of it now on some of the lakes. The frost also is lying very thick in places. In Hays Creek woods for instance, where in some parts it grows up out of the ground in long needles I measured it and found some of the needles ten and a half inches long, while the flat hexagonal crystals that form on the grass were anything up to $2\frac{1}{8}$ inches across. The eagles seem to find food scarce on the mountains too and I have seen them flying about the harbour several times lately. I saw a pair over at the salt lakes fighting for a tree top. It seemed a foolish thing to do, for there were millions of tree tops to spare, but one of them got settled on it at last and then the other flew to another tree-top about 100 yards away and they sat and screamed at each other.

By the way, you were saying some extraordinary things a few weeks ago about a photograph that you said I had sent you, of myself sitting in a boat. At first I couldn't make out what you were thinking of, but I have concluded that it must have been a picture post-card of a lake and the Rocher de Boule Mountain at Hazelton. I don't know how you could have thought that I was in the boat, for you must have known that when I sent you that photo I had never been within hundreds of miles of Hazelton.

A fellow in a store gave it to me because it was crumpled, and I sent it to you because it was no good to me.

I made a discovery a little while ago when I got hold of a G.T.P. time table, namely, that the G.T.P. was already beating the C.P.R. by nine hours in the trip between Winnipeg and the coast, and yet our line is not a year old in many places. The maximum speed allowed on it by the Railway Commission is twenty five miles an hour in the greater part of British Columbia. Just on the first hundred miles or so out of Rupert they allow a speed of thirty five, but in a few years time those speeds should be increased by a lot. The C.P.R., which is thirty years old very nearly, has an average speed I believe of 18 miles between Calgary and Vancouver. So there is still another reason why Rupert should get a lot of trade. Time is saved both on sea and land.

You may have heard that the Leipsig and Nurnberg were sunk off the S. American coast. The news caused plenty of rejoicing here, for they were the two cruisers that were believed to be near Prince Rupert in August. After they defeated the British ships a few weeks ago the nervousness started up again, and the regular steamship route between here and Vancouver was closed to traffic, and some of the lights put out.

Christmas seems about as far off now as it did a month ago, but as it is next week I suppose I had better begin to cultivate the Christmas feeling, and wish you all a happy Christmas, even if this letter doesn't reach you till next year.

With love from
Arnold



Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Dec 20th 1914

My dear Mother

There is very little for me to say this week except that Lucas has come up from Seattle and apparently has no intention of carrying out his promises. The Grand Trunk may start still more excavations for yard space here, and in that case he will probably want to take on more help, but for the present I am not required. So now I'll have to hunt about for something else. There is lots of work at the Drydock but those who are there are inclined to stick tight to their jobs in a way that they didn't do a year or two ago. Possibly some may get drunk at Christmas and not turn up, and in that case there will be a chance for outsiders to get in.

The weather has more or less broken. It freezes half the time and thaws the rest. We have had some snow and a little rain, but the grass is still high. Even those most important people, the old-timers, who consider themselves full of wisdom, admit that there is something strange and accountable about this December. The Indians up the line were prophesying a hard winter because of the extra preparations in the way of house building that the beavers and musk rats were making for it, and apparently those ignorant little animals have an infallible knowledge of what is coming to them. The colder the weather is up there the more perfect it is in Rupert, and in summer it is just the opposite. Settled fine weather makes the people up there melt and boil with the heat, and sets the insects on to them to devour them, whereas down here it only makes us pleasant and sunshiny, and makes our papers shout abuses at Vancouver for libelling our climate. Indeed our papers this December have had a fine opportunity too, for down in the south, even in Victoria the Perfect, the weather has been muggy and wet, and everything else has been just about as bad. The people seem at last to have lost confidence in themselves. Fancy that! Vancouver people forgetting how to boost themselves! Their most important trust company went broke a couple of months ago. The general manager of it committed suicide and the thing

was found to be an absolute wreck. Now the Bank of Vancouver has had to close, and is going out of business because nobody has any faith in it. Just a little while ago the manager of the Bank of Commerce down there died either accidentally or on purpose through taking too much laudanum. The general condition of things had made him so uneasy that he couldn't get to sleep with any ordinary sized dose. And another financier also was so upset that he died of plain heart failure. So now I hope you recognise how much better Rupert is than its big heartbroken brother.

One of the Vancouver newspapers has gone broke into the bargain. It made a most tremendous effort to get money early in the summer by publishing pages and pages of advertisements and other kinds of fabrication that had the same object in connection with the Calgary oil bubble. It also reduced its price to two cents. It was the first two cent paper in Western Canada, but even with all its efforts it was hopeless. Strange to say another newspaper has been started by somebody else, and the price of the new one is one cent. Its official name is the 'Vancouver Times' instead of the right name. A one cent paper is a great innovation. It will mean introducing copies to British Columbia, or at any rate to Southern British Columbia. The Hard Times has not been sold at all in Rupert yet so far as I know, and if it does come up I'm sure the newsboys will not take less than five cents for it. I brought some copies out here with me and they were the first ones that some folks had ever seen. I had to get rid of them at the post-office. No decent self-respecting store would be bothered with such trumpery.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Dec 28th 1914

My dear Mother

I was sorry to hear of your illness. The first news of it arrived after I had posted my letter last week, so I suppose you won't get my sympathies till two months after they are due. Well I hope the pains are better now and that you are feeling more comfortable, and I hope your good daughters won't content themselves with writing letters to me but will send me the Friend as well. It is some time now (over a fortnight anyway) since I got one. Maria's candy was very good, but much too soluble. It took just exactly a month to do the journey from Belfast to here. Please thank Cecil also for his letter. I don't know exactly why it was, but xmas scarcely entered my head at all this year, and although I sent cards to some of my friends I wrote no letters to anyone.

I spent the day here with the Hunts. They have had an addition to the family during the year, a boy, now eight months old. He has two teeth, and doesn't give much trouble. His uncle Bob is, I am sorry to say, going back home to Denver, Colorado, sometime soon. He and I, as I told you last week, were deceived about certain jobs, and anyway he doesn't intend to follow up civil engineering. Motor cars are more in his line, and there is not much scope for his talents in a small town with no roads leading out of it.

I have another promise of a job, which I hope will not be broken like the last. As soon as the herring run starts properly I can go down to the Cold Storage again, and pack herring. The work will probably last about six weeks. Pay in the sheds and outside is at the rate of 35c an hour, and in the freezer 45c an hour. I shall probably move my quarters again, and get a place near Hays Creek, so that I won't have so long a walk as I had last time. I'll be glad to get busy again. I have been trying to keep myself in good form by walking from five to ten miles a day, but that only exercises my legs, and my upper part is getting disgustingly soft, like a university student you know, and persons of that class.

The weather went smash early in the week, and we had one proper Prince Rupert rainstorm, with about three inches of rain in a day and a half. Then it was damp and mild till after xmas, but now it is as cold and sunny as ever. The ice was not nearly all melted. Tomorrow we ought to have skating again I should think, and the surface will have been greatly improved. I think I told you that I found frost crystals $2\frac{1}{8}$ inches in diameter. That was nothing. Before the break came I found them all sizes up to $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter. It was really a most extraordinary sight. You might see a stalk of dead grass sticking up bare to the top, and on the top would be growing one big crystal. The bushes were covered with them in the same way, one crystal growing like a big white flower on the top of every twig. The grass of course was littered thick with them, as if it was covered with white leaves, but all that is gone now, although it is no doubt starting over again down in the woods.

The G.T.P. is now carrying passengers from the South to Winnipeg, via Rupert, at the same rate as the C.P.R. The journey takes a day longer, but they get the wonderful coast cruise and free meals on board the steamer all for nothing. I suppose this is the first time the C.P.R. has ever had any real competition. Some of its Christmas holiday traffic came up to the North, and the two trains a week are well filled all the time now. Of course the Grand Trunk is at a disadvantage in not having been able to build its hotel here, but still it is going to try and get a whole lot of tourist trade next summer, in connection with the 'Frisco Exhibition. We don't hear anything definite yet about a line of steamers to the Orient. Why that hasn't been started is rather hard to see. Perhaps the war may have had something to do with it.

With love from
Arnold

LETTERS I

1915

Age 24-25 years

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

Jan 4th 1915

My dear Mother

I have had three letters, all supposed to be weekly ones coming instead of your own, since I last wrote, so presumably you are able to keep the family in order, and that looks good. I have no objection to that sort of thing at all. Kenneth's "weakly" one was specially welcome, for as a rule his love for me appears to be too deep for words. Tell him I'll try to be good this time when he sends the S.O.S. Report, and I shall be very glad to see it, although I quite intend some time to renew my subscription. The "Friend" also turned up, so that really I have nothing to complain of



except that the herring are very dilatory this season, so that I haven't got a job yet. They ought certainly to be in before the end of this week however.

I have moved to a good roomy shack about half way between The Bride St. and Hays Creek. It is a good deal nearer to the Cold Storage than the last place I was in, and is not too far out of town. Of course it is not so well equipped as the last place, but it is much bigger, and I don't have to go outside for my meals unless I want to.

On Thursday I had dinner and spent the evening with Johnnie Walker and family, and his friend Bill Lindsay. They seem to be an agreeable pair, although they did get the jobs that Hunt and I were promised. Walker lives with his father, who is an architect, and two sisters besides his friend. He and Lindsay have been working for two years on the Pacific Great Eastern, and there is no doubt that he knows something about engineering, and is much better able to do his work than Hunt was. He says he is pretty sure he can get me a job on the P.G.E. if I want one for next summer, for he knows the chief engineer. If I did get one there it would be on the Peace River extension, that is, somewhere between Fort George and the North Pole, but if I can I think I would rather get on to D.A. Thomas's line. The pay would probably be better on it than on anything connected with the Grand Trunk. Walker's account of the P.G.E. was rather interesting because some people have been afraid that it might run away with a certain amount of Grand Trunk trade, carrying it down to Vancouver instead of to here. The fact is however that the P.G.E. is being built by friends of the Grand Trunk, simply to keep anyone else from building it, and building it better. It is a most ramshackle affair, with bad grades and sharp curves, and hardly any straight pieces worth mentioning, and when it is finished the Grand Trunk are under agreement to operate it, so we are not at all afraid.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

Jan 11th 1915

My dear Mother

Maria's latest letter seems much more cheerful. I am glad the pains are nearly gone at any rate.

In reply to your question about Appelt, I really don't know what has happened to him. I wrote to him some time ago, but have had no reply yet. He was not liable to serve in the army and had had no training, so possibly he went back home, but I don't imagine he would have very much sympathy with Germany just at present. All the same, I notice his friend Professor Haeckel has been doing a lot of raving at Vienna.

Tell Maria she ought to be ashamed of herself, thinking my birthday was on the 9th of November.

As for my sheets, they certainly are pretty well worn out, but I have one pair still at work.

Things are still pretty quiet here, although the herring are beginning to come.

On Sunday evening I got introduced to Mr Grant (I think I've told you two or three times already who he is, so I need hardly explain again)

*The protest against Home Rule at City
Hall, Belfast, for the signing of the
Covenant on Ulster Day, September
28th, 1912. - The Irish Times*

and spent the evening from nine to eleven at his house. He had a bunch of other young men and maidens there, and to my mind he appeared to better advantage at home than he does in the pulpit. Perhaps that is because he has a peach of a wife to stimulate him. I was glad to get acquainted with some of his visitors. One in particular was a very nice man, very much like Peter Sandiford. He is a public school teacher, and is noted for his Orangeism and for saying a few weeks ago that Germans were nice folks.

That just reminds me, that Orangemen want me to join them. Their official lecturer here, Jimmy Ledlie from Armagh, got after me on the street one day, and grew tremendously excited in the course of a short discussion. In fact, a friend of his who happened to be passing had to urge him not to create a disturbance in public, while two friends of mine looked on from a distance and laughed at how he was exerting himself.

We have been having a queer mixture of weather this week. One day we were the warmest place in America north of San Francisco. Other days we have had sleet and rain and lightning, and high winds. There is believed to have been another bad wreck north of here on the Alaska coast, a passenger steamer with sixty on board is missing.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Jan18th 1915

My dear Mother

A letter from yourself has arrived, but I don't know that anything else of much importance has happened since I wrote last. I'm not working yet, and I doubt whether I'll get anything to do at the Cold Storage. There are too many others on the lookout down there, and unless you happen to be there at the exact moment when there is a vacancy you are liable to be left out in the cold. The Grand Trunk is going to start work almost at once on a wharf for the Imperial Oil Co. and its customers, so I went down to the engineering office again to see if they were likely to want any more help. They said they probably would want me, and would let me know. Tobey expects to start the engineering parties up the line about March 1st, and I have no doubt I could get on with him again if I wanted to. I have also written to the Chief Engineer of the Pacific, Peace River and Athabasca Reef, giving myself a good recommendation and asking for work, but I have not had any reply yet.

The price of food has come down so much since a year ago that I can live very comfortably for between five and six dollars a week. That is not much less than I was spending this time last year, but I am in a much better place now than I was then (for rents have come down a lot too) and am altogether much better off. One of the most surprising collapses has been in the price of Japanese oranges. They are delicious little things that have only been imported to Canada for three or four years. Besides coming here they go to China and Siberia, but not to the States. A year ago the price was seventy-five cents a box. This year it was fifty cents for some time, but now it has dropped to thirty cents. There are about seven dozen in a box as a rule, and they beat Californian oranges altogether. There is said to have been a tremendous increase in the number sent across this year, but even so it is hard to see why the price should be only what it was. It isn't as if the city market or the railway had anything to do with it, for these oranges all come from Vancouver, just as everything did

until last August.

A week or two ago the Seattle papers suddenly woke up to the fact that Prince Rupert was getting busy, and now both Seattle and Ketchikan are agitating for the American government to charge a duty on all fish passing from Canada to the States. At present fish caught in Alaska is sent to Rupert and shipped in bond right through to the American cities, but that gets Seattle's goat. Prince Rupert on the other hand is agitating for the Canadian Government to allow small American fishing craft to land their catch and get their supplies here. At present only big ones are allowed to do so, which seems absurd. If small ones were allowed to they could catch their fish in Alaskan waters and bring it straight here to the railway, instead of taking it to Ketchikan or Seattle. If they landed their catches here this would be their headquarters, and their families would come and live here, and Prince Rupert would begin to grow up. It is said that the Alaskan fisheries support a population of about 75,000.

When I began to tell you about those Jap oranges a craving started in my own insides; and since then I've eaten eight of them, and am feeling very fine now.

I hope you are the same.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Jan 25th 1915

My dear Mother

How I am supposed to be able to fill up a letter each week I'm sure I don't know, unless I start taking about people and things that you are not at all interested in. Politicians for instance are making a great stir at the present time and the Attorney General is in hot water over financial crookednesses, but what does that matter to you?

The revenue of the province was ten million dollars last year and the expenditure was sixteen million, and one little thing and then another little thing goes bust down below in that other town that I've mentioned before, and we up here are sticking feathers in our hats when we see Seattleites working themselves up into a frenzy and sending deputations to Washington to try and stop us from ruining them, and at the same time we are wishing there was just a little bit more work to be had up here, and

The Journal \$5 00 a year	<h1>Prince Rupert Journal</h1>	High-class Job Printing
Vol. V.	PRINCE RUPERT, B.C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1915.	Price 5 Cents.
<h2>ENGLAND IS AGITATED OVER ZEPPELINS</h2> <h2>SOME DOUBT IS CAST ON THEIR PRESENCE</h2> <h2>SEVERE FIGHTING CONTINUES AT POINTS IN FRANCE</h2> <h2>THE GERMAN FORCES SUCCESSFULLY HELD IN CHECK</h2>		
<h3>British Merchant Vessel Torpedoed By A Submarine</h3> <p>Rotterdam, Jan. 22.—The British steamer Durward was torpedoed by a German submarine twenty-two miles off the coast of Belgium. The crew were saved.</p> <p>The Durward was owned in Leith, Scotland, being one of their regular passenger and light cargo boats sailing between Leith and Rotterdam. The Germans have been threat-</p>	<h3>Prince Rupert A Constituency</h3> <p>Victoria, Jan. 22.—In the proposed redistribution measure that will come up this session it is said that the number of members in the Legislature will not be increased. Some new constituencies will be created, however. Among these will be Prince Rupert, South Vancouver, Point Grey and Burnaby.</p> <h3>CONSERVATIVE SMOKER</h3> <p>In view of the fact that H. R. Clouston, the Conservative of the month, M.P., will be in the city the city will hold a smoker on Tuesday beginning of next week preparatory night. It will be held in the St. James Hotel. (Continued on Page Four.)</p>	<h3>German Aggressive Movements Failed Along The Front</h3> <p>Paris, Jan. 22.—The official announcing has taken place at Fontainebleau from the front says. The south of Ypres the enemy has been more active than previously. Last night there was some rifle and machine firing. In the region of the wood of St. Mary we silenced a German battery.</p> <p>In Argonne some very fierce fighting took place. We repulsed the enemy after two vigorous counter-attacks. At Marie Theres fighting continued throughout the day. It has been conducted with extreme energy on both sides. When night came we were holding our positions.</p> <p>Some night attacks were attempted by the enemy in the region of</p>

that southern contractors who have contracts in Rupert would employ Rupert people instead of bringing up men from the South. At the same time business in general is pretty good, and seems likely to be much better before the year is over. I hope you find some satisfaction in that, although I'm sure I don't see why you should. Then again, one day I met this person and another day I met that person, and they told me different things that are not worth repeating.

I've just made a rabbit stew, with onions and potatoes, and I like the smell of it. Rabbits cost 20c, all ready to be put in the pot, skinned and grudled and everything. They come from the Bulkeley Valley, where they are on the increase and are making rather a nuisance of themselves. White salmon is being sold for less than red salmon, because it is less saleable although quite as good to eat.

I got a present during the week from Dick Graham. He is still at Oxford, where he is looked upon as a great ninny and a traitor and a freak. I'm sure I don't know how he manages to keep himself satisfied with himself in a place like that unless it is that all the other students there are either foreigners or freaks, and that he is quite in his element. All the same I wonder he didn't go off with Phil Baker, who is a great friend of his. I'm sure I would have if I had been him. In fact I may go yet for all you know, for reading the Friend every week makes me feel sort of uncomfortable. But don't stop sending it on that account.

The weather this week has been puffickly beautiful.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

Feb 1st 1915

My dear Mother

About those shirts. I don't want them. In the first place I would not care to have any that I would have to wear a collar with, and in the second place I don't wear flannel ones. I find them too warm, and in the third place I have far too many clothes as it is. I gave away a whole pile of them to the Salvation Army just before Christmas, including one to which Sylvia was very much attached, and which I had never worn. The Salvation Army is about the only organisation here that knows where help is wanted, and they do good work in giving relief if there happens to be any poverty. That is about the only good thing they do do. At other times they simply make themselves foolish. Their ideas are too original. Old hymn tunes don't satisfy them at all. They must always be up to date,



WWI Salvation Army campaign poster

and sing their hymns to the tune of “I Love a Lassie”, or “Tipperary”, or “Kitchy-hoo”, and then people simply grin, and pass on singing the real song to themselves. However, seeing that you are interested in shirts, I may say that for nearly a year now I have been wearing thin cotton ones, of a sort of khaki colour. I gave away most of my others, for they were too small for me and not so comfortable as the thinner ones. Another thing I have done with my clothes is get my pants altered so that I can wear them with a belt, and swing my arms about freely.

Thirty five carloads of fish were shipped East from here last week. Most of it was going to England. The Vancouver papers say that Prince Rupert has got control of the transportation end of the business now, and that Seattle need never expect to get it back again, but we are expecting a good deal more than thirty five cars a week before very long. The Imperial Oil Company has changed its mind about the big oil tanks it is building here, and instead of having three it is going to have five, so evidently they must think things look prosperous.

The oil well being drilled on Graham Island is getting into oily strata at a depth of 1330ft.

The price of fresh eggs has fallen in the last week from 55c a dozen to 40c a dozen. They never were so cheap at this time of the year before. It seems like sweated labour for the hens.

The price of bread is still exactly the same as it was before the war.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
Feb 8th 1915

My dear Mother

So Belfast harbour is closed to shipping! The war must be reaching the United Kingdom at last. It seems to be all over and done with here. Vancouver was closed and is open again, and business is steadily improving.

I suppose I had better talk about the weather. It is very fine. Otherwise I probably would not have mentioned it. This is the finest winter Prince Rupert has ever had, or so at least the old-timers are saying. Finer winters are on record for Metlakatla however. Some years ago they had three months of continuous fine weather, and the result was a serious drought in consequence.

Since writing "consequence" I have had a visit from Blane, who came to tell me to go down to the Drydock to-morrow, and start work. It will last for only a few days. He thinks they want a rodman, and he is too busy



to go himself. That took five lines to relate.

Last Wednesday evening I had a very sumptuous feed at the expense of the Presbyterian ladies. The occasion was the annual Presbyterian meeting. I had no intention of going, but Alec Manson and another of their leading members both told me to, so I went, and enjoyed the meal. The other part was not interesting.

Alec Manson by the way was Liberal candidate at the last election, and is likely to be Liberal candidate again very soon. After that he may be a private lawyer still, or an Opposition member, or a Cabinet minister. He's a clever little man, and very different from most of our politicians. In fact, I believe he is perfectly honest.

The Conservative big bugs go about nowadays saying "howdydo", and acting affably to friends and strangers alike, so the general election must be very near. If it comes before the court of revision in May I won't be able to vote.

Let's see now, what next? I forget whether I mentioned the fact that I had received a plum pudding from Katie. I almost think I did say something about it and about how she had so thoughtfully wrapped it up in Christian Science literature. It doesn't matter anyway if I do repeat it, for I'd like to get to the end of this page. I am still quite well I am thankful to say. The Christian Science seemed a sort of therapy, but I don't know whether my continued good health is due to it or to the natural innocence of the pudding, and I hope they will excuse my frivolity.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

Feb 15th 1915

My dear Mother

I suppose I'll have to forgive you, but I wonder at you all the same. I never heard of a shack being called a boarding house. This place I am in now is just a common ordinary one roomed shack. It does happen to have a sort of loft above the ceiling, but that is unusual. The size of the room is about 15' x 12', and it had all the furniture in it that was wanted. There is linoleum on the floor, and three deer skin rugs in addition, and I am the only person who lives in it, and I'm not at all afraid of thieves. I do however take the precaution of locking the door when I go out. I doubt very much whether that is necessary. Blane never locks his, day or night, and he has never been molested since he built it. I have no silver knives and forks and spoons to attract thieves, so that I can live without some of the worries that come to extravagant people who possess baits of that kind.

The book I sent you will I hope turn out to be as interesting to you as it was to me. Of course it has a lot of foolishness in it, as I am sure you will plainly perceive when Maria reads it to you, and it is certainly biased on the side of Father Duncan. I think it also rather unfair to the Indians in some of the things it says about their old customs. The potlatches¹ were hardly such business-like affairs as the book tries to make out, and I have heard it said that those chiefs are held in the greatest respect who have given away everything they possessed at a potlatch¹ and then died poor. The only objection to them is that they cause unsettlement and jealousy. At least that was what I always understood before reading the book. The Government prohibited them for that reason last year, and now they are not held quite so openly as they used to be. Sometimes the G.T.P. engineers are invited to attend them, so maybe when I go up the line I'll learn more about them. I was hardly in Indian country at all last autumn. There are very few Indians between Hazelton and Fort Fraser, but this year I expect to start at about mile 100, and then I'll be where the

Indians are thickest for some time. In the Kispiox Valley the missionaries say the Indians are still half heathen and very much taken up with the old ways. Curiously enough they had the same trouble up there with the government surveyors a little over a year ago as the Metlakatlangs had in the book. The Kispiox Indians went further however, and drove the surveyors right out of the valley. The Provincial Government was wrong as usual, trying to steal land without a word of explanation.

I have put in a few days as rodman at the drydock, and there will be a couple of days more work before I have finished. At present the weather is snowy, and the instrument man is not inclined to go out and cool himself, so we are waiting for a change. The pay is 45c an hour, very much more than the Grand Trunk pays. The explanation is that although the Grand Trunk is doing the work, the Government pays for it. It seems a fine arrangement. If the Grand Trunk paid for it the wages would be much lower, and if the Government did the work every job in the place would go to its own favourites.

My leg has quite recovered.

Suey is cooking for Tobey now. Tobey got a wife last winter and a boy the day before Christmas.

With love from
Arnold

¹ **potlatch**

noun

(among North American Indian peoples of the north-west coast) an opulent ceremonial feast at which possessions are given away or destroyed to display wealth or enhance prestige.

verb [no object]
hold a potlatch.

ORIGIN

Chinook Jargon, from Nootka p'ačitl 'make a gift at a potlatch'.

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

Feb 15th 1915

My dear Sib [Sylvia]

Your letter was very welcome. I know I'm worse than you are about writing, and that's saying a good deal, but then I do write indirectly to you every week. Whenever I begin to feel guilty and uncomfortable in thinking of that.

I don't know what I am going to write about now that I have started. You told me a lot about yourself and your future, but I'm getting very secretive, and I don't intend to tell you anything much about myself and my future. I have it planned out more or less all the same. The only trouble is that the plans may miscarry. Of course what I am always preaching is the gospel of doing what is normal and natural. That is to say, getting married. But I believe I'll have to stop preaching that, or people will point at me, and ask me what about myself, and as I have not the slightest intention of ever getting married I'll only have got myself into a hole for all my pains.

I know what I would do if I was you. I would go in for that exam, and then go right off to the continent. I wouldn't pretend that I was doing it out of charity, for the fact would be that I would be feeling ashamed of myself for taking things so easily and leaving all the excitement to other people. When the war started a St. John's Ambulance class was organised here and I joined it, but I had to go up the line before the course was finished. I was rather hoping I might qualify myself for some sort of work, Red Cross or otherwise, that would at any rate give me the appearance of not being selfish and lazy. It really is most unpleasant when a lot of one's acquaintances go and enlist and get praised up and take all the honour and hero-worship to themselves. It makes me feel jealous, and then there is that "Friend" coming every week, and making things worse. You know, sometimes I wish I was at home, and then it wouldn't cost me a hundred and fifty dollars to go and do something, and another hundred and fifty to come back. That's the difficulty, you see. It's all this filthy lucre that I love

so much that is keeping me back, and to the end of my days I suppose I'll never forgive myself.

As for you, I don't see why you should be in any difficulty at all, although of course I'm a man while you are only a woman (I do like to make her furious). Even if you don't intend to do the sensible thing and get married, I'm sure it would do you a lot of good to rumble about a bit, and then you would meet a lot of people whom you would like, and their conversation and ways would help to clear away the deadening effects of the Belfast atmosphere. The only thing I'm afraid of is that you might be tempted to go and live in some beautiful peaceful old convent, and turn into a nun. That would be an awful tragedy. For any sake don't. Take the True History of Maria Monk with you, and whenever you see a convent read a chapter.

I have said already that I haven't much to write about. Don't decide to come out here and set up a practice without weighing the matter very carefully. I believe you would be out of your element in Prince Rupert society. I am, and I think you would be still more so. You might be all right of course, and find friends among people I haven't met. I don't know. And I don't know either what kind of a reception a lady doctor would get. Just at present Prince Rupert is overstocked with doctors.

I suppose you will be wanting to know all about the books I have written. I haven't written any, but I have done one or two short stories of a piffling character, and perhaps if they get into print I'll let you see them. Really and truly I don't know what to say that would interest you, and I am eager to get at a pork chop that is waiting for me to put it in the pan and eat it, so goodbye for the present, and write to me again please before next year.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

Feb 22nd 1915

My dear Mother

Some more sheets would be quite useful but if you haven't got any to spare you needn't bother. My pillow covers are still in good condition. By the way, you said you were going to send me a Christmas cake sometime. Of course it may have been sunk by a mine, but if it has not been, and if you have not sent it, please don't send it now. It will not be very long I expect before I go up the line again, and I don't want to be looking foolish with Christmas Cakes coming in the spring or summer. I remember the time at Lisburn when one of the masters asked me right out before the whole school whether any of my folks were mad, and when I saw what had just come to me by post (from the Mount) I said, "yes", and he said he had suspected that that was the case.

*Metlakahtla Brass Band in
a funeral procession outside
Metlakahtla Alaskan Church.*

I wonder would you be interested in hearing anything more about the weather. It's all right but there isn't anything very much to say about it, any more than about anything else. The snow got quite thick about the time I wrote last, and has been melting every day since, and freezing at night.

I have been looking through camera catalogues for the last week or so, and I expect I'll get a handy little camera of some sort before I go out of town. I don't want to take very many views, but there are some things that I don't like to miss.

That just reminds me. I think I told you about a certain lake near Smithers, called Lake Kathlyn, a very attractive place with a great population of musk rats. (Musk rats are a big animal nearly the size of beavers, and their fur is worth a good deal.) Lake Kathlyn has coal under it, and diamond drilling has started to find out just how much there is. I suppose I ought to be pleased.

I hope you are still improving, and better able to get about and pry into the secrets downstairs. Don't let Maria get too much power. I had experience of her when I was little and weak, and believe me she is a very fine person to avoid when she gets tyrannical.

You are quite right about Mr Grant. That's exactly who he is, and he is one of the most famous ministers in the whole world. Hundreds of thousands of people have heard about him. Bevan Lean even read to us about him sometimes in Sidcot Sunday Evening Reading.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
March 1st 1915

My dear Mother

Your letter of Feb 8th arrived safely with enclosure, for which thank you very much.

I have been doing a little more work today, and there will be some more before the end of the week I expect. This time it has been in a powder magazine. It was nothing military you know, just ordinary dynamite and blasting powder. I know the local agent for the powder company that gets most of the Rupert business, so that was how I got the job. I didn't ask for it, any more than I did for the last work I got. In fact the situation is just this, that all the work I have got in the last three months has come unasked for, and all the work I have asked for I haven't got. What moral do you suppose I ought to draw from that? It seems as though a fellow would do just as well if he did nothing in his idle moments but twiddle his thumbs and sing songs of hope.

This work of hauling dynamite about is paid for at the rate of 40c an hour, which is not very bad. You could nearly live for a week on a day's work, but 40c is very much below the union rate for that class of work, and if I was doing it for the Grand Trunk I would get 60c. No respectable union man would do it for less, and in some places they get 75c, and don't hurry themselves even then.

However, Mr Boulton (the powder agent) brought over a parcel of hard boiled eggs and sandwiches, and so we got a meal as well as the wages. There was one other man working with us. The powder magazine of course is not in town. That would be illegal, and some of the laws are kept, so it had to be built across the harbour near the salt lakes. When the clearing work started across there last summer the powder was all moved to another storing place several miles up the inlet, but there is nothing more going on in "North Rupert" now, and the old buildings and wharf can be used again. They are being used by a different company however. Mr Boulton was agent for one company up till the end of January, and then

they decided to reduce expenses, so they fired him and sent up a lower salaried man instead. Boulton had been paying away all his spare cash on real estate in the South, so he suddenly found himself in a fix and he is a married man and has boys. So before the new man had arrived Boulton wrote and offered his services as agent to another powder manufacturing company, and they accepted him, for they had had no agent here previously, and then Boulton informed all his old customers in a friendly sort of way that he would be getting a new make of powder in future, and he supposed they would have no objection. They had none at all, and when the new man arrived he found that the whole trade had gone, and now his company is doing nothing to speak of except pay his salary and office rent.

The John Walker and the Bill Lindsay that I mentioned some time ago are the two who captured the jobs promised to Hunt and myself. Hunt is now running a jitney bus in Seattle. That is much more in his line than civil engineering. He acts like a genius when he gets hold of a machine, but he has no head for figures, and a good deal of the work he ought to have done when he was here came to me, although he was getting higher pay. Walker probably makes a far better rodman than Hunt did. Walker and Lindsay by the way are busy making a boat, which they hope to have finished before I go up the line. Lindsay lives with the Walker family, and is very much on the horns of a dilemma, for Walker has two sisters and Lindsay seems to travel in his love from one to the other and then back again, and to be quite unable to decide which of them is the more to be loved.

With love from
Arnold

P.S. Weather delightful. Sea bathing started Feb 28.

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
March 9th 1915

My dear Mother

My head is pretty empty of news again, and what things are going on probably will not interest you at all. For instance, there is a general election coming on April 10th next. It has been pretty evident for some time that something of the sort was going to happen, for our local member and various others of his party went about giving friendly greetings to everybody on the streets, whether they know them or not. Furthermore, during the session of the legislature that is just finished the government introduced a bill providing a salary for the leader of the opposition, evidently with the idea of keeping themselves comfortable in case of defeat. I'm afraid they won't be defeated however, they are a pretty solid machine and the opposition is split and doesn't know what it's driving at.

What with Dominion Trust Company accusations and other things of the same kind we have been well provided with interesting reading in the last few months, but none of the cabinet ministers resigned till this week. The minister of finance has had to do it at last, probably because of the nearness of the election. He had been practically stealing pedigree cattle from the Government experimental farms, and nobody loved him very much anyway, so away he had to go. Our local member is likely to succeed him. He has been in the cabinet before. We have two ex-cabinet ministers here. The other is the city solicitor, who used to be prime minister of one of the Eastern provinces. I'm not sure which it was, but anyway he got drunk too much and had to retire, and come and live in the farthest West place he could find. He isn't anything to boast of, but two cabinet ministers is not bad for a little town half the size of Lisburn, and if the Liberals do happen to get in, my friend Alec Manson may make a third, and will be the best of the bunch if he does. The trouble is that he may not be candidate.

Honest men are unpopular among politicians, and there is no

knowing who will be chosen. I will not be able to vote, no matter who it may be, for my name will not get on to the list till May.

I'm sure you wish I would talk about something that interested you as well as myself, but how can I when there is nothing to tell? Maybe the lumber business appeals to you more than politics. It's getting on fine. The Canadian Western Co. expects to have all its logging camps operating again within a month, and the papers are continually giving news of large orders coming from the Prairie and Eastern States and Europe and if a preference can be fixed up with Australia and more ships provided, a very large amount of business may be done in that direction. Revival in lumber and the sea being all safe and open now has cheered people up in the South, and they are beginning to think that perhaps the worst is over. They have had an awful time this winter, and I'm sure it has done them good. I wouldn't like to say what the effect has been in Prince Rupert. Maybe we have not been hit hard enough. I see no marked improvement. Everybody is a little bit queer except me, and I'm not particularly proud of myself these times.

I hope you are thriving, or at any rate getting better, like the lumber business.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
March 15th 1915

My dear Mother

Not having heard from you for about twelve days I'm afraid I can't reply to anything.

The weather has suddenly turned very wet, but probably it will be fine again tomorrow. Grumbling about the climate has gone out of fashion a good deal this winter. The English are about the only people who indulge in it now, and maybe the Scotch.

The Dominion Government granted the fishery concessions that Prince Rupert has been asking for for the last two years. American boats of all sizes can now come in here and land their catches for shipment in bond to the States, and they can also get all their supplies here in the way of ice, bait, tackle, etc., and in fact make this their headquarters. Unless the United States forbids fish to enter the country even in bond without paying duty, Prince Rupert should now be pretty safe, and Seattle pretty well beaten. Our only rival now is Ketchikan, and the trouble there is that ice costs about a third what it does here, and petrol is also much cheaper. As soon as the Imperial Oil Co. has got its tanks here finished it will be able to supply petrol as cheaply as Ketchikan, and arrangements are also being made about the ice. The fish will travel over the G.T.P. in any case, but Prince Rupert won't be satisfied until the fishermen themselves come here and bring their families with them. This is a better place to live in than Ketchikan.

The General Election has been postponed. The excuse was that the voters' lists would not be ready in time. If that is true, as it may be, it is just the sort of bungle anyone would expect the government to make; but most people think that a good many other things have happened as well. It is believed that the Government itself has split, and that McBride is at his wits' end to know how to make his followers follow him. The members of the cabinet are all supposed to be threatening each other that unless they do certain things a large number of cats will be let out of their bags.

It was in fact a rebel Conservative who let out the secret about the cattle stealing. We are hoping for quite a lot of fun before the election comes off. The Liberals of the North held their convention here this week, and selected a bunch of candidates, - three provincial and one on Dominion. They are all Prince Rupert men, and the curious thing is that three of the four are Presbyterians. Thomas Dufferin Pattullo was chosen for the Prince Rupert district. He left a good record behind him in the Yukon, so he may be all right. Alec Manson was asked to be candidate both here and for the Omineca division, up the line. He chose the latter. As an enthusiast for prohibition he might not get as much support as he ought to in a boozy fishing place, but I doubt whether he will get much more in the Omineca district.

I went to the last meeting of the City Council with a few other people who had never been to one before, and we found it rather amusing. Most of the aldermen were so intensely solemn and so very ignorant that it was really a pleasure to look at the city solicitor. He was just a picture of happiness. He had got himself fairly well tanked up before coming in, and he sat leaning back in his chair and beaming at the company. Everything seemed to please him. He continually made agreeable remarks, just as you would expect a Canadian prime minister to do; and over and over again he lit his pipe, and then forgot to smoke it till it had gone out. When an old man gets so sweet tempered as that you can almost forgive him for his badness, and anyway he makes a very good city solicitor. He has a loving fatherly way with the aldermen, - treats them as little children, as they ought to be treated. It would not have seemed at all out of place if he had gone round and patted them on their little heads and given them sweeties, but he was too comfortable to get up.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
March 22nd 1915

My dear Mother

I may not be going out of town for nearly another month yet. The Grand Trunk appears to be very broke. It is reported that last month it had not enough money in the bank to pay its wages. Whether that is true or not its employees were certainly kept waiting a very long time. The men did not get their January pay till nearly the middle of March.

A letter came from you to-day, but it was the first for a long time. One at any rate must have been lost, or gone astray. My Saturday Westminster has not turned up for the last few weeks either.

On Saturday March 20th the shade temperature was 63°, and there was not a very great deal of sun. Yesterday was wonderfully warm too, but last night there was much the finest display of aurora borealis that I have seen. It was not just a plain glow of white light, but white streamers and needles were shooting up into the sky and popping in and out and dancing jigs from side to side. Unfortunately there was a bright moon, and that must have spoilt it a good deal. The night was still quite mild while this was going on, but a frost set in later. We have one of those sunny west winds blowing now. Pansies and forget-me-nots are in flower.

I borrowed Johnnie Walker's camera last week and took a number of photographs. They have almost all come out fairly well. I over-exposed one and under-exposed another, but it was hard to judge the light for I was down in a ravine under trees. I'll send you some prints when I get them made. They were all taken within an easy 40 minutes walk from the centre of the town, but only one has ever so far as I know been made into a picture postcard, and only one of the picture postcard men in town has it. As Walker says, when you get into those woods and up Hays Creek ravine, you might easily think you were in Betws-Y-Coed, and yet the large majority of people in Rupert hardly know that Hays Creek exists. Not one in a hundred I am sure has followed that ravine up or down, and if I tell them that in half an hour I can take them to places as pretty as

anything of the same kind in Wales, they only laugh and think I'm dotty; so I don't tell them, but just go by myself. I will admit that as there is no path the walking is not easy, and you have to be careful not to fall, but it seems to please people to complain about the rottenness of the town they are living in, and most of them would just as soon be ignorant and think themselves superior to the neighbourhood. When I get my prints made I intend to exhibit them to some of the stationers, and see if I can't arrange with them for the use of a picture-postcard size camera. I could add dozens of fine things to their stock, and as they themselves are too lazy to go and look for views they might be willing to pay me something for the negatives. Walker would lend me his camera any time I wanted it, but it is only $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$, so it is not much use for postcard work. Old man Walker has a bigger one, 4×5 , but it is clumsy, and I must have a compact little thing that I can just hang round my neck, leaving both hands perfectly free and unencumbered. The camera I used had a front that could be raised, and I found that very necessary. One time I raised it as high as possible and then turned it upside down to get a view over a cliff. That was the one I over-exposed, and I had more trouble getting it than any other. There is one series of waterfalls that I am most anxious to get, but both times I have tried to reach them I have got into an almost impassable swamp, and have had to turn back. Next time I try I'm going a different way. A town that had any sense would have made a trail to those falls long ago, and it would not have cost more than a thousand dollars, but instead of waking up and doing things they are content to dream about the future and bemoan the present. These falls that I want to get to are I think the best of the lot. I have only seen them from a distance however, and nobody can tell me anything about them. I doubt whether anybody has ever been there. If I just had a rowboat and a good camera and a week of fine weather I think I could surprise a good many people, and yet I have not half explored the district myself. I can't get people to come with me into these hidden places. They want to stay on the plank roadways and keep their boots shiny. I got Frank Garrett to come with me several times, and yet even he always came more for the sake of peace than because he wanted to. He hated to get his feet wet, and nearly every time he took a step I would have to start persuading him to take another.

That's a little exaggerated of course, but he really was very doubtful about my wisdom until he saw what we were aiming at, and then of course he started exclaiming. I nearly had him educated when he went away. I'm afraid Walker won't be much help on land, for unless he can get to a place at once he is liable to think he is wasting time. But he and his dad are building a little sailing boat, and when I am in town I expect I'll be able to use it a good deal. They expect to have it finished in two or three weeks.

With love from
Arnold

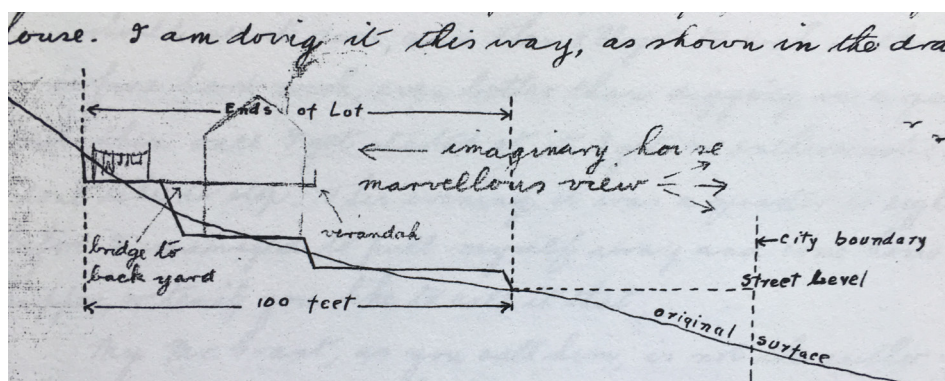


Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
April 6th 1915

My dear Mother

My box number came to an end with the end of March, and I did not renew it. I got it in the first place because I was expecting to work at the Cold Storage, and if I had been down there I would not have been able to call for my mail while the post office was open.

Please thank Maria for her letter and the acorns. I hope the latter are not too dry. Some of them are broken both inside and out, but I don't know whether that was dryness or the journey. Anyway I intend to plant them all on my lot very soon. I have the other seeds she sent me planted there too, but I'm afraid they are all wasted. It struck me not long ago that I might as well be clearing and levelling my lot as doing nothing, and then I thought it would be a pity to disturb it with the seeds planted there, but now I have come to the conclusion that if by working on the lot I can improve it to the extent of \$25 or so, the gain would be greater than the loss. So with my heart full of apologies to the seeds I have been going out there and digging and chopping and making it ready for building a house. I am doing it this way, as shown in the drawing:



I think probably I'll get some earth from nearby to put on the bottom of the lot and so raise it substantially about the street level. The top piece will be a little more than fifteen feet long. The middle one I think will be

about twenty five to thirty feet, and the bottom one fifty feet or more. The middle one will be about nine feet below the top one, and the bottom one about five feet lower. The slope is rather more than I thought at first, but I don't really think that does any harm, and although I don't think I could sell it now for what I paid for it I have very little doubt that I'll be able to get double or three times as much later on. I took Johnnie Fitzsimmons out to show it to him and he told me on no account to sell it or try to sell it for five years, for a lot with such a situation as it has was bound to be valuable when the city grew. Of course that is exactly what I intended when I bought it, and what Blane said to me the time we first went out and looked at it. I have the top level nearly finished. Another half day should see it done, and then I'll get to work on the second. It is fine hard work, even better than digging in a garden, and when once I get started at it I get so enthusiastic that I don't like to stop. This evening it was a quarter to eight before I managed to pull myself away and come home for supper, or tea if you like to call it that.

My Mr Grant, as you call him, is not the author of "The Sky Pilot", but is the Sky Pilot himself. I suppose I didn't explain that properly. He is an old man now but is still very big and powerful, with enormous fists and bones in them big enough for a bull. He must have hit something with them once, a pulpit maybe, for one of the fingers in his right hand is out of joint and lies flat on his palm when you shake hands with him. He has no pulpit here, and he is as well without one, for if he had any jerry-built thing in front of him he would smash it to bits when he got worked up. I don't say he gesticulates very much. He is too good tempered for that, and he keeps his temper very well when he is preaching, but occasionally he gets excited and batters himself and the air and raises a regular hurricane of noise. And then suddenly he will stop still and not say a word, but just glare in front of him, and the heavings of his chest will gradually die down, and his hands will go into his pockets, and then he will smile and start talking as calmly and quietly as if there had never been any storm at all.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

April 13th 1915

My dear Mother

I have done a couple of days work since writing last, then was laid off for a few days and am to go back again tomorrow. it was Lindsay (who, in case you have forgotten again, is the boy who got the job that Lucas promised to me) who got this work for me, and it is quite worth having while it lasts. I'm not sure whether the pay is 35 or 40c an hour. I think it is 35c, and I work ten hours a day. I spent most of the first day in carrying lumber and iron about, and the rest of the time in painting. I didn't enjoy the carrying part of it at all. The weight of lumber to be carried was anything up to 180lbs, and when I got that on my shoulder it bruised me, especially seeing that the ground was very broken and I was jolted at every step. My arms at the end of the first day had more and bigger bruises on them than I ever put on Kenneth's legs, but I rubbed them well with Elliman's embrocation and now the bruises are all gone except the marks; and it no longer hurts to put my coat on. This was down at the Imperial Oil Co's wharf, or rather where the wharf is being built. Lindsay is at present helping the Oil Co's engineer there and so he was able to get me on even though a notice was up to say that no men were wanted.

Tobey went up to Fort George a few days ago, and there met the Chief Engineer. They came back on a special, inspecting the line on the way, and arriving in town last night. Probably I'll hear in a day or two when the engineering parties are going to be sent out, if they do send any out.

Traffic, especially fish traffic, is continually increasing, and it may be that the line is nearly self-supporting, but even so the whole company is in such a bad condition that there is quite a possibility that they may do nothing this year. It will be all the worse for them in the end unless they do. The Chief Engineer is today looking over the work in town to decide whether or not to stop the excavations for yard space that are going on. Only one shovel is working, but the place it is working in is so soft that it has a lot of trouble to keep on the top, and so the costs are running away

beyond what was expected. The whole drydock plant may be finished in a couple of months now. It is getting on fast, and the Imperial Oil Co's five trunks are nearly ready too. The oil comes from Peru to near Vancouver. There it is refined and then it comes up here in tank steamers. I am just wondering whether it comes from the place in Peru that Guy Ponsonby wanted me to go to along with him. Apart from Government graft almost the only other piece of work now going on is for a Hazelton mining company, which is putting up a wharf and ore bunkers. It is the first Hazelton mine to make a real start.

If sheets are not sent off yet it might as you say be better to wait till the autumn, and then it is quite possible that I may move somewhere else. There is lots of development going on at Juneau, the capital of Alaska, about 350 miles up the coast, and if I can make good progress with my engineering course I might get a comfortable job up there in one of the mines. Alaska has a good many attractions. For one thing it is out of the Empire, and away from the yap-yap of the English, and the climate there is drier and sunnier than it is here. Up around Seward, which may be the terminus of the Alaska Railway that the U.S. government is going to build, they have an almost ideal climate. The winters are never very cold, but they have sunshine nearly all the time, and the summers are mild and sunny too. The great drawback is the number and ferocity of the mosquitos.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

April 20th 1915

My dear Mother

Here it's twenty minutes to ten on Tuesday evening before I start the letter that has to go out on Wednesday morning's train. Generally I get it posted on Tuesday, but it makes no difference anyway. I didn't get in from labouring on my lot this evening till getting on for eight o'clock, and then of course I had to make my supper (sausages, fried potatoes, bread, black currant jam and tea) and when I had finished it and got my things washed up and tidied away I thought I would have a bath. So I filled my patent bath apparatus and had one. The reason why I had one then instead of waiting till bed-time was that I don't like to have a fire except at meal times. That is not because fires cost me anything. If they did I would like it still less, but I see no use in stewing myself. So twice a day I make a blaze and have a meal, and then let things cool down again. I forget whether I told you that I had stopped using coal. I have not used it now for nearly two months. There is a pile of old planks that had been worn too thin for the roads, lying outside my shack, so I borrowed a huge saw from Blane, a saw about six feet long with teeth about an inch long, and sawed them up into little short chunks. The chunks are easily split and burn well, and give a hot fire sooner than coal would do.

The chief engineer and the general manager of the G.T.P. spent a few days here a week ago, and decided to stop the excavation now going on in Rupert, and to let the ballasting of the line lie over for another year. Of course that is a very bad thing to do, but presumably they are too badly busted to be able to do everything needful. It means of course that no engineering parties will be sent out this year. The permanent one that has been out all winter is being reduced in size.

The American Secretary for the Interior, or whatever the gentleman calls himself, has given his final reply to the complaints that the Seattleites made about the thievish Ruperters, and if he has any sense of humour I'm sure he must have been amused at himself while he was replying. He

practically advised the Seattle fish-men to move the fishing banks down South. That was not what he said, but it was what it came to. He said they ought to look for fish nearer Seattle, and that he would help them by sending a government steamer to do submarine exploration work for them. He also said that the people in Chicago and the other Middle-Western cities were receiving a great benefit from Prince Rupert, and that they wouldn't like to go back to the old system again. They get their fish both fresher and cheaper now than they did a year ago.

So you've got Dirty Dick over in London now! He was reported to have got the cold shoulder in Ottawa. Then when he went to New York he was reported to have got nothing, and now that he is in London he is reported to have got a chill. He is travelling about with the president of the Pacific Great Eastern, probably trying to raise some money to share between himself and it. That railway is a cheap outfit, and where all the money that has been raised for it has gone to is one of the great mysteries. It is now so badly busted that it can't pay its men. Fifteen hundred of them were turned off not long ago, and they all trooped down to Vancouver.

Vancouver has been giving relief all winter, but when this army came down on it the council refused to give any more, saying that the provincial government was to blame for the situation. Then five hundred hungry men went and stormed the restaurants and bakers' and grocers' shops and had a meal, and that made such a hubbub that the provincial government sent the city \$10,000 to dole out and get things hushed up again. Meanwhile the old thief goes touring around the world and having a grand time at our expense. There is no word yet about when that election is to come off. He would have to pay for his own tickets if he lost his job.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

April 26th 1915

My dear Mother

These letters home are a great nuisance every week, especially now that nothing is happening. I suppose you would like to know where I am looking for work, and as the names will take up a lot of room I think I will tell you.

I have written applications to the following: The Pacific, Peace River and Athabasca Railway and the Peace River Tramway and Navigation Company, two Vancouver companies with D.A. Thomas of Cardiff at their head; The Canadian Northern Pacific Railway Company of Vancouver; The Winnipeg office of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company; the chief engineer for J.D. McArthur (the main contractor for the construction of the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway Company); Archibald E. Parsons of Saskatchewan; the Alaska Juneau Mining Company of Juneau, Alaska; and the New Alaska Gold Mines Ltd, also of Juneau, Alaska. I am contemplating also writing to the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway Company and the Central Canada Railway Company, both of Edmonton Alberta, but if I do I will only have the pleasure of spending a two cent stamp and a war tax on each, and I am not likely to get anything in return, for neither of the Companies is very active. The Pacific Great Eastern Railway Company of course is all shut down and bust as far as construction is concerned, and is not worth three cents to me.

I have had a reply from the Pacific, Peace River and Athabasca Railway and the Peace River Tramway and Navigation Companies, and they say that although there are no openings just at present my letter had been placed on file for reference, "and if an opening occurs for you, you will hear from us again". It is comforting to think that I may get another job sometime before I die. The company's notepaper by the way has at the head of it "D.A. Thomas M.A." I don't think I ever saw or heard of a railway magnate boasting about his education before. It's nearly a wonder

he didn't put "Cantab." in brackets after it. I believe his company will be a very good one to get on with, for he intends to do a whole lot more than build railways and tramways and operate river boats. He has the great Groundhog coal-fields for one thing, and then his agents have gone and blanketed big tracts of country for other mineral claims, chiefly petroleum and gold. It seems to be fairly well established now that there is an enormous amount of oil in the Peace River district and over a great area north of Edmonton. Edmonton may yet be the biggest city in Canada. It is almost as important a railway junction as Winnipeg. It has the main lines of the two best transcontinentals besides branches of the third and three other smaller railways with their headquarters there and lines running up into the rich country to the North. D.A. Thomas's railway is not planned to enter Edmonton, but of course it will be connected with it and not very far away. He doesn't intend to have his terminus either at the mouth of the Nass River or at the other side of Prince Rupert Harbour, but will have it at the head of Kitimat Arm, south of the G.T.P. and about sixty miles up the line from Rupert.

I have also had a reply from the Canadian Northern Pacific Railway Company. Nothing doing.

I haven't had time to get any other replies yet. It was Victor who put me wise to the names of the best mines at Juneau. We don't hear very much about them here although we are just beside them.

The city may be starting some fresh work soon, but the Cons. Assoc. got the present mayor into office, and so it manages the city as well as the province and the dominion.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

May 3rd 1915

My dear Mother

A week ago we were having hail and sleet, and frost at night, and now we are having warmer weather I believe than any we had last year. Last year's maximum temperature if I remember right was 72°. Yesterday the temperature was 75°, and today felt a good deal warmer. But as usual when the weather gets really fine there has been a good West wind blowing. The cool weather came to an end on Saturday night with another display of the Northern Lights.

Saturday evening was fine but cold. I was out sailing on the harbour with Walker and Lindsay in Walker's new sailing skiff. We had just put it in the water that afternoon. It's very small, and you can't make yourself very comfortable in it unless you lie down, but it is certainly a speedy little craft and ought to provide them with plenty of enjoyment, and me too I expect.

There was never any thought of the Grand Trunk making extensions to the line this year, but it ought to finish off what it has made. Perhaps if traffic is good this summer and it is able to earn a little money, it may decide to do some of the necessary work in the fall, before another winter does any more damage. Last winter was cold but there was very little snow, and so the thaw this spring did not do anything like so much damage as it was expected to do, but the company would be running risks if they trusted to next winter being equally harmless and made no preparations for it.

A service of three trains a week is to start about June the 1st. The oil supply will probably be all ready before then, and the trains will be able to run right through B.C. without any danger of setting the woods on fire, and the passengers will get no smuts in their eyes if they put their heads out of the windows. The two crack steamers, the Prince Rupert and the Prince George are both running again. Both you may remember were taken off when the war started because of the German cruisers that were

hanging about the coast at that time. Then the George was made into a hospital ship, and then after a month or two she got to work again and has been working ever since except for about two weeks when she was getting her bottom scraped. This week they both are running, and next month one of them will meet every train that comes in. That will mean three trips a week between the two, and in order to do that they are going to increase their speed so as to do the trip in thirty hours. That will not be a record. The Rupert went from here right to Seattle in far less time than that last summer when she thought the Germans were looking for her.

The steamers for the North now are taking greater crowds than at any time since the Klondike rush, but this time the people are heading for Seward in the hope of finding work on the new railway. The U.S. government aims at construction to nearly 75 miles this year, in order to tap the Matanuska coal-fields. If it wasn't for the silly protection policy that Canadian governments are so fond of the greater part of Alaska's trade would probably pass through Rupert, but protection has put up Canadian prices so much that the Alaskans find it cheaper to get their supplies all the way from the States, and I have been told that in the little coast towns away up north, where food and clothing and everything has to be imported from Seattle, about a thousand miles to the South, it costs less to live than it does in Prince Rupert where we get our supplies direct from the East by the best railway in America. The same thing applies to the lumber business. The American lumber mills are working hard on orders from abroad, while most of the Canadian ones are having a slack time because of the high prices they have to charge in order to make a profit.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.
Canada
May 10th 1915

My dear Mother

The latest news, just arrived this evening, is that D.A. Thomas was drowned with the Lusitania. The rumour was contained in Prince Rupert's least reliable paper so we are hoping it is not true. The president of the Grand Trunk was drowned with the Titanic, and it would seem a great misfortune if the president of our second railway was to be lost in the Lusitania. It might mean that the railway would not be built for many years to come.

My name is down now for work on the C.P.R. at Winnipeg, the C.N.R. at Edmonton, the P.P.R. and A. at Vancouver, and of course the G.T.P. at Prince Rupert. I have not had any reply from the Edmonton, Dunvegan and B.C. Ry., and am feeling rather surprised about it, for that one is doing more construction work this year than any other in Canada, and I enclosed my reference from Lucas in the application I sent to it. They should I think return the reference even if they don't want me. Lucas gave me rather a good one, saying that I had worked as "chairman and rodman", which was perfectly true, although I only got chainman's pay. There is quite a good chance for me to get back to my old job here in Rupert again within a short time, although I don't want to feel too cocksure about it. The Imperial Oil Co. will want somebody else in their office as soon as their plant here is working, which ought to be on May 15th. Lindsay has been helping their engineer here during construction, and has applied for the job, and Lucas has recommended him and the present manager is also recommending him to the big boss in Vancouver, who is expected up this week. Lindsay is really an office man. He had charge of the Vancouver branch of some Toronto firm until hard times hit the city and put it out of business, and then he was offered a place in Toronto again, but refused it because he liked B.C. better. I think he has a pretty good chance of getting in with the Imperial Oil Co. now, unless somebody is sent up from the Vancouver office. The company has its

refinery near Vancouver.

If I got back to the engineering office now I would not have to do nearly so much work with figures as I had to before, for then I was doing Hunt's share as well as my own, whereas now Johnnie Walker is quite well able to do all that is needed.

The Walkers have got several quite fair landscapes hung in their house, all in the same style, so I asked him one day if it was the old man who had painted them, but it wasn't, it was the grandfather. There is nothing very wonderful about the pictures; they are just of the average Royal Academy style. The grandfather was not an R.A., although he exhibited there for eighteen years, and he would have been made one only that the man who propose him accidentally proposed a certain Gilbert Walker instead of John Walker, and the wrong name was elected. Then John Walker got so huffy that he refused to exhibit there any more. The present John Walker is also very huffy about it, for he thinks his grandfather was a great artist. A number of his pictures are in the British Museum gallery. Next time I'm in London I must go and take a look at them, but perhaps by that time they will be classed among the Old Masters and smashed up by Suffragettes.

I am promised the very first job that turns up in the Grand Trunk B&B dept. (Bridge & Building). A good deal of work is going on but everyone is sticking like a leech to the job he has got.

The fishery business is increasing very fast. The Americans are coming in greater numbers all the time, and we are hoping to see their wives and families soon too. The first all-fish train went out of Rupert last Wednesday. When we get all the fishermen we expect there should be at least three big train-loads every week.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

May 17th 1915

My dear Mother

The sheets arrived safely and thank you very much. My old ones, all except one, have gone up the chimney. I kept one as a sort of dish-cloth and duster reserve. I thought you said you were going to send me old ones, but your last letter said these were new. So much the better for me of course, although I would have got new ones here myself rather than put you to that trouble. The sixpenny stamps were in bad condition when they arrived so I am not returning them.

The Drydock is going to build a road from its plant at Hays Creek up to town. It will include a bridge across Cow Bay, and there will be work for somebody there. I have worried three people already about it and have been recommended for the job of instrument man on some of the construction. It will be some time yet before anything is done, for the plans are not all made out, and when they are they will have to be passed by the Provincial & Dominion Govts. and the G.T.P. head office. If I could land that little job I would of course feel very pleased with myself, but there are several other people in town who are probably going after it as well as me, and it may be that Lucas's fellows will do it and nobody extra be taken on at all. The work is really for the Grand Trunk more than for the Drydock, but as the Grand Trunk is broke the Drydock is going to do the work and then get paid back whatever the cost may be later on. Lucas says that the Grand Trunk need just about a million and a quarter dollars to finish up their terminal work here. They will have to get that before the port can be properly developed, and if they can't do it themselves they may be able to induce the Dominion Govt. to help them out.

Lucas, by the way, lost an uncle and aunt in the Lusitania. They were on their way over to visit a son who is at present wounded in England. D.A. Thomas, we were glad to hear, was not drowned.

Peculiar things keep on happening. The Northern Lights came out splendidly last night, better than ever in fact, and they have been followed

today by more warm weather. So far as I know they never appeared at all last spring or summer, and they have scarcely ever been seen in the winter either. It is the strangest thing that Rupert has done yet. As soon as the sunset glow has died down, at about ten o'clock, these other lights come dancing up, and then comes the heat. We are no further North than you are, if as far. It must be just another of Rupert's peculiarities.

Moses B. Cotsworth has gone and done it. The Ministerial Union of Vancouver consisting of the clergymen of all Protestant denominations employed him on writing a pamphlet on the way in which the Provincial Govt. has swindled the people. They have made quite a sensation, and Cotsworth's pamphlet has been the subject of a good many leading articles in newspapers all over Canada. It has mostly to do with the way the truth has been concealed about the land sales. Two attempts were made on the same night to steal the manuscript before the pamphlet was issued. Cotsworth's house at New Westminster was broken into and the proofs were taken, and some of the Vancouver clergymen were treated in the same way; but the original ms. and all the references had been put in a safe deposit vault and so no harm was done. One libel action has been started.

The figures of the logging production in B.C. may interest you. In the first four months of 1914 the total cut was 113,500,000 feet. For the same period in 1915 the cut was 155,000,000 feet. It looks very good, but the logs are being exported this year, and last year that was forbidden.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

May 24th 1915

My dear Mother

I don't think I ever knew the town as quiet as it has been to-day. With the weather fine and the 24th falling on a Monday this year nearly everyone who could do so went away for the week-end or for a day's picnic, and those who didn't go in boats went on their feet into the woods or up the mountain or to some other pleasant place. Two or three happy family parties were out near my lot this afternoon. I was there myself, delving in the Earth as usual and building up retaining walls and getting all ready for whoever is wise enough to build a house in that charming spot. I did get invited to go for an excursion to a cove on one of the islands near by, but I excused myself and stayed at home. I didn't care for the people who were going and neither did I want to run into any extra expense. The party consisted, as far as the female half of it was concerned, of one family and one other lass. There are five girls in the family and the mother is a Tartar. There is no father and the only son is a timid boy who lives away from home. I don't blame him. It would be very hard on him to have to live with his own people. The youngest of the girls is still at school and is not yet altogether corrupted with snobbery like the others. They invited me up to their house one evening last week.

There was one other man there too, and he did most of the silly talking that is necessary on such occasions, and also stayed behind after I had gone. Something must have captivated him I'm afraid. Anyway, I hope they don't ask me up there again. They threatened that they would, and I feel that I am living in danger all the time. It's all the fault of the Walkers. They keep on inviting me up to their house, which I don't object to in the least, and then they introduce me to other people, who apparently think me a perfectly charming young fellow and invite me to their houses in turn. I was at peace before the Walkers came, but now I see no end of troubles lying ahead, and I have just done a thing that will make it all the worse. I have been instrumental in getting the younger of

the Walker sisters a job as stenographer for three or four hours a day at the drydock. It was just exactly the sort of job she was wanting, and I fear greatly that she will be thankful. I could have got it myself if I had been a stenographer. The government inspector there offered it to me, or at least asked me whether I could handle it, and when I sadly replied that I couldn't he told me to look for somebody who could. That government inspector is a very agreeable man. I don't think I ever mentioned him to you before, but I know him well and hope to know him better.

On Saturday I did a day's work for Lucas. He has charge of the road from the drydock at present and somebody extra was wanted for surveying it. I'm afraid he will have charge of it all the time now and in that case I'll be left out in the cold again. If the drydock engineers had been doing it they would have needed extra help, but Lucas's hands are just about as idle now as Hunt's and mine were a year ago. I don't know whether I'll be working to-morrow or not. I was not told to stop, so probably I'll be able to get in a few hours in the morning before Lucas comes along and sees what I'm up to. He is nearly always late in reaching the office.

I did a foolhardy thing last Thursday. I went and applied for work on a government pipe line that will be started fairly soon in all probability. As I don't belong to the right party I have very little hope of getting anything in that direction, but I know that district engineer and he isn't a bad sort of fellow. He promised to see what he could do for me. Of course I didn't ask for work in the engineering department, for that is a regular civil service department and is overstaffed with faithful conservatives all the time. Pick and shovel work is the best I can hope for, but of course I'm not expecting anything.

With love from
Arnold

Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

May 31st 1915

My dear Mother

I have had two letters from you since my last and they contain a lot of things to reply to, so here goes. (i) I don't think I ever said Juneau was warmer than Prince Rupert. It isn't. (ii) Guy Ponsonby was one of my Bedford acquaintances and was an oil engineer. He was expecting to go to Peru to open up some new oil-fields and offered to take me with him, but as the oil district was a swampy malarial place down near the sea I refused. If it had been among the mountains I'd have done the other thing. Peru is a country I very much want to see. (iii) You hardly go round the world at all when you come from Peru to Rupert. You just sail straight up the coast. (iv) The oil is to be used instead of coal on the trains and steamers. It is cleaner, cheaper and easier to handle, and doesn't throw out sparks.

I have been having quite a gay time this last week. A certain young fellow called Bob Ritchie has taken a great fancy to the young Miss Walker. The Ritchies are wealthy people and Bob, aged 17, has his own motorboat besides a great many other toys that ordinary kids haven't got. Naturally he likes to take his girl out in it, but as it wouldn't look well for him to take her out alone he invites the rest of us to go along with him. There is lots of room in the boat for six and we can all sprawl around comfortably in the cabin while Bob sits on the front seat with his friend at his side. He's a great boy. I don't think any boy in town has a worse reputation than he has. He has become almost proverbial for badness. As bad as "Bob Ritchie" is as nasty a thing as some people could think of to say about any of the other boys, but personally I have rather a high opinion of the boy; and have had ever since I first knew him, which was not long after I came here. Why some people should abuse him so much beats me altogether, unless it is that they are jealous of him. As a matter of fact he detests them just about as much as they detest him. By "them" I mean the snobby classes of young men, particularly of course young

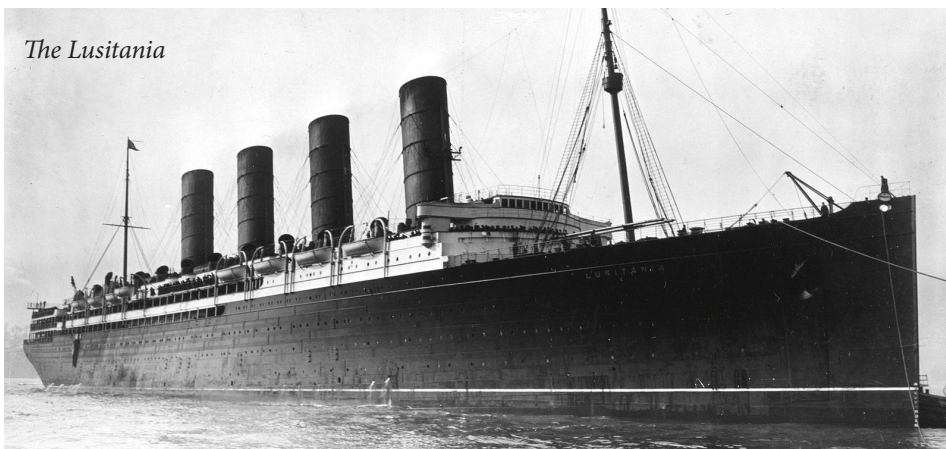
Englishmen. Among other people he is thought of much more highly. In some ways he's a model of a rich boy, for he never displays his riches, and rich and poor alike get the benefit of them when he is in a generous mood, which, so far I can see, is all the time. I never knew anybody I think who could mix folks up the way he can. He is just as much at ease with a bohunk as he is with a judge, and I have seen him quite contentedly enjoying the company of both. Indeed, now that I think of it, it isn't much wonder that some people get annoyed with him, for he pays no respect to them at all unless they are worth paying respect to. Villainy indeed!

Well I suppose you're not very much interested in him. I see no reason why you should be. All I wanted to do was to tell you that I had been having a good time going out for joy-rides in his motor boat.

One effect of the sinking of the *Lusitania* has been to change Lucas from Mr Lucas to Lieutenant Lucas, Royal Engineers. He leaves Rupert on Friday next, and Tobey will have charge of the rest of the terminal work here.

I may not be here next week, but I won't say anything more about it for fear I'm going to be disappointed again. I have nothing attractive in view, so don't expect any great much from my next letter.

With love from
Arnold



Prince Rupert B.C.

Canada

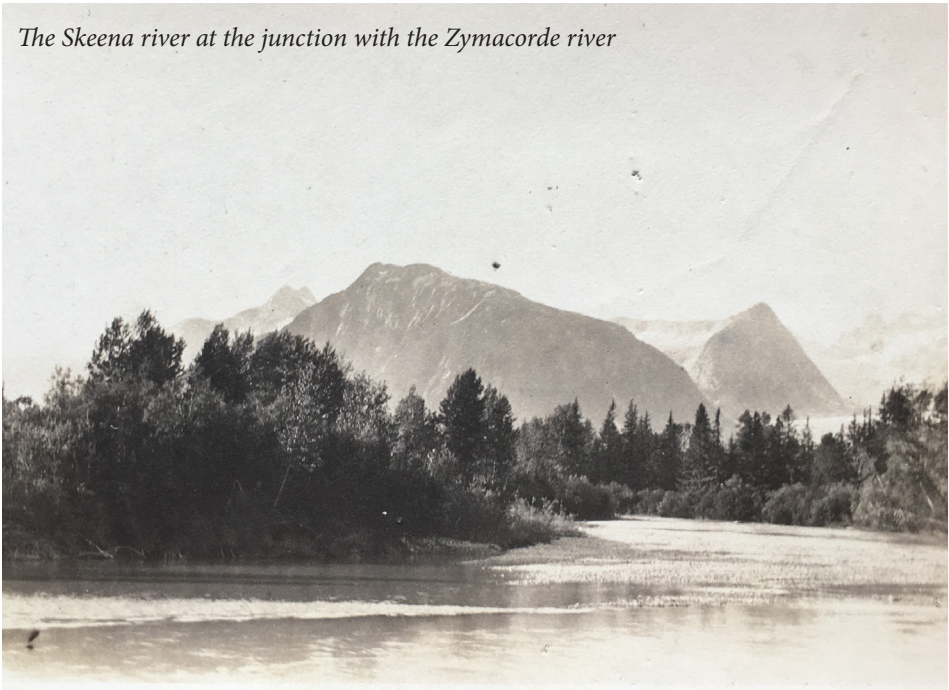
June 7th 1915

My dear Mother

Twenty dollars a month and board may not seem very much, but that is what I am getting now, and I had no hesitation about accepting the offer. I met the purchasing agent of the G.T.P. on the street on Monday afternoon and greeted him as usual, saying "Hullo, howdydo, any chance of a job?" there isn't much use in asking a purchasing agent a question like that as a rule, but I've got into the habit of it, and am liable to say it still if I meet anybody. Of course there was nothing to be had with the G.T.P., but he said he knew a rancher up the line whose back had given out for about a week, so that he couldn't work, and the weeks had got ahead of him. He wanted somebody for a couple of months or so, and was willing to pay \$20.00 a month and board, so he got me.

He now says he will probably want me all summer, and maybe winter

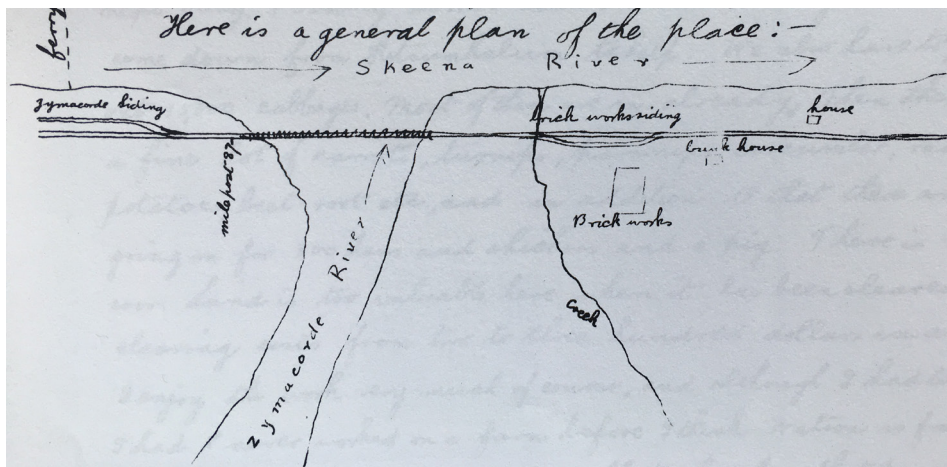
The Skeena river at the junction with the Zymacorde river



too, and maybe next year. It all depends on how things turn out. He has about $2\frac{1}{4}$ acres either under cultivation now or ready for planting, and if he is successful and makes money and the war doesn't end, he intends to clear another piece of ground, so as to have about five acres next year.

You see he is not really a farmer at all, and is only doing this for a stop gap. He is a builder and contractor, and has a good many other interests as well, but all his money is tied up at present in enterprises that are doing nothing on account of the scarcity of capital. He has oil claims on Graham Island, coal in the Groundhog, and brick-works here, but he has next to no spare money and has to farm in order to live. The brick-works here are not entirely his own. Alec Manson and various other Rupert men are directors as well and a good deal of the capital was coming from France through a French count who was in Rupert till the war started. The count went off to the war and not enough capital has come to finish the plant. I am living in the brick-works bunk-house, where there is accommodation for twenty four men, so I have plenty of room, and the Watsons live in a cottage not far away.

Here is a general plan of the place: -



There is a Wm. Watson and a Mrs Watson and a Bobbie Watson and an Edna Watson. The last two are aged about 8 and 6. The brick works can make clay bricks, and they have plenty of clay here if they want it, but they are meant more for Silica-lime bricks and tiles. The Zymacorde River is lined with the very best of Silica sand, which will be pumped to the

brick-works, and there is any amount of lime in the neighbourhood. Of course there is not use in doing anything more until Rupert shows some signs of being built up. The $2\frac{1}{4}$ acres are partly Watsons own, just beside his house, and partly belong to the brick works, but, being president and chief shareholder in the company, he can do what he likes with the company's land. He is expecting I believe to get about 150 crates of strawberries (24 quarts = 1 crate), so when the strawberry season starts in a week or two we ought to be kept busy. Possibly some Indian women and girls will come down from Kitsumkalum to help. We also have to plant out 15,000 cabbages. Most of them are in already. Then there are a five lot of carrots, turnips, parsnips, cucumber, radishes, potatoes, beet-root etc., and in addition to that there are going on for 300 hens and chickens and a pig. There is no cow. Land is too valuable here when it has been cleared, for clearing costs are from two to three hundred dollars an acre. I enjoy the work very much of course, and although I had to admit I had never worked on a farm before I think Watson is fairly well satisfied, especially as I was able to show him that I used to potter around in the back garden at home.

With love from
Arnold

c/o Wm Watson
Remo B.C.
June 13th 1915

My dear Mother

I am writing this sitting on a log just above some furious rapids on the Skeena River. This being Sunday and a fine day I thought I would take a walk up to Terrace and see the place, for I had never been there except just passing through in the train. The distance is nearly eight miles. I am on my way back now. I have just had a bathe, and when this is written I am going to hurry on so as to reach the ferry from Zymacord to the Lakelse side of the river before six o'clock. The ferryman is not on duty after six. He is a German by the way and besides having the government ferry he has the post office. Nobody has ever had any fault to find with him so far as I know, but I believe a petition is being got up to try and dislodge him from both jobs.

The walk up to Terrace is a delight all the way, and so is this spot where I am sitting now. The country I expect is just about at its best at this time of the year. Usually the best is a little later than this, but this year everything is early.

The roses are already half over, but of course the air is still full of the smell of them. Strawberries are just ripening. Raspberries are either in flower, or just finishing flowering. There are tremendous quantities of raspberries growing wild all through this country, and so far as I have seen nobody is bothering to cultivate them. I tell Watson he ought to experiment with them, for as they are now they are too awkward to pick for people to be able to make much money out of them, but if they were cultivated and attended to properly they would probably pay well. They almost cost more than strawberries in Rupert. There are also quite a number of wild gooseberries, but they don't seem to do quite so well, and there are quantities of black currants and salmon berries.

The chief trouble at the present time is lack of rain. There has been no rain now for a long while, and those who have no streams running through their land are finding things rather dry. All the same, everything

points to the biggest strawberry crop on record, and arrangements are being made to ship all the surplus to Alaska. In earlier years the growers have sometimes had trouble in selling their berries, but one of the Rupert wholesale men is this year offering to take all that are offered. Watson is hoping to get the contract to supply the Dining cars between Winnipeg and Rupert.

I was looking at land around Terrace today and was greatly struck by the way the country there is being developed. It is really one of the busiest places in Northern B.C., if not in the whole of B.C. There are actually new houses going up there, and when the money from the strawberries and vegetables comes in the people should be feeling pretty well off. I think I'll have to get a few acres round here sometime and then if I get out of work again I can just go there and clear it and plant fruit trees instead of wasting time.

With love from
Arnold

c/o Wm Watson
Remo B.C.
Canada
June 20th 1915

My dear Mother

I was rather hoping that Victor might have been here this week end, but he did not come on Saturday's train, so I suppose he couldn't make arrangements; or else my note may never have been delivered to him. If it wasn't I suppose he will be blaming me now, for he kept me fully informed as to his whereabouts as he came along. There is a mail tomorrow, Monday, so I may hear something then. Although there are six mail trains a week running past here, we only get two mails a week, on Mondays and Thursdays. The postmaster is paid by the government according to the number of journeys he makes up to Terrace for the mails, and as there are very few settlers in this neighbourhood twice a week is plenty often enough. There is one other settler about a mile away on this side of the river and all the others are on the far side. In some ways the land there is better, but we get more sun and our strawberries are among the first to ripen in the whole valley. Watson got the contract for supplying the G.T.P. dining cars. He must have a pretty good pull with the company, for they are actually going to pay him in cash each time they take the berries from him. They are paying him a flat rate of 12½ cents per quart basket right through the season, but as they will certainly charge at least four times that amount on the trains they are not really being very generous. If the valley gets a good rain in time and the crop comes up to what is expected it is quite likely that shipments will be made as far as Edmonton, and that would give the Grand Trunk berries a start in the Edmonton markets before the Canadian Northern gets into business.

I am greatly bothered by mosquitoes at this present moment, they seem determined to have my blood. I have killed over fifty in my room this evening and still they keep on humming and singing all about me. I don't mind them so much during the day time, but at night they really are a pest. There must be a leak in the curtain somewhere I suppose, but

I can't find it, and nearly every night I wake up to find them busy at my face and then in the morning I go after them and when I squeeze them my own good blood bursts out of their fat bodies. Of course there are the black flies as well and they will leave your face and hands bleeding every time they get a chance; and there are the nosee-ems, which are sometimes the greatest nuisance of them all. The Indians have given them that name. in most places they are called sand flies, but hereabouts where the Indians are so thick we are liable to get our language corrupted. It is a very suitable name anyway, for, as the Indians say, you feel 'em bite, you go catch 'em, you no see 'em. I hope you don't think that this talk about fly pests is just another way of saying that I'm miserable. Far be it from me to lie in that manner! I am very well and happy and contented, and the poison from the fly bites gradually inoculates you so that you get almost not to mind. I will admit that the first night I was here I never slept a wink. The netting was leaky and the mosquitoes wouldn't go away for a minute. I will also admit that my hands got so blobby and swollen that you would nearly have to root about in them to find the knuckles, but now they have become normal in shape again, and the bites only raise a slight lump and don't itch badly after the first few minutes.

There are so many little things that I could write about that I find it almost as hard to think of what to say as I did in Rupert when there was nothing happening at all. I am most excellently fed, and the work as a rule is very easy, so that really I am lucky compared with a good many. The sheets arrived safely.

With love from
Arnold

c/o Wm Watson
Remo B.C.
Canada
June 27th 1915

My dear Mother

This day will go down in history as Murder Sunday, for I feel that I have committed two frightful crimes since getting up this morning. I slew a baby yesterday afternoon and this morning I slew its mother, and this evening I battered to death the child of another family. Yes, I fear I have become a Hun, but the cabbage must be saved. Day after day we have found that animals have been amongst them, and although we are in the thick of the strawberry season we have had to spend hour after hour in replacing hundreds of fine young cabbages whose hearts have been devoured by the desperadoes. We couldn't find the culprit. We watched for him and set traps for him and we went sneaking out and peering round corners at all times of the day, carrying guns in our hands and feeling as full of vengeance as a patriotic editor.

We never got anything till yesterday afternoon, I was in the cabbage patch, or one of them when a little brown animal ran past in front of me. I thought it was a rat, but rats are a nuisance too and eat dozens of chickens, so as soon as I saw it I went leaping and bounding over the cabbages after it and I just managed to hit it on the head before it got into the brush. It was queer shape for a rat, but I didn't worry. I just went back and planted some more cabbages. Then I set the traps and came away. This morning before breakfast as usual I got the gun and sneaked out, and when I got to the place where the cabbages had been eaten last I saw the nicest old mammy beast you could think of. She was running along a log, and she stopped and looked at me while I pointed the gun at her. She looked as gentle and contented as you yourself when you get into your armchair, and when I shot her she just gave a jerk and then lay down. Watson heard the bang and came out to celebrate, and was amazed to see her. She was a marmot, and she was the mother of the wee thing I killed yesterday. You can call her a groundhog if you like, or a whistler. Prospectors and such

like people call them whistlers because they generally whistle when they are surprised. Anyway we cut the good lady's tummy open and found it full of cabbage. She had a nice skin, but it was in poor condition. A marmot skin in the fall is worth eighty cents raw. If I'm here in the fall maybe I'll get you one, but as a rule they live high up in the mountains, and this one must just have come down for family reasons. We threw her away, and that was the end of her except for the task, but this evening when I wasn't expecting anything I suddenly saw a young porcupine quite near me. Porcupines are great cabbage eaters too, and as I had no gun and no big stick I was in a great stew for a while, not knowing how I would kill it, it ran into the bush and I ran after it till I got a club and laid into it till it was about dead. It was a nice little beast too. It just had little short quills and didn't weigh more than about twenty five pounds, but it had to die. I felt wickeder than ever when I took it up by one of its little soft hands and pitched it into the river.

The next thing that must be killed is a rat or weasel vermin, probably a weasel, that comes and steals the chickens and sucks the blood out of them. Pioneer ranchers have a hard enough time here with the woods all round them and no limit to the number of animals that want to annoy them.

We had a great rain for two or three days this week, and everything is going ahead fast now.

With love from
Arnold

c/o Wm Watson
Remo B.C.
Canada
July 4th 1915

My dear Mother

I think I forgot to tell you last week that I had had a letter from Victor, from Juneau. He got the note I left him all right, but could not make good train and steamer connections to come up and visit me. He was just starting out for Fort Yukon, a Hudson Bay Company post at the farthest north point of the Yukon River, just within the Arctic Circle. It's as well for him that I am not with him, for if he had had me he might not have cared to travel quite so far. Some day maybe I'll go there on my own account and then go down the Yukon to Nome, the chief port in the Behring Straits.

All that however is a long way off yet, and it would take a good many months of work here to pay for such a trip. In June I got \$27.50, but I don't think most months will be quite so crowded as this last one has been. Lately we have been working from seven in the morning till nearly ten at night, but now most of the strawberries are picked. Nobody, except those who eat them, will be sorry when they are all gone, for picking them is about the hardest kind of work we have to do, and we have had a roasting hot week into the bargain. The temperature has run up to 85° or more every day. The only thing that makes the place anything like comfortable is the wind which comes blowing up the Skeena as soon as ever the sun gets hot in the morning. The heat and the wind together have dried up the berries and ripened them before their time, so that now nearly all that are left are small. Watson has been giving away a good many crates to his friends, Alec Manson for instance, in Rupert, and Jimmy Melville, the chief clerk in the G.T.P. office and second in command between Rupert and Edmonton, and he also tried the experiment of sending a crate as far as Winnipeg to his brother in law Bill Hatch, the famous millionaire and sporting gent. I was quite astonished one day when Bobbie began to talk about "Uncle William", to find that he was talking about Bill Hatch.

If Watson had about five acres of strawberries instead of a tenth of an acre he would ship them to Winnipeg regularly in carload lots. He intends this year to plant out another acre with them, and then if he stays here he will put out an acre a year for five years and irrigate them. He considers it safe to count on a profit of \$500 an acre per year from growing strawberries, and there would be no danger of glutting the market the way it is glutted now sometimes if he had them in big enough quantities to send them a long distance at a cheap rate. The Prairie cities get supplied with flabby ones from Southern B.C. and as soon as they are over the good Northern ones are ripe.

The family will probably go and live in Rupert or Victoria in September and leave Watson here to mind the poultry and the pigs and draw his pay as bridge guard from the G.T.P. and the Government. He wants me to stop with him for the winter, and of course I'll be very glad to do so rather than put in another winter like the last. Bobbie and Edna have to go to school. That is why the family are going to move away.

We have got rid of two more porcupines, three more groundhogs and a bush rat. Watson borrowed a dog from the section men down the line, and it, being fond of hunting, is never so happy as when chasing groundhogs and scrabbling at their holes. With its help we ought to be able to exterminate the beasts or scare them away before the cabbages and brussels sprouts and sugar beets are all destroyed.

Please post the enclosed letter.

With love from
Arnold

c/o Wm Watson
Remo B.C.
Canada
July 14th 1915

My dear Mother

This is Wednesday evening. I didn't write on Sunday, so the letter can't go till Thursday. I came near to waiting till next Sunday, but I suppose that is too dangerous a thing to do, and if I start it I might go to the bad.

The Engineers' care was deposited on the brickworks siding by the freight train passing here on Sunday morning. Paul Kruger is there, and also Bill Harlow, and an old fellow who was with the G.T.P. in the early days. He helped to locate the line. He has fallen on bad times like the rest of us, and is glad to pick up a living any way he can. The engineer cars are just close by my bunkhouse, so I have lots of good company in the



The Prince Rupert at Prince Rupert

evenings now. Paul is as amiable as ever. German though he is, he likes to make fun of his Willie a good deal more than most of us like to make fun of our Georgie Porgy. Their month's supplies have gone astray again, so I have got some orders for vegetables from them, and they say now that they wish all their vegetables came from here instead of from the wholesale houses in Rupert. Perhaps we may be able to get the business regularly of supplying Grand Trunk outfits, but Watson doesn't seem able to make up his mind what to do. The children have to go to school, and he wants to be with his family, and if he is with his family in some town he probably won't be able to earn a living. Sometimes he talks of staying here and keeping me with him, and sometimes he says he will go away and leave me to run the show and pay him a share of the earnings. Schools open on September 1st, so he will have to decide soon. At the same time I am looking out for a piece of land for myself. I was looking at the Grand Trunk Right of Way plans and found a dandy piece of thirty acres marked as Crown land just beside the Zimacord siding. Watson says he thinks it is being held as timber limit, like a great deal of other good land that has no valuable timber on it, but I'm going to write down to Jimmy Ledlie the chief clerk in the Land Office in Rupert, and find out for certain. He is a leading Orangeman, but is quite a good friend of mine all the same.

I want to get to sleep, so please wait till Sunday for any more.

With love from
Arnold

Remo B.C.
Canada
July 18th 1915

My dear Mother

We still keep busy and I still am doing overtime nearly every day. One of the ranchers across the river had a very disastrous time with his strawberries. His pickers picked them carelessly and paid no attention to the packing, so that when the crates arrived in Rupert the berries were all shaken about and half rotten, and had to be sold at a price that meant a loss of about 15c a crate to him. He owed money already and in ten days or so he was just about ready to turn everything over to the creditors. Then he thought he would try shipping the berries to Edmonton and asked the Grand Trunk if they would supply a refrigerator car. The Grand Trunk said they certainly would, and he went home feeling better. But in the meantime his pickers had heard how things stood, and when he got home he found that they were all on strike.

Next day's train brought up the refrigerator car and he had nothing whatever to put in it. I believe if I had gone and offered him \$250 for the whole place there and then he would have taken it, but since then Watson and I have been going over every day nearly and picking his berries. Watson pays him 75c a crate for them on the vines, so the poor man is making something. He has a bad watery kind of berry. It grows to a great size, but won't keep, and I'm inclined to think that Watson is doing himself an injury by selling them as coming from himself. This old rancher by the way is descended from one of the old Dutch Quaker families that settled in Pennsylvania at the very beginning, but he has been knocking about all over the States and Canada ever since he was a boy and never did any good for himself and probably never will. He may yet have to sell out his place, and in that case I might still buy it, but indeed he is such a gentleman that I wouldn't like to see him lose it. His ranch is the best kept and the best stocked of any in the neighbourhood, if not in the whole of Northern B.C. in a few years it will be worth a good deal for he has spent a lot of money on young trees, - apples, pears, plums,

cherries, peaches, apricots, walnuts, and all the common small fruits. He can grow them as well as anybody but doesn't seem able to sell them.

On the other hand, Watson seems to be turning round towards the partnership idea again, although indeed I think his skull is full of weathercocks. There is just this to be said for him, that he is a good business man and he is intimate with several of the Grand Trunk officials in Rupert. Consequently, if he clears some more land this fall and goes into the market gardening business on a bigger scale next year he might possibly be able to get the contract for supplying all the Grand Trunk steamers, trains and work cars with vegetables. They buy all their vegetables in the South at present, but would probably be very glad to patronise their own district if any grower could guarantee them all they wanted. I don't know what terms Watson would propose and it's up to him to speak first seeing that he owns the place. But anyway, no matter what happens, I think probably I can count on staying here next winter, and in that case I'll be better off than I was last winter.

We still hear rumours every now and then about the D.A. Thomas railway, and I am delighted to think that you are paying double price for your coal, and giving him lots of money. His line will probably cross the Grand Trunk quite near here, and some day no doubt there will be a thriving town where now there is nothing but trees and underbrush and flies.

I have no time now for studying civil engineering. Maybe in the winter I'll get to work at it again, but unless Thomas does start his railway soon I don't think the prospects for the next few years will be as good in civil engineering as they are in farming.

With love from
Arnold

P.S. I was much interested to hear of nephew III, and am anxious to hear more. You seem to be the medium for all the news so please pass on my congratulations. I have no more time to spare for writing than Oswald himself has.

Remo B.C.
Canada
July 25th 1915

My dear Mother

(i) I get my meals with the Watson family. (ii) I do my own laundry work. (iii) Stations are as marked on the sketch map I sent you. Freight trains can be flagged at the siding opposite the bunk house and passenger trains at the other one, about half to three quarters of a mile away. (iv) My bunk has a mattress in it and I put up a shelf. (v) Pretty good. I mean to say, in case you have forgotten the order of your questions; the bunk is quite comfortable. The only objection is that the mosquito curtain keeps off the air. (vi) There is any amount of firewood scattered around, and light is furnished free. The Grand Trunk supplies its bridge guards with all the oil they want, so Watson himself doesn't have to pay anything for it.

The bunk house has a bench running round all the lower bunks, also a table, one ordinary chair and one armchair, two small tables fastened to the wall, and odds and ends.

We are still head over ears in work, for the weeds are growing magnificently, and after all the time we took over strawberries there is a prodigious lot of hoeing to be done. We are gradually catching up however, and as the other things are doing well too I suppose we can't grumble about the weeds. The weather couldn't be better. We have hot days, when the ground is burning hot, so that you can hardly touch it, and at the same the wind blows up the river, and doesn't let any part of you burn except your feet. Then when the heat has gone far enough a thunderstorm comes grumbling down the river and gives the place a soaking. We are expecting quite a fine crop of cucumbers, tomatoes, Indian corn and other things that you can't grow in the open at home.

Watson's latest idea is to rent a cottage at Terrace and let his family live there and have the children go to school, while he stays here with me. He would then be quite near his people, and could take a run up to see them on the section men's handcar every now and then.

The section foreman by the way is a pretty good hair-cutter. He came

along to-day and cut our hair for us. He doesn't charge anything. He is an Austrian.

One of the labourers on the section next below us is a Cambridge graduate. He took honours in the mathematical tripos, but his people wouldn't have him at home because he was such a drunkard. They send him money regularly and then he goes into Rupert and makes a beast of himself till it is used up. He can't help it. In other ways he seems rather a nice fellow, and he offers to give me any help I need with my trigonometry when I get started again. Watson says he is an old Etonian, but he never told me that himself. The more I see of this booze business the more I hate it. I never knew what it was till I got out to this part of the world and mixed with all classes. It has ruined more people in Prince Rupert than anything else, physically and financially and every other way. The last I heard about poor old Johnnie Fitzsimmons, the rodman on our car last fall, was that, after keeping sober all winter and getting a job in the Grand Trunk Bridge & Building Department for about two months this spring, he went back to Rupert a little while ago and drank till he had nothing left. He's a good kind-hearted old fellow, and honest too, but he gets mixed up with some old timer friends in Rupert and then it's all up with him unless he has someone to look after him.

Please congratulate Sylvia, with all the heartiness you can work up, on her great achievement. I really am very busy, so I hope she will forgive me for not writing separately. I found I couldn't pack those Irish Reviews in my trunks, so I just skipped them off to her to keep for me. I hope they won't bother her too much.

With love from
Arnold

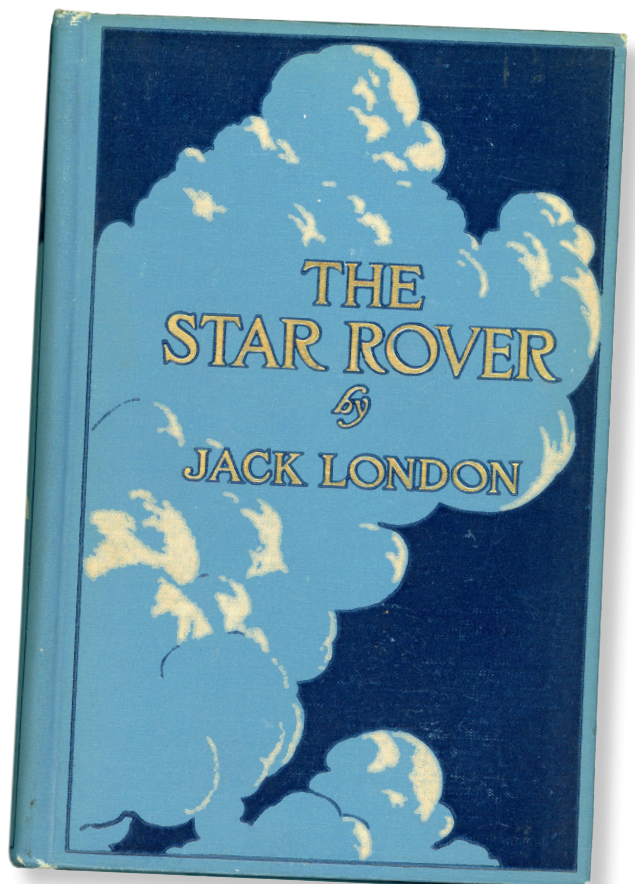
Remo B.C.
Canada
August 1st 1915

My dear Sib, [Sylvia]

The news of your great and extraordinary achievement reached me when I was hoeing potatoes, and I got so excited that I could hardly hoe straight. I'm sure I must have been nearly as delighted as yourself. I don't know how you did it. If I'd been you I'd have died right away under the impression that my life's work was finished.

Hope you didn't get angry last week because I didn't write you a special letter. You poor creature, I wanted to, but eleven o'clock came round and I had to be up early next morning, so I didn't try. You see, I have been working twelve hours a day on week days, and ten on Sundays. The Sunday time and two hours of week-day time counts extra, but even so I'm none too well off, for I keep on getting dirty, and so do my clothes, and I've got to keep myself and them clean, and one thing and another keeps me going all the time.

Thanks very much for the Boots Book Catalog. I'm not ordering any just yet, for I'm not certain what I'm going to do in the winter. When I do order some I think I'll get you to do it for me, and then if some of the books are sold out I won't be bothered with English postal orders coming



out here. You won't mind, will you? Thanks very much honey. I think I've gone silly tonight. I've had three hours to myself, and the change has pretty near turned my head.

About Jack London. He is a man. I know all about it. I met a friend of his, and he told me. Jack London is a man, but he doesn't write Jack London's books. He has a fine big ranch down in California, and he busies himself with it and thinks out his plots for himself, and then he goes in and tells the plot to one of his girl stenographers and she goes and writes the book for him. When she's finished he checks it over and puts in a sprinkling of clever remarks and purple passages in the Jack London style and tells her to make a fair copy. Then he palms it off as his own. So you see, you're a most marvellously clever lass and it's not the slightest bit of wonder that you cover yourself with glory and academic honour.

I've still got to write to Mother, and I'm yawning already. This is the third letter to-night.

With love from
Thy brother kin [Arnold Marsh]

Remo B.C.
Canada
Aug. 1st 1915

My dear Mother

I don't think you need address me c/o Billy Watson any more, for he probably won't be here much longer. He got an offer of the job of superintending the building of the new city hospital at Hamilton, Ont. and he is likely to go away next month. He wants to sell his crop, and asks me what I'll give for it, and I have asked him what he wants for it. We have done that twice already, and that is as far as the negotiations have gone. He will probably be willing to sell out pretty cheap rather than dump it all on the market before he goes and before it is ready. If I can get a low price on it and then handle it right I might be able to make quite a bit of money this winter, but if I can't get it cheap I won't buy it, for I'm new to the game and I don't want to run any risks. If he leaves me here by myself, as he probably will, I think I'll ask Archie Parsons to come and spend the



winter with me. He hates living by himself in the middle of the Prairies, and I myself am not extra keen on the prospect of having no companions except bears and wolves and snowflakes. A bear in the fall is a pretty good sort of fellow to meet all the same, for his skin is worth \$15.00, and boys' story books say that his hams are very edible, so maybe they are.

I don't see how I'm supposed to write a letter every week when I'm working so much. I just sleep and eat and work all the time. I won't boast about my work, but I sleep well and I eat splendidly, better than any of the rest of them. It's Mrs Watson's own fault a good deal, for she is very good cook and when you start in at her productions you can hardly stop till you're plumb full and smiling. You may be thankful good cooks are scarce. Mrs Watson is naturally very glad to be going away to a place where the kids can get to school. Old man Billy was suggesting that I should teach them, but nothing doing. Those two little creatures would drive any decent schoolmaster crazy. He would like them so much that he would want to let them talk to him all the time instead of him talking to them. I couldn't do anything with them unless I had them away from the parents. You see, the parents are destroying them with kindness and anybody who tried to get them under control would only get himself disliked.

With love from
Arnold

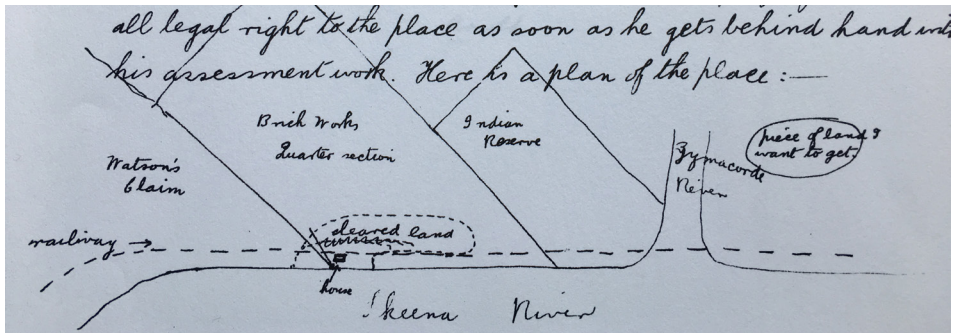
Remo B.C.
Canada
August 8th 1915

My dear Mother

I congratulate Kenneth nearly as heartily as I did Sylvia. I can't feel quite as much enthusiasm about him as I did about her, for, although I couldn't pass even my first year, a second year seems a cheap ordinary thing compared with a fifth. I suppose the doctor is now doing wise stunts at Lurgan and making more money than I am. Supposing I asked her for professional advice, would you pay the bill when she sent it in? This is my trouble. Every morning when I wake up I find my fingers stiff and also a little bit swollen. At first it was only the fingers of my left hand, but now the right is the same, and sometimes the stiffness stays all day. Watson says it may be rheumatism. Is that so? If not, what is it? And what am I to do about it?

The great rush of work seems to be almost at an end, and I have had the last two evenings off. Watson also seems to be getting into a more settled frame of mind, and with the help of the missus I think he will be able to decide to go to Hamilton next month. Unless he gets into something good there for the summer he will probably come back here next spring and grow more cabbages. There are various things to be put straight before he can come to any definite decision about this place. The quarter section that the company has its plant on is still in his wife's name, and he refuses to transfer it until the other directors settle with him in some matters that have been outstanding for over a year. Then just beside it he has a copper-gold claim on which he hasn't done his last year's assessment work yet. We'll probably go and put a few holes in it before he goes, for if the government hears that he has gone out of this part of the country it is liable to cancel the claim. Then the first prospector who came along could re-stake it for himself, and along with it would go an acre of cleaned and cultivated land, about another acre of land that has had the timber cut down and removed, and a couple of sheds. Nobody of course would re-stake it unless it was cancelled, for there is an unwritten law

in this country condemning a man who “jumps” another man’s claim to death or banishment. If it wasn’t for that custom I could take out a license and take it all away from him myself, for he loses all legal right to the place as soon as he gets behind hand with his assessment work. Here is a plan of the place: -



This is a quite unreliable plan, but it just gives you an idea of the layout of the place.

Watson has not said anything very definite yet about how much he will sell his crop for, but he was hoping to make \$2500 on it anyway. Of course if he sells it to me I'll have quite a lot more work to do in getting it in after he has gone, so he shouldn't want anything like that much for it. he will also have over a hundred pullets to dispose of, mostly thoroughbred Wyandots, and he has a lot of sugar beets, turnips and white carrots growing for them for winter feed. At present we are fattening twenty five young roosters and the pig, to be killed and sold before he goes. I think I'll be able to take things over at a fair price. Watson isn't the kind of man to try and cheat me, and as he hasn't been able to pay me more than very small wages it will only be fair to give me a good chance to make something later on, especially as he will be getting all he needs to live on in Hamilton.

Money order arrived safely thank you.

With love from
Arnold

Remo B.C.
Canada
Aug. 15th 1915

My dear Mother

I have just got back from a very arduous journey to Shames, mile 79. The section foreman at Amsbury (85) wanted us to go with his family down there on their handcar, just for fun and a joyride. Watson and I made a push-car for taking vegetables up to the Zimacord siding, and we thought it would be a convenient thing to ship the family down to Amsbury on, especially as Mrs Watson is not in a very fit condition for walking. So they all got on and Watson sat on one side and I sat on the other and we pushed with our feet. I suppose you never did much of that sort of work so you don't know how hard it is. It looks as easy as eating, but it makes you very sore in quick time, and we were glad when we got to Amsbury. Only one of the labourers was there. Tom Dalton, of the Mathematical Tripos, had had to be fired at last for getting altogether too drunk after last pay-day, and the man who was there said the family had gone to fish about a mile or so below, and we would probably see their hand-car at the side of the track, so we pushed on for a couple of miles more. We saw no sign of them however and decided to come back, but before doing so Watson showed me his marble quarries, and said he would sell them very cheap if he could just get some money at once. He only had them staked at present, and of course there is no use doing anything more at present.

The Government wanted a big block for a monument of Dirty Dick to put in the Parliament Buildings at Victoria. They wanted native stone if possible, but Watson hadn't got the plant and couldn't afford to put it in, so Dirty Dick had to have his features carved out of some foreign chunk, poor man. This marble is just about 200 feet from the railway, and is well above it, so that everything could be worked by gravity. There is just room for a short spur for loading the cars, and a lime kiln and small stone yard.

The small pieces of course would be used for lime, and everything is so convenient, including wood fuel, (much better than coal because

it has a longer flame) that the lime could be placed in Prince Rupert for less than a third of what it is sold for there at present. So there, you see, some of you bloated capitalists might just as well hop in and get rich and help the poor man to clothe his family and get away to Hamilton, only of course you mustn't expect to make anything for a good many years, or a few years at the least, for the local demand for marble and lime is still very small. Hardly anybody dies in Prince Rupert, and quite a large proportion of those who do are old broken down bums who have drifted in from the North, and who need no marble monuments. Bottles would suit them better. But your living expenses need not be high, for just close alongside there is the great swift river dotted with islands. In it you can get all the trout and salmon you need, and on the islands and in the air you can get more than enough of ducks and geese; while high up on the mountains, on the bright green grassy places just below the snow you can hunt the goats and get as fine meat as in any butcher's shop.



As for enjoyments, there are numbers of quiet backwaters among the islands, places where you can paddle around in a canoe, or dream and be lazy just as you like, and on the mountains opposite, just between the grass and the blue sky, there is a lovely little glacier with a blue waterfall tearing out of the bottom of it and leaping down hundreds of feet into the trees. Then of course you would have a little garden round your cabin, and you would grow your fruit and vegetables there and have masses of flowers as well, roses and sweet peas especially, so as to attract the humming birds and butterflies. Oh you poor silly people, why do you so love to bury yourselves away in cities? You make slaves of yourselves and force yourselves to live where all is shut in and private, and you can walk nowhere except in your own poky little gardens and along crowded streets, but here the whole world as far as you can see it is free to you, and boys can be as wild as they like and girls can wear pants. (They do it too, thereby saving themselves a vast deal of leg-scratching in the mosquito season) Poor little George and Herbert and Pat, lifting up their eyes and finding themselves boxed in with blank walls and chimney pots! Whatever did the poor little innocents do to deserve such treatment?

To return to the subject, when we had looked at the marble we thought we would push on to Shames, till we met the section man with the hand-car, and so save ourselves the labour of pushing back. So we pushed to Shames, and didn't find them, and had to push back again. We pushed seventeen miles in all, getting back at eight o'clock, with much less skin on our bones than when we started, for pushing that car just chafes it off in no time.

With love from
Arnold

P.S. Money order arrived safely.

Remo B.C.
Canada
August 22nd 1915

My dear Mother

Watson has just about given me his crop and chickens. When he stated his price all I could do was to say I thought it was hardly fair to him, but he said he wanted to give me a good chance to make something for myself. We went all over the cabbages counting each one, and estimated the total at 37460 lbs. That is well within the mark I think, and his price was 1c per lb. You couldn't get much more than that if you had to sell them now, but just at this time of the year everything is very cheap and the eaters are making gluttons of themselves while the growers wring their hands. Prices in Rupert are very low indeed this year. Even in the South and around Edmonton they are higher than here. It may pay me when I begin to sell cabbages to send them to Edmonton rather than to Rupert.

The Rocher de Boule Mine at Hazelton might be a good customer too, but unless the crop goes away above the estimated $18\frac{3}{4}$ tons I won't have to go very far afield for a market. However I shouldn't be surprised if there were half as many as that again. 37460 lbs @ 5c per lb, the usual price about xmas time, would give me \$1872, or a profit of nearly £300. Then he put in all the other vegetables, which are mostly chicken feed at a good deal less than their probable weight when they are brought in, and has charged me about half the usual price for the weight he estimates. For everything together he wants \$400. If I can give him full payment in cash, which I hope to be able to do, he will take \$350. Then the hens and chickens, numbering about 130, he puts in at a price of about \$50 (We haven't counted them yet) and with them goes a couple of tons of hay for winter feed and scratching. There will be other odds and ends thrown in too, but they won't amount to very much I'm afraid e.g. sweet corn, tomatoes, cucumbers, flowers, etc. but flowers pay just about as well as anything, for nobody else seems to grow them in this part of the country. The flowers on sale in Rupert come from Victoria, and are sold at monstrous prices – Carnations a dollar a dozen and that sort of thing.

There was some carnation seed planted this year, but the hens raked up the greater part of it. When Watson goes, about the middle of September, there are not likely to be many more flowers. His sweet peas are a great sight at present, and his asters are I think the finest I have ever seen.

Having unburdened my mind on this subject I don't think I have much more to say, but I must really ask for more information about Sylvia. One of the Friends you sent me this week gives her three degrees. What does B.Ch. mean? I can only think of Chemistry and Chiropody, neither of which seems to fit. B.A.O. is as great a mystery. Are we supposed to put all three on her envelopes when we address her?

Tell Maria that I thank her very much for all the trouble she has taken in the past and that I would really be very much obliged if she would dry some good ripe blackberries in the hot press and send them to me this fall, and that I thank her for that also in anticipation, and that I hope some day to be able to requite her fully for all her goodness, and indeed that I am making preparations to do so already, for I have some wild columbine seeds ready for her and intend to get some berries as well. I would like to send her some Saskatoon berry seeds, but they are not common here. I had a whole lot of pips of different things nearly dry for her last September when I was suddenly called up the line; and when I got back they were all gone.

This has been a hot week, but breezy. Rain is needed again now, and this evening there are signs of it coming. News from the Prairies is as good as it could be. There is actually a shortage of labour there, and the Grand Trunk and C.P.R. have been running harvesters' excursions from the coast as well as from inland to try and meet the demand. The wheat crop is huge and of course the prices are high. I think I saw somewhere that the government estimated an increase in value over last year of 63%.

With love from
Arnold

Remo B.C.
Canada
August 29th 1915

My dear Mother

I am glad in a way to think that you have decided to move, and I hope the work of changing won't be too hard on you. I am wondering whether Cecil is married yet. I never heard the exact date, but I suppose I'll get an invitation to the wedding just about the time it comes off, or maybe a little bit after. A wife would be a pretty good thing to have I think, especially in a lonesome place like this. Mrs Watson is going to show me how to bake bread before she goes, and I am also going to borrow her cook book and copy out a lot of recipes, especially of pickles.

I expect I'll have a lot of little unripe cucumbers and tomatoes, and also some red cabbage and baby cauliflowers, and I may be able to make more money by pickling them than by selling them for pickling.

I have bought all I was telling you about. I paid cash yesterday, and now I have the best crop of cabbage in Northern British Columbia, and a good flock of chickens and hens as well.

At the beginning of the week I made up my mind to go into Rupert for a few days, I wanted to bring out my trunks, and I also wanted to make some arrangements if possible about selling the crop to other agents besides the market. I went in on Wednesday's train. I was thinking I might be able to get some business with the Cold Storage, for they not only feed their own employees, but they supply a lot of fishing boats as well. When I got to the Cold Storage I found a grand new set of offices, and the man who was timekeeper when I was labouring there a year ago had been promoted to purchasing agent. Cox is his name, and of course he knew me, and he pretty well promised that if my prices were as good as other people's he would give me the business in preference to anybody else. They had been buying four hundred pounds of cabbage a week last winter, so that their orders alone should be worth something. When I got back to town I met Tom Garrett, who had just come up from Vancouver, and I told him where I had been, and then Tom gets all excited and says that

Cox and he are great friends, and that he will phone up Cox and advise him to deal with me if he wants good reliable stuff and so on. So he did so. He told Cox that I was an old school friend of his, which is more or less the truth, and Cox promised again to give me first chance.

I did lots of other things too. I had a few talks with the market manager, and tried to get some arrangement made for hauling the stuff up from the train to the market at a lower cost. Prices are so low this year that the margin of profit for the farmers is very small, and any little thing like that would be a great help. The manager however said he could do nothing, but recommended me to go up to a meeting of the Market Committee of the City Council which was to be held that evening. I went of course and had the pleasure of sprouting a few facts at the mayor, while the despicable old hypocrite sat back in his chair and hummed and hawed, especially hawed, like an Englishman. I wanted him to use the city's own horses instead of hiring a special wagon every time. The city has two horses that are lying idle, and has a man to look after them, so I tried to get him to make them work and charge up the man's wages to the farmers for whatever time he put in. After a long argument I got a kind of half promise that this would be done, and the mayor of course was full of good wishes and was earnestly seeking and ardently longing and sincerely attempting to make the market a success. Now as a matter of fact he has done a lot to make it a failure. The first two managers were his own private appointments. The first man, a great friend of his, stole several hundred dollars from the farmers, and then joined the army and wrote patriotic articles for the press. The second, being an American, fled to the States when he had made his pile, and by that time enough anger had been aroused to make the city council take the matter into its own hands and appoint a man under a \$5000 bond.

I saw several other people too, and I am hoping that my visits maybe have been of some use to the settlers in general as well as to myself. Prices are likely to be much lower this winter than they were last, but that should not prevent me from making a good profit considering the low price at which J Watson has sold me the stuff.

He's a queer man too. I told you that he had a copper and gold claim adjoining the Brick Company's quarter section. A hundred dollars

assessment work was due on it, but as he didn't want to spend that he recommended me to take out a free miner's licence (ie. a prospector's licence) and re-stake it in my own name and so hold it for him while he was away. I was getting the use of the land and some buildings on it, so I agreed to do that. The licence cost \$4, and registering the claim will cost \$2.50. I was intending also to do a little prospecting around here, for the rock is mineralised quite a good deal and Watson doesn't think anyone has been over it. I got the licence, and this afternoon Watson showed me the vein. The claim itself (40 acres) is nearly all good bench land, sloping south, and splendidly situated for orchards, so that if he did the necessary work on it for three years and got it crown granted he would have got something well worth having, quite apart from any minerals there might be on it. But the vein absolutely amazed me. It isn't more than 15" wide, and he has only traced it a short distance across the bed of a little creek, but really and truly it is as rich as any ore I have ever seen. It has chunks of free milling gold in it, and gold sulphides as well, mixed with iron sulphide. It was his, absolutely and entirely his own, and even if I had staked it and had become the legal owner for the time being I would never have thought of asking for any share in it, but would have turned it all over to him when he asked for it. Instead of that he picks up bits of rocks and examines them, and then says that if I'll stake it and hold it for him he'll give me a half interest! It may be that his head will blow round in another direction later on, but I never knew him to go back on his word before, and he certainly is not the sort of man to make a promise and then break it. But, to use the language of poetry, "That was the words he said".

With love from
Arnold

Remo B.C.
Canada
Sept 7th 1915

My dear Mother

Watson has gone and I am by myself. He took his good furniture with him and sold most of the rest to people living round about, leaving me enough for my own needs and not much more.

He had to go into town on business just before he left and came back with the information that this district seemed to be on the verge of a big mining boom. He stayed with Jimmy Melville, and the first thing that Melville asked him was whether he had any claims. He said that enquiries were coming in to the G.T.P. by every mail from all over Canada and the United States asking for information about mining prospects here. Four big American corporations have either taken options or have bought outright mining claims near Prince Rupert, and Melville said he could find buyers for anything that looked the least bit like a paying proposition. Melville was not the only one however. All the lawyers and real estate men and such like people seemed to be talking under their breath about what was coming, and were eager to know all they could be told about our claim here. Naturally Watson came back in a rather excited state of mind, and before he went he gave me directions for finding another ore vein higher up the mountain. It was staked over a year ago but the man who had it has since left the country, so I can stake it over again if I manage to find it. It is a silver-lead vein, and may not be worth very much with silver at its present price.

We did a little more work on our copper-gold claim before Watson went, and I have come to the conclusion that some of the bright and shiny pieces of mineral that I thought were gold are in reality copper pyrites. I'm pretty sure of that now, but Watson has taken a small sack of ore away with him to get it assayed at Ottawa. There seems to be no use doing any more work on it until we know what it really does contain, but where we dug away the earth for a few feet we found the vein widening.

I was expecting Johnny Fitzsimmons up on the train that Watson went

on, but he didn't come. He met me in Rupert and said he was very broke. I explained to him that when I had bought all the stuff I would have to buy I would be rather badly bent myself, but he said he would like very much to come up here anyway and help me if I would just give him his board. I offered him his board in exchange for half his time, and he agreed, but so far he hasn't come. He may have gone to the Prairies in a hurry last week. A long trestle bridge was blown out by a cyclone on the main line in Saskatchewan, and as all available men on the Prairies were busy with the harvest a wire was sent to Rupert for the Bridge superintendent to come at once with eighty men. The men were to have their fares paid there and back, and to get 3 dollars a day, their time to include the railway journeys. Such a chance as that doesn't often come in these hard times, and I'm rather expecting that Fitzsimmons jumped at the opportunity and will stay on the Prairies when he gets there and do some harvesting as well as bridge repairing.

The Fall rains have started here, and my cabbages are looking very prosperous. The only trouble is that a good many are coming to a head now instead of waiting till the cold weather comes, but that doesn't matter very much, for the great majority will be late enough. At present prices they just about give me back what I paid for them.

What I meant to say in the first sentence was that I was sorry to hear you were having troubles again, and I hope you are feeling better now.

With love from
Arnold

Remo B.C.
Canada
Sept 12th 1915

My dear Mother

I'm glad you are feeling better so soon. You seem to have made a quick recovery, but the two letters you say Maria wrote have not arrived yet. I just got one from Cecil to say you were ill and then one from yourself to say you were doing fine.

I thought I was busy for a while when Watson was here, but that was nothing to what I am now. There seems to be no end to the work, and I may have to have help yet. I don't want to hire a man if I can possibly do without one. A boy would be all I'd need, just to do the crowds of little light things that have to be done. Aunt Antoinette ought to send Sylvia out for a while. Of course what I really need is a wife, but I can't pick on one, and I see no hope of getting one unless you would choose her and dispatch her here with a letter of introduction.

There seems to be nothing special for me to say, and yet I could, if I wanted to, fill about twenty pages with little trivial incidents that don't matter to you or anybody else except me, and my neighbours. For instance, the river is at present stinking with dead salmon. They have laid their eggs, and now they are either swimming slowly along the river's edge or lying down on the stones to die. The river itself is falling pretty fast, and it leaves their bodies behind it. Great flocks of sea-gulls have come up for the occasion, and there is nearly always a great noise of screaming coming up from the sandbar on the far side of the river just below where I live. The bears ought to be coming down for their share soon too. Watson said they generally came down at this time of the year to eat the fish, and that they could be quite easily seen from the house.

Of course the fishing season is over, as far as the sockeye are concerned, and the Indians who went down to work at the canneries for the summer have been coming back this week, some by train and some by canoe. A few years ago they all travelled by canoe, but now the women and children do the journey by train, leaving the bucks to

paddle up alone. I should have said the squaws and children come up by train. It would be a sad and un-picturesque thing to talk of Indian men and women when I can just as easily do a grand swagger with the words "bucks" and "squaws".

A fine thing happened a little while ago, and I don't believe I ever mentioned it to you. The man who was prime minister of Manitoba for eighteen years, and who only got turned out a few months ago, was brought into the police court along with the greater part of his cabinet and given a preliminary trial for crookedness. They had stolen nearly a million dollars on one government contract, and there have been two royal commissions enquiring into them this summer. The Watsons had quite an interesting time reading about the exposures, for they themselves are quite well acquainted with the bunch. One of the Premier's daughters-in-law was one of Mrs Watson's bridesmaids. They are out on bail now, but there is a good chance that they may yet be all clapped in jail and given hard labour.

Another of this year's great events is that Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have all gone dry by big majorities, and there is actually a strong prohibition movement now in B.C. I was talking to Tom McClymont, one of this Brick Company's directors, when I was in Rupert a few weeks ago. He was pretty nearly being mayor this year, and he had been chosen chairman of the local prohibition campaign committee. He told me he was sure the thing would pass if it was put to the vote. So you see even dirty drunken old Canada is beginning to clean itself and sign the pledge.

Please thank C. for cheque.

With love from
Arnold

Remo B.C.
Canada
Sept 19th 1915

My dear Mother

No letter from home this week. Hope you are not all blown up by Zeppelins. Maybe, though, it was sunk, or maybe it will come along in a few weeks time. A couple of weeks ago a whole bunch of Saturday Westminsters came to me after I had had none for a month. I was getting quite lonesome without them. I find a good paper a very companionable thing. All the same I'm not nearly so much about as some folks. I don't think a day has passed yet without me speaking to somebody or other. The section men pass by every morning, and every now and again there is a train buzzing through and making a great clatter for the little bit of business it does. Sometimes Mehan bows graciously from the window of his private car, and sometimes lower people of a baser sort wave their hands and grin in friendly recognition. Tobey, for instance, and Dan McClellan were sitting at the back of the observation car on Thursday's train, and about a week before that Lucas' brother was in the same place. Lucas, as I may have told you before, has gone into the army. So have Tooker and Johnnie Walker and Bill Lindsay and Hubert Davies and Alan Davies and Frank Garret and practically every other physically fit young fellow with whom I was acquainted in Prince Rupert. All of them, except Lucas, are privates. Quite a lot of the privates in the Canadian army are decent fellows. It's mostly the officers who are a bad lot. Lucas was all right of course, but I think he got his commission through the influence of relatives in Ontario.

I'm sure the British public would be astonished if they knew what a proportion of the Canadian officers were simply crooked politicians being helped out of their difficulties by friends in the party. Major General the Honourable Sir never sent round notices to intelligent well educated young men asking them to apply for positions as junior officers the way the British War Office did at the beginning of the war. If I hadn't been a Friend it's wonderful to think what I might have been by now, -

Lieutenant Marsh maybe, with a dainty little waist, and a sword dangling about my legs. Did Kenneth ever get any invitation of that sort? I rather envy the boy just at present, for I would very much like to mix with men just fresh from a battle and find out what they had in their minds. It must be intensely interesting work. You seem to imagine that because I'm a long way away from the war I'm therefore not affected by it as much as you are. Now as a matter of fact we, out here, are just as much affected by it in personal ways, and much more affected economically. We don't get into touch with the interesting part of it. That's all the difference so far as I can see. How would you like it supposing that the population of Belfast had dropped to half or less than half of what it was a year ago because the war had made business so bad? That is what has happened to Prince Rupert, and I don't see any reason to be thankful about it, for the market is simply flooded with cabbages, far more than the people can comfortably eat.

However, we won't quarrel about it, but if it shows no signs of stopping and if I can get some money together in the spring, and drag myself away from the beauties of the Skeena River, you are liable to see me over there poking my nose into the thing itself just to show how unthankful I am for having been so far away from it.

With love from
Arnold

Remo B.C.
Canada
Sept 26th 1915

My dear Mother

I meant to start writing some time ago, but trap nests for the hens were on my mind, and I had to finish inventing one before I could start. My book gives an elaborate description of one, but I can't follow it at all. It's a very good book. I paid \$1.50 for it when I was in Rupert last, and if it isn't worth all that and a lot more I'll be very much surprised. It has a most delightful chapter, just like one of Uncle Bev's science classes, telling all about proteins and carbohydrates and nutritive ratios, and showing you how to devise a good few mixtures whatever variations there may be in the prices of grain etc. I have got a list of prices from Prince Rupert, and last night I spent several hours working on the problem of how to get the most and best distributed nutrition for the lowest cost. It was such a fascinating study that I could scarcely bring myself to leave it even when eleven o'clock came round. Generally I'm into bed and asleep long before that, but food appears to be so fearfully and wonderfully made that when I get deep into the study of it I hardly want to go to sleep at all. Certainly my chickens ought to do well this winter. It would be a pity if they all took sick and died, or if they never laid an egg, for I'm sure I give far more attention to their proteins and carbohydrates than I give to my own. I just feel perfectly happy with a wild chicken or the leg of a porcupine in front of me. I suppose I'll soon be like the average rancher around these parts. A slab of bacon and a sack of flour are all he needs for happiness, and he enters into bliss if he gets some delicacy out of the woods.

I ate my first porcupine this week. The flavour was all that the most fastidious gourmand could desire, but unfortunately the beast was old and awfully tough. It was quite out of the question to try and get the meat off its bones with a knife and fork. All that could be done was to grip its legs tight in both hands and knaw at it sideways like a dog till the supply of meats and succulent juices appeared to be giving out. I haven't quite finished it yet, but my present intentions are that it shall all end in soup

either tomorrow or the next day. The main part of its body went to the chickens, for there are not so many insects for them now as there used to be, and they needed to get a little protein into their gizzards.

Watson was a queer man. He wouldn't eat a porcupine because he had a conscientious objection to eating any animal that hadn't got a cloven hoof, but he would eat a rabbit. You should eat some of my bread, my yeast bread. I have tried three times to make soda bread, and the stuff that comes out of the oven seems to suit the chickens quite well, but not me. How do you make it? And how do you make barley bread and vegetable marrow jam and lardy buns and Welsh rarebit and potato cake, above all, potato cake? I'd give Maria, indeed I don't what I wouldn't give Maria to come out here for a week and show me how to do things. The only thing I can succeed in doing seems to be making yeast bread. I wouldn't say that my bread was as good as Mrs Watson's, but it is certainly better than Inglis's, except just in one or two places.

I wonder whether it would be possible for you before you move to get me some carnation cuttings. I think they ought to survive if they are packed in moss in an airtight tin box. I would very much like also to have some slips off those roses in the front garden, if you think there would be any chance for them to live. I'd keep them all indoors this winter. I'll pay whatever the postage comes to, or you can just get Cecil to take it out of my account. I'd have to pay a lot for those things if I went to buy them here, and with a parcel post rate of 12 cents a pound it would be far cheaper to get them from home. Those front garden roses are better than any I've seen here, and I could get fine prices for the cut flowers I'm sure.

With love from
Arnold

Remo B.C.
Canada
Oct 3rd 1915

My dear Mother

To-morrow, all being well, I hope to go up the Zimacord, or Zimagotitz valley, and look at some land that is open for pre-emption up there. A little man who has a pre-emption near it was down to see me this afternoon and he promised to take me and show me where it was if I would go up. It's rather a long way up the valley, but by all accounts the land is very good, and it contains several acres of beaver meadow where the clearing would be very light. I wouldn't care to go alone and live there, but I may be able to get a partner, and in that case the two of us could stake two quarter sections alongside each other, and have a fine big piece a mile long and half a mile wide. Of course I don't intend to go there this winter in any case. I've got my hands full here, but I could stake it this fall and then get leave of absence for six months and decide in the spring whether to keep it on or not. Registering it now will only cost \$2 I think, and the time counts from the date of registration and not from the date when you go and live on the place. The Thomas people have been developing some coal claims at Kitsumkalum lake this summer. The present owner of them called in to see me on his way back from there to his hut at Shames a few days ago, and he said the coal was opening up very well, and that the general manager of the company had told him it was their intention to start the railway by putting in a short line from 'Kalum Lake to the G.T.P. via the Zimacord Valley. They would let the rest go for the present, but just start the thing in a small way in order to get the coal that is close at hand out first. The distance from 'Kalum Lake to the Zimacord siding is 15 miles. What I'm figuring on of course is that the line will pass close to or right through my pre-emption, and have a station not very far away from it. If it was announced publicly that the line was going by that route there would certainly be a great rush of people to stake land in the upper parts of the valley, so that is why I want to get it staked and registered this fall.

Maybe you think I'm foolish to run away from the brickworks, where I have the land cleared and the use of plenty of buildings for nothing. The reason is that I would have to do various improvements on this place if I stayed, and I don't care to spend time or money on other people's property, when I can get 160 acres for nothing, and have for my own whatever improvements I happen to make on it.

I suppose this will go to Rotona, but you haven't told me the full address of the place, so I'm sending it to the old house still. I'm glad you're going to a smaller place, and I hope you will be well satisfied with it when you do get there.

How long does Jake intend to stay in France? I thought the account of the camp at Oxley Grange was one of the best bits of writing the Friend has had in it for a long time. "Ramrod", as we used to call him at Lisburn, should have been a journalist instead of a lecturer. I attended some of his lectures at Manchester, and there was nothing very brilliant about them, but his school diary was the great feature of nearly every meeting of the Association at Lisburn. Did he join the Ambulance Unit too, or was he there just to help?

With love from
Arnold

Remo B.C.
Canada
Oct 10th 1915

My dear Mother

This has been one of the longest summers I have ever known, but it seems to be over now. There was a white frost on Thursday, and since then fresh snow has fallen on the mountains. It can't be more than two thousand feet up to-day. I cut 27 cucumbers just before the frost, and there are several more still, but I doubt whether they will have a chance to fill out now, for the weather has turned very raw. Soon the big business of pitting cabbages will start.

I had fine company on Friday night, when Pat Phillipson, the Indian constable, called in to get food and lodging during his journeyings. Pat is, I daresay, just about the most popular man in Northern B.C. You never hear anything but good of him, and he gets a friendly welcome wherever he goes. Even the Indians like him, and it is no wonder they do for he acts more like a friend towards them than a policeman. Some Indians came here during the evening, bringing me a hind quarter of a mountain sheep, or goat, in exchange for some baking powder and potatoes that I had given them a few days before, and when they saw that "Misser Philipson" was in the house with me their delight seemed to know no bounds. They joked and laughed with him as long as they stayed, and he did the same to them. They were Kispiox Indians, down here to do some hunting and fishing before the winter. They go after skins too, and they tell me they have got quite a lot of beaver skins up the Zimacord River. They get from \$4.00 to \$8.00 for a beaver skin according to its size, and generally \$20.00 for a bear, but they have seen no bears this year. How much is a beaver skin worth in Belfast? Yesterday they brought me five grouse and a duck, and went away with half a pound of tea and some more vegetables, and some time this week they are coming back with salmon for me to salt for winter use. The sockeye run is over, and a good thing too, but the Cohoes and the steelheads are running well this fall and the Indians can get me all I want. They are camping just by the mouth of the Zimacord River,

and are my nearest neighbours. There is the father of the family, Richard Morrison by name, and his two boys Sylvester and Jonathan. They always seem happy and full of laughter whenever I see them, whether they are plodding along the railway with heavy burdens on their backs, or sitting hour after hour in their canoe fishing for Cohoes in the back waters of the Zimacord. I have often been reproved for saying it, but I still think it would be fine to be an Indian, so long as I was a buck and not a squaw.

As for Pat Phillipson, he seemed troubled in his mind at the thought of my solitariness, and wanted to take orders for a wife. There were two or three nice gairls and Irish gairls too, who would do me foine, and he could send one up by the next train if I would just say the word. He didn't suppose he would ever get married himself but he thought a man ought to all the same, and if he didn't it wasn't his fault, for he was walking out with one for two years, but she was a Catholic and he was Plymouth Brethren, and they put her in a convent on him to keep her from him, and she was a nice gairl too, and it broke her heart, and now what sort would I like for myself, for there was all kinds to be had, and did I know the Whites of Waterford, Quakers too, and fine people, but cranky. Poor old Pat! I daresay he feels lonesome enough without his little Catholic girl. His folks were farmers in Kilkenny, and were neighbours of a certain Tammy Walpole, who got consumption in his family, so that the half of them doied of it. There were twelve in Pat's family. What they're all doing I'm sure I don't know, but he has a brother Barney working on the Grand Trunk trains. His beat used at one time to be about a thousand miles long and six hundred miles wide, so that he could barely get over it in two years. There were no trains then, and he had to walk nearly all the way.

Now his territory is only about 150 miles each way, and he goes up and down it and round and round it settling tribal and personal quarrels and praising Ireland. When he came here on Friday evening he had just settled a great dispute which had arisen up at Lakelse Lake. The Kitsum-kalum Indians had planted potatoes on land belonging to the Trimpsheans, and the Trimpsheans had found out about it. In the old days there would have been war, and so there might have been now if Pat had not been there to arbitrate. All the tribes have their own languages and hate all the other tribes, and if it wasn't for that the policeman's work

would be none too easy. As it is, the members of one tribe are always eager to tell Misser Philipson as much as they know about the sinners and the sins in the next tribe, where the bad Indians live. Misser Philipson expects to be back in about a month, when he wants me to show him some locations up the Zimacord. His brother Barney is married and wants to get a pre-emption on it, but of course he has not much chance to see any of the land that is open. Monday was very wet, so I have not seen the piece I am thinking of yet, but I hope to this week.

With love from
Arnold

Remo B.C.
Canada
Oct 20th 1915

My dear Mother

This has been a wet week, but I was quite determined to go up the Zimacord and spy out the vacant land up there. There is a good trail nearly all the way, so when once I found it I had no trouble in going where I wanted to. I found my Indian friends camped on a corner of the quarter section I was thinking of staking. They had two tents there facing each other, with a fire between them, and salmon and beaver lying about. They were having a meal when I arrived on the scene, using wooden spoons with curved handles, such as you see in museums at home.

I had started from here at once after breakfast, and took one sandwich with me. It was left over from the fried chicken I had been eating for breakfast, or I wouldn't have taken even it, for I intended to make a quick trip and be back early in the afternoon at the latest. I looked over the land and followed the survey line up the bank of the river, and then went on to the next piece. Then I came back and turned up the survey line running between the two. It took me up about half a mile from the river. The land was only middling. There was fairly light clearing down near the river, but except for that it seemed to be almost covered with quite heavy timber. Possibly the timber itself would be worth a good deal more in time than the land it is growing on is worth now.

I made no attempt to figure out how much there was or the probable value of it, but it is so well located that I don't think there can be any question about its value sometime. The syndicate that owns most of the timber limits round here has plans for big lumber mills at the mouth of the Zimacord. There is an ideal place for a log jam there, and the logs could be floated down quite easily from my quarter section. Of course you understand the quarter section is not mine. I only call it that for convenience.

When I had nearly reached the end of the survey line I was greatly surprised to find a great open place in the woods. I had been told that

there was an open patch of seven or eight acres of beaver meadow land, but I thought it would be down by the river if it existed at all, and instead of that here it was away up on the bench, on another stream running parallel with the river. Most of it was on the 2nd quarter section, so after looking it over I put up a notice on the survey post saying that I intended to apply to pre-empt it. I'm most sure now whether I do or not. I have not recorded it, and I couldn't record it very well if I did want to, for, owing to an accident which I hope will soon be set right, I am rather short of money.

On the way home I missed the trail somehow and wandered in the woods for I don't know how many hours before I found it. I couldn't lose myself because there was a waterfall not far off, and the roar of it let me know where I was. The only trouble was I was kept very late, and the rain came on pretty heavily and night came early, so that for quite a way I had to feel the path with my feet and progress was very slow. There was a rut where people had walked in the middle of the trail and by feeling for it at each footstep I was able to get along fairly well. I did get off it pretty often and not know till I felt the wet bushes slapping my face, but I always got on again by simply facing round and stepping back till I found it. I had a rifle with me, but I had it slung over my shoulder and the rubbing loosened a screw which let it fly open, so that all the cartridges fell out of the magazine, and I had nothing but a little axe to defend myself with. Still, I did get home in the end. It was nearly ten o'clock, and I was oh so wet, and most unutterably cold, besides a trifle hungry. I was none the worse for it.

With love from
Arnold

Remo B.C.
Canada
Oct 24th 1915

My dear Mother

The only singular occurrence this week was a fall of snow on Tuesday. A man who has been here a good many years tells me he never knew snow in October before. It all disappeared in the afternoon and was never more than half an inch thick, but down at Shames, mile 79, there was about three inches.

The Indians brought me some more grouse and a sixteen pound coho salmon yesterday. It ought to last me some time. I haven't quite finished that mountain sheep yet, but I have it well salted and the weather is cool.

You certainly can ask questions. I think I've answered most of them already at one time and another. I don't know whether I'll have any company for the winter or not, but I hope to know soon. I have neighbours on this side of the river about two miles away in both directions. Two miles up the Kitsumkalum section men have their shack, and two miles down the Amsbury-Shames section men live in the Amsbury Station. Three of the four Kitsumkalum section men are foreigners. The foreman is an Austrian and one of the others is a Greek. I can't tell you what the third is. The fourth is a white man but he has married a squaw and lives in the Indian village.

The Amsbury men are not so mixed. The foreman is an Englishman and a fourteen year old son is one of his labourers. Another is Irish and the last is a foreigner. The foreman has a monstrous fat wife and two pudgy girls and a little blob of a boy besides the big fellow of fourteen, and in addition he has a grown up married daughter whose husband has gone to the war, and her two children. He doesn't look as if he is older than 40 or 45, so he is a pretty youthful grandfather.

On the other side of the river my nearest neighbour is nearly opposite, not more than half a mile away, but you have to go two miles to get to him.

As for whether my neighbours are honest or pleasant, that is a

more ticklish question, and is also a much more cynical one than I'm accustomed to getting from you. I hope you are not turning into a misogynist. I can't tell you just offhand which class my neighbours belong to. Some of them I fear belong to the pleasant. Some of them may be neither for all I know. The only one I could really rely on as being strictly honest is John Neidhart, the German ferryman and postmaster. You could trust him with your last nickel and be safe. Another good one is an old Scotch gardener who has a pre-emption up the Zimacord, about five miles from here. Your classification won't hold good in his case for he is both honest and pleasant at the same time.

Watson sold most of his furniture, but left me what I needed, and I moved all my own stuff from the bunk house into his house as soon as he had gone.

With love from
Arnold

Remo B.C.
Canada
Oct 31st 1915

My dear Mother

I have been bothered with blood poisoning in my left foot for a few days, but it is very much better now, so you needn't worry in the least. It started all of a sudden from a place on the little toe where I had had about an eighth of an inch of skin knocked off a couple of weeks before. That was such a common occurrence that I took no notice of it, but on Thursday I began to feel sore, and found it hard to work in the afternoon.

There had been a rock slide in a cut at 81 that morning so that the Eastbound passenger train was held up a long time and the section men all had to go down and help clear the track. Consequently the switch lamps were not lit in the evening. I lit them at the Brick Company's siding, and noticed somebody with a lantern at the Zimacord siding. I thought it must be somebody coming to light the lamps, so I went along to see if he knew when the train was expected. As a matter of fact it was John Neidhart, but he had the information I wanted for he had just telephoned to Terrace. The train would probably be from six to ten hours late; that is to say it should be along between eight o'clock and midnight. I certainly had no objection to waiting there till midnight if by doing so I could manage to see a doctor before morning.

First of all I had had to take off the regular boot and put on a snow boot, and even it was filling, and the leg was swelling too and rid lines running up it, and pains right up into the thigh. John Neidhart was waiting for the mail, and he stamped around and kept warm and talked most democratically about the war and the evils of the monarchical system. I sat still and agreed with him, and was glad when the rain stopped but wished the wind was not quite so cold. About half past ten the train came, and a few minutes more and I was in Terrace. The doctor was not drunk, so I had two great pieces of luck that day, his sobriety and the rock-slide. He will probably be drunk next week, for Wednesday is the G.T.P. pay day and he gets regular pay from the G.T.P. for attending

to railway men. He also gets his drugs free from the Company, and with them he runs a little drug store for his own benefit, and keeps his private practice supplied, and so gets quite a bit more booze money than he is supposed to get. I have been told he has a wife and two young children supporting themselves in Vancouver. Altogether I would a thousand times sooner have Sylvia. He's quite agreeable in a way, but I think she is more so, and she is cleaner and more particular, and believes in Listerising things, and doesn't swear quite so furiously, or at any rate used not to do so. It just struck me when he was monkeying around with my foot that Terrace would be an even nicer little town if she was there instead of him. The thought of it pleased me so much that I simply had to tell him all about her. However, she needn't start figuring on that position, for there is already a new man in Terrace waiting for this one's place, and this one is expecting to go away almost any time. The new one looks more like a doctor than the old.

However, the old one cured my foot. He was afraid at first I might have to go to the hospital, but he saved me from that. He certainly took violent measures. He wanted to clean all corruption out of my system, so he physicked me and physicked me till I was empty and nothing would stay in me. Eating was a farce, a pure waste of food. He also stuck his knife into my toe and poured peppery stuff into the hole, and he lathered my foot with iodine and raised the biggest blister I ever saw; and now I could wear an ordinary boot again only for the bandage and the wadding. I'm going up again to-morrow on the train this letter will go on.

With love from
Arnold

Remo B.C.
Canada
Nov. 7th 1915

My dear Mother

I can't find my pen so please excuse pencil this time. I have had a man working here the last two days. He is a noted pilferer but was the only help available, and I thought maybe I could watch him enough to save myself from serious loss. If I don't find that pen soon though I'll have to conclude that he slipped up to my coat sometime when I wasn't looking. He is pleasant.

Many thanks for your advice about cooking potatoes. I intend to do as you tell me in future except for putting a lot of salt in the water. The water that potatoes have been boiled in, with a little mashed potato added perhaps, is the best stuff you can get for making bread, but too much salt would make the dough rise too slowly. Mrs Watson advised me always to have a little potato mixed into the bread in order to keep it from drying up too fast, and that is quite a consideration, for I don't bake more than once a week at the outside. It's nearly two weeks now since my last bake, but that is exceptionally long and is due to the havoc wrought on my insides for a few days and that doctor at Terrace.

My foot is practically all right now. A lot of skin came off and the new skin is very itchy all round the edges, but there is nothing really the matter with it.

I'm feeling in a very bad humour about that pen, and if I just got a chance to get help from somewhere else I'd fire that man to-morrow, but I only want him for a few days and there's no use sending to Rupert for anyone and losing time. The nights are getting frosty now.

I'm in such a bad humour that I can't think of any pleasant prattle to beguile you with. My head seems to be plumb full of that man and his pilfering and his lies and his pleasant ways and the disreputable women he lives with, (one of them his wife and the other his sister in-law) and his brother in-law, who last winter went about threatening to murder people because his wife had run away from him and he said they had seduced

her. She was a dirty low down twot herself but he was worse if anything, and the community came very near to tarring and feathering him. They had the tar and feathers all ready and then decided to give him another chance. He went away of his own accord later on and it is very much to be hoped that he will never come back. He's liable to be made an officer.

I paid three and a quarter dollars for that pen at Charlie See's drug store in South Porcupine, Ontario, in the month of December 1912, and it suited me perfectly. I feel so cranky about losing it that I think I'd better draw this letter to a close and do the rest of my fuming and fretting to myself. The sun went down before my wrath started, so I have nearly a whole day to sulk in.

With love, or the nearest thing I can get to it,
from Arnold

P.S. Nov 8th. I found it.

Remo B.C.
Canada
Nov. 14th 1915

My dear Mother

I am feeling in better humour this week. I don't think anything has gone seriously amiss since I wrote last. I trampled on a chicken that loved me too much and couldn't keep away from my feet, and then the creature lay down and died on me like Theodore Anderson's famous sow. I suppose Kenneth has made Theodore Anderson's acquaintance by now. If so I wish he would prod him up and get him to write to me. There is a letter about three years overdue.

The cakes arrived safely on Thursday, along with Maria's two letters. Please thank all concerned. Seeing that Maria wanted me to tell her how they arrived I suppose I must admit that they were not up to her usual standard. They were dried up, and the chocolate one had decrepitated. I think that is the word I want, but I have no dictionary to refer to. I don't know what put the notion into my head, but I thought the other one needed an orange to go with it and an invalid sitting up in bed to eat it.

I understand that there has been a great pother in the Marsh family over the thought of my picking up a wife to cook for me and mend my clothes. I had no idea that my innocent remarks on that subject would be taken in such terrible earnest, and I hereby solemnly and sincerely declare that I have no intention of doing anything of the kind. No ma'am, absolutely none. If ever I get a wife I intend that she shall be a walking wonder, a bundle of perfections, and a great deal more than a housekeeper. Wordsworth wrote a poem about her, but it is away in the back of my brain somewhere and I can't get it out on to paper just now.

However I hope I have said enough to convince you and all other troubled uneasy anxious people that I am still in my right mind in these matters. I have never met anyone in Canada who stood much chance of ensnaring me. Most of those I have met have been met in connection with churches, and sandwiches and fifty cent admission businesses of all sorts, and some have had nice faces and some nice clothes and some would

make good housekeepers I expect, but I never did think of regarding them as anything more than works of art or nature. There is a deal more art than nature on the surface of some of them.

There is talk of a copper and gold discovery of wonderful richness down at 82, five miles away, and there is just the merest possibility that I may get in as the sixth of a syndicate that is staking six claims on the one vein. They have five staked now, and one of them wrote to a friend of this on the Prairies asking him to come in and make the sixth, but has had no reply. If he doesn't hear soon they will want to get somebody else. The trouble is I won't have the cash to spare till spring, although really the amount they want is extremely small if their description of the vein is right. The section foreman at Amsbury is one of the five, and he wants me to go down some day and look at it even if I can't join them. The discovery has quite a history, but I won't go into that now. The ore has been assayed officially at Ottawa, and the value on the surface is \$150 to the ton, most of which is in copper. The width of the vein varies from 10 to 30 feet, and is three thousand feet long. Those are the figures they have given me, but I won't believe them till I see the thing with my own eyes. When they offer a sixth interest in a thing like that, worth dear knows how many million dollars, for \$4.00, why then I say there is something funny about it, something that needs looking into. Two of them are working at it now, and they hope soon to ship a carload of ore to the Granby smelter. They figure on three or four thousand dollars profit on that first carload, and that will give them sufficient funds to go ahead. They want to get the sixth claim staked before then however, for there might be some excitement about a thing like that, and an outsider might come in and take it. They don't want any outsiders, and they don't intend to let American capitalists buy a fifty one per cent interest in it and develop it on a big scale at once. They intend to work it themselves in a small way and let the profits from each car-load pay for more development until it puts itself on to a paying basis in a large way.

In case you are not very familiar with B.C. mining laws, I had better explain that the reason why they don't stake the sixth claim themselves is that one man can't stake more than one claim on the same vein. The showings are only about a thousand feet from the railway, so there will

be no trouble or expense about shipping the ore. The surface is three hundred feet above railway grade. The ore will nearly run into the cars of its own accord. It all sounds very interesting, and I most certainly intend to go down and look at it as soon I can take a day off. News has not leaked into the papers yet. I'm supposed to be Remo correspondent for the Prince Rupert Daily News, but I'm being a naughty boy and not doing my duty in that respect. I don't want there to be any noise about it for a while yet, and anyway I haven't seen it, and could report nothing but hearsay.

With love from
Arnold



Large gold vein discovered at mile 82

Remo B.C.
Canada
Nov. 21st 1915

My dear Mother

I wonder did you ever feel any hankering after living in a desert. I never expected to, but some days this week it seemed as though nothing could ever be finer than to be in a place where everything was hot and dry. For three whole days there was a constant fall of heavy sleet. Sometimes it would be rainy and sometimes snowy. When it was snowy the air hadn't enough warmth in it to melt it, but the cold slop would lie on the ground for hours with rain as cold as itself falling into it. One day I didn't have the heart to do more than a couple of hours work outside, but one mustn't be squeamish at this period of the year, for everything must be got out of the ground before the freeze-up comes and gets its grip on the roots, so that they can't be got out except with a pick axe. I have almost everything out now. Another half-day's work should finish it and then there will be some more to do, storing things away, and after that will come the great laziness. I expect Archie Parsons, an old Sidcot boy, will come along some time before Christmas.

That miserable weather is over for the present, and to-night there is a full moon and a keen frost. A full moon shining on the Skeena at this time of the year is a wonderful sight. I thought the moon had made just about its finest effort the night Sib and I sailed up the St. Lawrence into Quebec, but I don't know now, and anyway that night was spoilt more or less by super-sentimental females who got so full of admiration that they kept on breaking out into gasps and bits of hymns and other forms of excitement, all of which jarred greatly on us two quiet folks. There is no such interruption here. The beauty of this place is maybe not so decided and striking as it was back then on that clear night with the lights of Quebec and the river steamers glittering all round, for here everything is undecided and drifting. There are two lights across the river that can generally be seen at this time of night, one marking the home of a solitary Frenchman, and the other the home of a solitary German, but now there

are long white mists moving down the river, and the lights keep appearing and disappearing, and you feel as though nothing is certain and can be relied upon. There are the black forests over there too, just as restless as the mist on the water. Sometimes they are there, and sometimes they go out of sight, and even when you can see them at their plainest and blackest they are full of little ghosts.

It's no wonder the Indians believed this country was full of spirits. You go out on a night like this and you can see them yourself, not only a quarter of a mile away across the river, but close at hand on this side too, - white shimmering things moving about among the trees, spreading over them one moment and lying down at their feet the next, and one moment all glowing with brightness as the moon shines full in their faces and the next moment grey shadowy things hardly visible at all with the deep shadow all round them, but always moving and twitching with the little currents of air going after them. The very mountains themselves have become shifty and uneasy. You look out, and away up in the dimness you see a white mass shining like a mountain peak, and it might be or it mightn't. In a minute or two it may be gone. It'll fade away as likely as not, or drift off somewhere else, and another one will shine out in some other part of the sky. Always they keep on coming and going. It is as though the mountain ranges themselves were going to drift away like everything else at the back end of the year, and then grow up again in the spring.

While I was out looking at them and watching them changing and twisting a curious thing happened, for a little while the mists all cleared away from one place and left a lane of clear air leading from me straight to the snowy top of a real mountain. Who, I wonder, seeing a miracle like that, would not feel an impulse to dash up to the top while the way was open for him, but indeed there wasn't much time, for the mists rolled over the path again, like the Red Sea cutting off the Egyptians from the promised land. Anybody would be running risks by going mountain climbing on a night like this, for with a very small act of faith he might believe the queerest things were possible where everything around him had become so queer. He might go climbing up a white cloud by mistake and never know what had happened till he got to the top and found that he had drifted away from the earth, and then he would be in great

perplexity till his cloud brushed against another real mountain and allowed him to scramble off. Another curious thing happened. I strolled across the Zimacord Bridge, feeling amazed with the look of everything, and then when I turned round and had the moon at my back I discovered that a halo had come to me. That's a straight fact. There's no fairytale nonsense about it. I stood still and looked at it, and felt very much flattered of course at the result of my sanctity. It was a doubtful sort of a halo though, and as restless as everything else, in some places weak and in others strong, but it was comforting to find that I could always strengthen the weak places by puffing a little of my own breath into them. It wasn't quite a complete halo either. About a quarter of it was missing, and the loose ends were just out of reach. Maybe you think I took my hands out of my pockets and tried to catch those ends and tie them together at the back of my head, to make a finished job of the business. I admit I felt as though I would like to, but I didn't. It's a long time now since I gave up chasing rainbow ends, and when I gave up I was too disappointed ever to try again.

In the middle of all these wonders there came a frightful disturbance, shaking away all fanciful thoughts for a few minutes and then leaving everything as white and vapoury as before. Four hundred tons of fish and about a hundred tons of copper came roaring and thundering out of the West and then disappeared again in the East, - fish for building up people's bodies and copper to help smash 'em all to bits again, just as if people were like the white spirits going through the trees with the moon shining on them one second and blotting them out the next; and indeed I don't know that people are any more use than bits of mist, in fact I don't see the sense in anything, but I daresay I had better say no more or I'll be getting on to dangerous ground.

With love from
Arnold

Remo B.C.
Canada
Nov 30th 1915

My dear Mother

I do not feel at all inclined to write to you. This is Tuesday, and this letter will not go till Thursday. I wrote as usual on Sunday and tied the letter on to the mail bag as usual on Monday, but when the train caught the bag the string broke and the letter was whisked up under the wheels and seen no more. It was seen no more in Remo, but maybe it was extricated somewhere else and will reach you before this one. I didn't have much news to tell you. I went up to Terrace on Friday and did different things there. I got a wire from Victor by last Monday's mail saying he expected to visit me very soon, so I'm wondering just what his intentions are, and on Sunday the snow began to fall seriously. To-day, Tuesday, it is well over a foot thick and falling again. I hope it will continue for another two feet and then the ground won't be likely to freeze and I won't have to take a pick to break the earth over my cabbages. That's about all I think.

With love from
Arnold

P.S. I wish you all a very merry Christmas.

Remo B.C.
Canada
Dec 5th 1915

My dear Mother

Last week's letter may have seemed short although the real one was quite as long as usual. This week I'm too busy entertaining company to write very much. Your letter saying how far away I was compared with Victor, arrived by the same train as he came on, and when I had read it I handed it to him. I'm sure you'll be glad to hear I am seeing him. He looks rosy and prosperous and as plump as a Parish Priest. He tells me he lost 15lbs at Denver! He arrived on Thursday. On Friday we went down to 82 to look at the mining prospect that I told you about a week or two ago, but the snow was over everything except where they were actually working. The first account I heard of it was considerably stretched as I suspected, but from what we saw and from their reluctance to talk about disposing of it, it seemed that it had possibilities. Victor happened to come up from



Seattle with a mining engineer en route for Wrangell, Alaska, and told him about it, and is now writing to him to give some account of what he saw, - said engineer being representative for a good deal of Eastern capital.

The snow is going away again fast now, and we are having heavy rain, so that this climate seems very unpleasant as compared with Denver. Denver was where Bob Hunt came from, and all accounts seem to agree that it is a fine place. I don't know that I feel any hankering for it. I still think more of Alaska.

The Thomas railway seems likely now to cross the G.T.P. just above Terrace. His agents are said to have made a big purchase of land there a few weeks ago, and going by that route will take it close to several mining prospects, some of which have already been taken over by him.

Victor seems to agree with everybody else who comes here that the chief need is a wife, or even the company of Mother and Maria, but don't get uneasy again. Don't let anybody think of coming out here to join me either. It wouldn't suit any of you at all. I don't intend to stop here long myself, but of course I don't know yet where I'll move to in the spring.

It's about time to start making supper for the guest. Potato cakes and welsh rarebit!

With love from
Arnold

That's what I say too, keep it dark
Victor

Remo B.C.
Canada
Dec 12th 1915

My dear Mother

Victor went on East on Monday afternoon. I couldn't honestly say that I needed his help or he would have stayed longer. It certainly was good to see him and I hope he enjoyed the visit as much as I did. I don't know yet whether to expect Parsons here for Christmas or not. If he comes we ought to have a very good time for a while. His career since leaving Sidcot has been most curiously like mine. He started first of all to cram for a second division clerkship. When he failed in that he got a job in an insurance office. When he was fired from that he didn't actually go to Appelt's but he corresponded with him and read the book. Then he emigrated to Canada. Except for the Dalton Hall escapade there has been very little difference between us, and now if he comes here we may decide to embark on a very wild adventure together and there's no knowing where we'll stop. Both of us want to get across the line I think, but B.C. has two lines and there are attractions at the far side of both of them. On the whole I think probably the Southern one is pulling my leg harder than the Northern, and I'm pretty sure it's the South that Parsons is dreaming about too. Anyway, I hope he comes, even if he goes straight back to Saskatchewan in the spring.

Very little has happened since Victor went. I feel half inclined to send him some buns I made for tea this evening. Some that I made the first night he was here did disastrous work on him. At least we suppose it was they that caused the trouble although they had no serious effects on me. I have not tried to make soda bread yet. Maybe when Parsons comes I'll experiment on him. I'm pretty good at making potato cakes and ordinary bread. I don't know whether I ever told you that I used up most of the cucumbers in making cucumber jam. I made it like vegetable marrow jam only left the middle in, and it tastes very much like vegetable marrow jam.

The photographs arrived on Thursday and I was much interested in seeing them. I wish I had some scheme of folding things up so that they

occupied no space at all. In fact if I move away from here I have a very good mind to send a box full of junk over to you, and let Cecil stow it away in the factory somewhere. I wish you had been in the group so that I could have seen what you looked like. Sylvia seemed to have aged a lot and also Oswald and Frank Squire. Otherwise I could see no change. I suppose that big man with the moustache was Jack Rickman. For a long time I thought it was Isaac Swain but could see no reason for his being there. It's a wonder Jack hasn't got married. Didn't Annie say he had thirty girls running after him? If you saw the hodge podge of a mess I make here you would very soon see the need of wives for single men living by themselves.

By the way, I wonder what you would do supposing all the family landed in on top of you some day.

I don't suppose you care very much to hear about chickens. Probably you think they are all covered with fleas, and me too from handling them, but that is a great mistake. They've got lice on them and I'm going to start something drastic to get them off. I've powdered them all twice already. This week I undertook to get the worms out of their bodies, for I found they had worms in them. It was quite a piece of work, but I daresay it paid to do it. The lice by the way are quite harmless to human beings. They can't live on the human body, and I can't see at all why you should object to keeping chickens.

With love from
Arnold

Remo B.C.
Canada
Dec 19th 1915

My dear Mother

I'm glad another week has gone because the quicker they go the better, but there is so much snow on the ground now that very few people ever go past the house, and nothing happens from week's end to week's end.

Probably the biggest event of the week was the arrival of a handsome cake, and a variety of smaller articles packed round it, on Thursday. Except for the socks, for which I thank you very much, the smaller articles have mostly passed into my system. I thank Maria very much for them. Did Kenneth send home the Chocolat Menier? I don't think I ever saw it out of France before. Speaking of Kenneth, I beg to remind you that I take a great interest in him. The account of the hospital train's work that came in the last Friend you sent me was the first description I had had of the work he was doing. Does the censor not allow him to tell you anything?



I'm glad the Canadian papers don't have to be censored.

Did you ever hear of Samuel Hill? He is a very notable character on this side of the globe, and Canada and the United States would often be in a great difficulty without him. I've no idea who he is or was, and I never met anyone who could give me any information about him. I'm pretty sure he has nothing to do with Major General the Honourable Sir Sam Hughes, but he is even better known. People are constantly referring to him, and his name adds great emphasis to whatever they say. Supposing for instance I was to say to you, "What shall I tell you about next?" that would be a mild everyday kind of question betraying no great emotion or anxiety. But if I said, "What in Sam Hill shall I tell you about next?" then you would see at once that I was in a desperate pickle, and if I wrote a shorter letter than usual you would forgive me. So I'll say it. "What in Sam Hill shall I tell you about next?"

With love from
Arnold

P.S. Of course I should have thanked you for the cake as well as for the other things, but it hasn't been cut yet and I can't say anything about it except that its appearance is all in its favour. You're not interested in the weather are you?

Remo B.C.
Canada
Dec 26th 1915

My dear Mother

Your letter of Nov 28th arrived on Thursday. Thank you very much for the enclosure. I didn't send a Christmas present or a Christmas card, and hardly any Christmas good wishes to anyone this year, and yet I was well looked after myself; and I am still alive, though swollen and bloated. I have made great headway on Maria's cake. Nearly half of it is gone already, but from now on I'll be more economical with it. It made me feel like little Edna Watson when she had been eating a lot of cake and her mother told her she shouldn't eat so much, bread was better. "Cakes gooder", she said, and took another piece.

But besides the goodies from home the Westbound train made a special stop on Wednesday to deliver some to me from Winnipeg. There was nothing to tell who they were from, but I know pretty well it was Victor, for some of the things that came were things that he suggested I should get. Besides nobody else would be likely to do a thing like that. Box no. 1 started with jelly powders, cream cheese, dried fruits, etc. and ended down at the bottom with a plum pudding. Box no. 2 was entirely devoted to a most magnificent turkey, all stuffed and roasted and fit to be eaten right away. It only needed to be heated up till it was as fine a looking beast as any you yourself could rig up for a Christmas dinner. I had no sausages or bread sauce, but what matter? I had far more than I expected, and when everything was arrayed out in readiness for the proper Christmas ritual of eating I had only to keep my eyes on my plate so that I couldn't see anything unsuitable, and then imagine Oswald shouting in one corner, and Pa groaning in another and Kenneth boohooing over the black beetles in another, and you with a headache and thinking it all great fudge nonsense but not liking to spoil the sport, and I had enough merriment manufactured in my own self to make up for the loss of company, - which could hardly have added anything to the pleasures I was enjoying already. As a matter of fact I was expecting company but none

came. Parsons never turned up, and I haven't heard from him either. I'm half afraid he has enlisted. When the turkey came I told John Neidhart to come over and have a feed but he didn't come. Probably he couldn't leave the ferry very well. I didn't see anybody all day, and it snowed gently all the time, making things marvellously quiet. Even the river seemed to have shut up for the time being, and the only sounds were a faint dripping of water off the roof and a squawk every now and then from the henhouse.

That just reminds me that you have been inquiring after the hens, and wanting to know what I do with them in winter. I'm selling some that won't lay in time to pay for their board, and I'm eating some, and doing plain murder on some because they've got some affliction that they oughtn't to have, and keeping the rest. As a matter of fact winter is just the time when a properly managed flock of hens pays best, and if I was going to stay here another year I would start the incubator in February so as to get a lot of laying pullets early in the fall when the prices of eggs are high. Chickens hatched late in the spring and summer of course are not so good and may not be worth keeping after they have reached a good marketable size. I sent fourteen into the Rupert market on Wednesday to act as substitutes for turkeys, but plucking chickens is certainly one job that I hate.

With love from
Arnold

The next volume covers the years 1916 and 1918

Most of the letters were written during these next two years and they contain references to, and thoughts on; WWI, the American spirit, the movies, cars, Irish and American politics, society, community, prohibition, world trade, all making for a regular weekly and personal report on historic global affairs over these eventful times. Including his experiences in Hollywood during the early days of movie making, and

